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HERALINE.

VOL. IV.

S. GOSNELL, Printer, Little Queen Street, London.

*Original from the Library of the
1821*

HERALINE;

OR,

OPPOSITE PROCEEDINGS.

BY

LÆTITIA-MATILDA HAWKINS.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. IV.

Quand on ne trouve pas son repos en soi-même, il est inutile
de le chercher ailleurs.—ROCHEFOUCAULT.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR F. C. AND J. RIVINGTON,
WATERLOO PLACE, PALL MALL, AND ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD;
AND T. HOOKHAM, OLD BOND STREET.

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HERALINE.

CHAPTER I.

MR. Broderaye, not yet restored to his usual firm health, made use of his first powers to write to Lady Lynford, with caution, but yet so as to remove apprehension for his safety.—It was to no purpose—the letter never went out of the place in which it was written; and if his time had been valuable or paper scarce, he might have blamed himself for not accepting Lord Winchmore's assertion as admonition, when he told him, that, under the present arrestation of the wonted progress of the world, it was to no purpose to add matter to that which clogged its wheels.

After the experience, short as it was, of what French detention had the power to inflict, the vicar could not but confess his present situation, as to external circumstances, enviable. Lord Winchmore and he met on equal terms, as gentlemen, as informed men, travelled men, men of regular

habits and sound opinions : there was enough of diversity in their track of knowledge and observation, to afford novelty—there was enough of similarity to produce connexion of interest.—In the west of England, they had had common acquaintance with many persons, and in all local reference could understand each other. In short, they were, in every respect, companions ; and Lord Astham, however crest-fallen—yet not betrayed to his father by any reduction in the vicar's deportment to him—could, even then, rejoice in the great improvement of the earl's situation by the addition of such a friend. Their walks, their table-chat, their mornings at home and evenings abroad, wanted nothing but forgetfulness of England and liberty of person. The town afforded very good society ; there was no deficiency of taste, or information, or urbanity towards these captives, in the inhabitants. ‘ You must not forget in your list of obligations to your friend,’ said the earl to his son, ‘ his instructing you in small things—I can indeed feel my obligation and yours, for the higher communications of invaluable knowledge—these are your bank-stock ; and you must live upon the interest, without ever diminishing the principal ; but your colloquial facility, your fencing, your dancing, your chess-playing, your billiards and backgammon—your ability to sing at

sight,—to accompany a voice, nay, your power to make three strokes go for a human figure, and to play the conjuror—all these, and whatever else you can do, are current coin, wherever your lot may be cast ; and I would have nobody condemn such acquirements—I will not call them substitutes for greater things ; but they are very necessary appendages ; and the man who cannot find an interest in that which passes before his eyes every hour, may spend his days in solitude, even upon the Royal Exchange of London.—I very much question,’ concluded his lordship, ‘ whether any part of Johnson’s stupendous abilities would have proved so useful to a pauper pedestrian in a foreign country, as Goldsmith’s small performance on the German flute, which, as he candidly confesses, was odious to all who knew any thing of music, but which propitiated the hospitable peasants of Flanders and Germany.’

‘ I will not forget,’ said the viscount with grave humour: ‘ I was made to thank Nurse Pearce every night for my ’tatoes and milk, and my bread and cheese, and whatever her poor but ungrudged stores afforded me ; and now I will make a new catalogue for my still better friend:—I believe it must be alphabetically arranged ; for, if they are my obligations to *him* that are to be re-

counted, they are too numerous for us to undertake for being correct.'

'Well said, my boy,' cried the earl; 'I like that glowing spirit:—between us, I hope we shall keep the list perfect.'

It is very painful to be *all but* satisfied—*all but* certain—*all but* confident, especially when we have, at a former period, been satisfied, and certain, and confident; yet to the suspension of these feelings so requisite to repose, the vicar must submit, and even to being *less* satisfied, *less* certain, *less* confident, at the close of each succeeding day; for the young lord gave him no satisfaction on the point which made him anxious; and, though perfectly cordial, polite, and never shunning him;—though he could now again look Mr. Broderaye in the face, there was about him such an air of deterring from inquiry, that it needed a fortunate conjunction of circumstances to make him attackable. His lordship had a very commanding presence: he was growing rapidly, ~~but~~ without the usually-accompanying diminution of strength, in appearance or reality.—Under the tuition of the place, he had derived personal advantages; and called upon by the knowledge of his natural situation, his manners were consistent. This secret, or secrecy, was the only blemish

which the friend of his early days had to deplore—but it was a sad abatement of his delight in the prosperous issue of his endeavours.

Unwilling as he was to disturb comfort recently restored to a father so deserving as was the earl, and to blast the budding hopes conceived of so fine a young man, the vicar was compelled to wait; but this not precluding observation, he, after a few invitations which he had accepted with his friends to the *soirées* of the inhabitants, ventured to say to Lord Winchmore, ‘Who is this Mademoiselle Emilie de Lunel, who is so much admired?—Is it never to be my good fortune to meet her?’

‘She is, you know, I presume,’ said the earl, ‘one of the daughters of the *préfét* here—she is the youngest of many, and is a completely spoiled child, indulged in every wish of her wishing heart, and of universal influence with her father.—She is really, I believe, very deserving, though you cannot suppose me much disposed to partiality towards the prefecture or its appendages. Her father lives in show, and will, I conceive, die insolvent. She is not, in my opinion, very beautiful, but she is, I confess, very striking—she is taller than the Frenchwomen in general, has a profusion of fine ringletty hair, which the men here worship like the “Coma Berenices,” is very showily accom-

plished, and has about her that—I don't know what to call it—that point of character which makes all she says—whether *from* her heart, I will not say—but certainly reach *to* the heart of all to whom she addresses herself, if they are not very much on their guard.—My boy was a new target for her to strive to hit in the right place ; but I should not, at any rate, have liked to see him bleeding with wounds made by second-hand arrows which I have helped, sometimes myself, to extract from the hearts of some of our foolish countrymen here:—I do not consider her as very formidable, because I think she soon betrays her vanity, and vanity is not conciliating ;—a young man is first mortified, and then provoked to find that what he has taken for an effect of his own power, is merely produced by a mechanical process with which he has no relation—it is like finding that to be *rouge* and *carmine*, which he took to be a suffusion on his approach.—For a well-educated lad, I have no fears ; but as there are many here of another description, she meets with encouragement. Astham I consider as perfectly safe—I have no more apprehension of his being entangled by Mademoiselle de Lunel, when once put on his guard, than I should have of his preferring monkish rhymes to classical poetry:—you have completely fenced him ; and I may say, without a compliment, it is on

what you have effected, that I rely. As I should have done in giving him a Vida or a Prudentius, I warned him that, in introducing him to this popular *belle*, I was not following my own taste; and I am sure this would have its effect; but beside this, I have dealt very frankly with him on the subject of female connexions. Any thing illicit I never will permit; and this he knows—no connivance can he expect from me. My family have always been people of regular habits, and such I hope we shall remain—it is as easy to keep up this character, as that of an hereditary oppositionist to the ministry, if it is once heartily adopted, as my son seems inclined to do, especially when he can find in his own family no authority for deserting his party.—I do not intend to make his task harder by any undue exertion of my authority—I have told him I shall expect him to marry as soon after he is of age, as we are out of this grievous captivity, and that I will not make a point of any thing but agreement in religious principles, unblemished morals, and a good origin, that is to say, a decorous origin—for if he fixes his choice beneath his own level, he may repent it;—therefore she must be of fit parentage; the daughter of such persons as his poor mother would have recognised.—Beside this, I stipulate

for one thing more, and that is, that I will be made acquainted with his wishes before the young woman is spoken to on the subject.—It has always been the custom of our family, to proceed in the regular decorous way of treating between parents, when the wishes of children have been made known, and I impute our untainted blood very much to this mode of acting—as well as our uninterrupted domestic happiness.—As for mine, indeed——’

‘ Ah! my dearest friend,’ resumed his lordship, after pausing, ‘ had Heaven blest you with a daughter a year or two younger than my boy—how proud should I have been to have grafted her into our stock!’

‘ Better, better as it is,’ replied Broderaye—‘ we might have failed in thus catering for ourselves:—the more points we touch by, the more risque, my dear lord. I cannot object to your demands, and God grant that they may procure you comfort!’

Fortune at length favoured Mr. Broderaye—he was regularly introduced to Mademoiselle Lunel: his judgment, as to the lady, accorded with Lord Winchmore’s, but not so that of Lord Astham’s perfect safety. The little lock of hair—for it was a frugal fragment—he could not doubt to have been a sacrifice to Love, from the

exuberant honours of her magnificent *chevelure*;—and, not to give credit to other demonstrations, would have required him to think as highly as did the earl, of what he himself had been able to do for Lord Astham's protection.

The lady's deportment was strongly marked with fabricated character. To Lord Winchmore, she was *obéissante*;—to the vicar she was every thing that could express the tenderest sympathy in his late illness and personal endurance, with a respectful feeling of his superiority to her pity:—on the viscount she seized, as if by privilege—her conversation was full of allusions, that made it seem continued after interruption, while, in language that left it to be asked whether there could be any thing of which she was ignorant, she threw to a distance every one who presumed to differ from her in taste or sentiment, and made the vicar almost confess that Astham must be more or less than a young man, if he escaped.—While her admirers, to do their best against such an adroitness of talent, were hesitating, in awkward emulation, for words to convey some dainty meaning, she cut the sentence short, and borrowing, now from painting, now from music, now from chemistry, now from mathematics, some illustrative term, she forced the assisted speaker to feel agreeably indebted to her superiority and

promptitude.—Dancing, singing, the harp—all in turn, called forth her powers—and from these, she would fly off to mingle in some childish sport with a younger groupe, whence, having astonished and delighted them, she would return to unravel some *bijou*-puzzle, pleading, in case of probable failure, her perfect ignorance; and then shaming those who boasted the frequency of their own success, but of which, the means, resting on the memory instead of the understanding, had been forgotten. She spoke the useful languages gracefully: she dressed admirably—she was studied—she was copied: she was courted—she was, as Lord Winchmore had hinted, worshipped—but, in England, she would not have been trusted or highly esteemed—unless as an actress.

The vicar's anxious watchfulness for Lord Astham, did not leave him perfectly at liberty to enjoy this brilliant *soirée* of introduction; the scene of action for which being Mademoiselle Lunel's home, was of distinguished attraction. He was not sufficiently accustomed to the manners of the place, to be as much at ease under certain calls on his observation, as the earl seemed; and that preconceived opinion which operated on his mind as prejudice, but from which the father was free, presented to him as proofs, trifles which in themselves had no meaning. He retired to rest more

than ever solicitous about his young friend, yet feeling precluded by Lord Winchmore's confidence in his son, from making any use of his conviction.

What had passed, had been, to him, so glaring, that he expected, on the meeting with the earl and his young lordship in the morning, to see the former more grave than usual, the latter more subdued; but he was deceived in his expectation. Mademoiselle Lunel was no otherwise spoken of than as any other young lady of a fashionable house of reception which had collected a large company, and who exerted herself for their amusement, would have been. The viscount could look Mr. Broderaye in the face, and showed the most tender anxiety lest the exertion of the preceding evening had been more than he was yet equal to. His friend could only parry this by professions of perfect health: allowances were made for him; and some portion of solitude was prescribed for him, to give him time to recover from this fatigue.

This was not exactly the use to which he put the liberty allowed him. It served to call to mind every circumstance that, however remotely or contingently, could contribute to his annoyance; and there was one which was rather too prominent to be overlooked.

'Poor Carry' had nothing to boast of in the

recollection bestowed on her by the viscount. Mr. Broderaye was far advanced in his convalescence before she was even named by the young man ; and then she was asked after as ' Miss Monterne,' with 'a hope that he left her well.' Her guardian could make every allowance for this ; and far was it from his views, even to lead *Frank Newson* into an attachment, the propriety of which could ever be questionable. But knowing what he did of Carilis's relative situation, he could not, at once, decide on her great good-fortune, in case Lord Astham should have forgotten her ; and retaining in his own heart—the tenderness of which had never run to waste—a sense of that consideration to which every female whose affection has been claimed, has a right, he could not but take up the interest of ' poor Carry,' and feel disappointed in the facility with which she was forgotten.

Judging by the recognition with which Lord Winchmore had honoured her as the reported companion of his son's childhood, the poor girl had not been very warmly portrayed. The dereliction of her by her mother's relations, excited, indeed, his lordship's feelings and strong sense of Mr. Broderaye's generous humanity ;—but Carilis might have been educating with very low pretensions, for any elevation given her in the ideas of the earl, who, as if she had been of the other sex,

or could have no possible claim, not merely on his son and heir, but on society at large, asked the vicar what were his views for her; and in such a tone, that if he had added an offer to place her in 'the asylum for female orphans,' or had regretted the inadaptability of this power to circumstances, Mr. Broderaye could not greatly have wondered.

It was no part of the duty of a guardian, nor could any delicacy with regard to Lord Astham make it necessary, to suffer Carilis to be thus regarded. Lord Winchmore was a man entitled to all the confidence that could honourably be given him; and though Mr. Broderaye would at no time, and, more particularly, at the present, have made the young man privy to any hopes for Carilis from Lady Lynford, yet there was no reason why Lord Winchmore should not be told just so much as that the interposing life which made Miss Monterne of no account in the house of Beltravers, was removed—this removal only placing her, to the apprehension of persons not acquainted with the bearing of the late Earl of Lynford's will and the predicament in which his heiress stood, within the possible benefit of an intestate demise.

Lord Winchmore and Mr. Broderaye, though unconscious of it, stood nearly on the same level of information with regard to the baroness's jeopardy. The former had possessed the se-

cret from the time when Lady Lynford had found it necessary to oppose his friendship to Colonel Wanston's duplicity; and it had often occupied his thoughts—but to no purpose, but that of distressing him. For the person to be benefited by her behaving honourably, or to be injured by the contrary, he could have no more interest than for common justice; and of any alterations in this succession, he had not been, till now, aware. When, therefore, Mr. Broderaye replied to his query as to his views for his ward, that the real business which he had had to transact with the baroness was to obtain for his little Carilis a maintenance out of the family-property, and that the stimulating fact was her approximation to the inheritance, the earl rapidly connecting the circumstance now mentioned, with what he knew previously, was in some danger of betraying himself: he paused in time, and contented himself with common expressions of surprise; for it was not his overflowing gratitude to Mr. Broderaye, nor the friendship which his character claimed, nor even his lordship's high opinion of his honour, integrity, and prudence, that would have induced the British peer, when he had once said, 'You may rely on my perfect secrecy,'—to give the smallest hint that he possessed a secret.—As little danger was there of the vicar's suspending for a

moment, that lively caution which his heart-felt concern for Lady Lynford added to his natural and acquired discretion.

But, after this time, Lady Lynford and Carilis became very much topics of discourse between the two friends, whenever they were alone—but never otherwise. The earl made no scruple of disclosing the original views of his family with regard to his marriage with Lady Lynford, nor did he veil his rejection as any wound to his pride. He was very generously merciful to her ladyship in describing the manner of his repulse: he made every excuse for her; and he joined the vicar most cordially in blaming the manner in which the management of her had been conducted. Of the peculiar construction of her father's will neither spoke—it formed a barrier, which, perhaps, each might think it prudent to keep entire, when a step too far might do mischief.

‘How have you managed,’ said the earl one day, when walking with the vicar, ‘to keep my boy so much on his guard when you have brought up a girl with him? As she was pitiable, and he has a very pitying disposition, I should have supposed I should have heard of her as almost making him repent his coming to me.’

‘Perhaps,’ said the vicar, ‘I ought first to apologize for the risque I ran in suffering these two

children to grow up together under my roof; but my choice of means was small; and I was so destitute of guidance as to Frank—Lord Astham, I should say—that the chances were equal as to the injury I might be doing to the one or the other.—I was compelled to trust, under heaven, to doing the best that circumstances then admitted; but I have had many an hour's thought on the subject—nor could I ever be as certain as I am now, that no mischief has been done.'

'I should hesitate in calling it *mischief*,' said Lord Winchmore.

'And I might have hesitated,' replied Mr. Broderaye, 'before I came hither; but I cannot now—I can see clearly on which party the mischief would have fallen—it is a great comfort to me that the young people are parted.'

'I do not understand you,' said the earl. 'You cannot, I hope, imagine that you would have had any thing to apprehend from *me*.'

'No, certainly—not after what your lordship has professed—but, I confess, I have, at times, suspected what it is of great importance to me to have discovered, thus early, not to have been true; and I have hardly known what to hope or even to wish.'

'O dear, dear! said Lord Winchmore; 'I am afraid then, after all, that my son has given you unnecessary trouble.'

‘Never,’ answered the vicar—‘on the contrary, it was one of the severest trials I ever underwent when I lost him.—But, I own, I should have been sorry had he ever made any claim to my little girl—who is, indeed, cautious as I am of praising a thing that I have, I hope, contributed to improve, a most incomparable little being—and will be a treasure to any worthy man—I should have been sorry to see her affectionate heart impressed, since, I think, Lord Astham’s has taken another turn—or, at least, is weaned——’

‘Why, what turn has it taken?’ asked the earl, anxiously—‘For God’s sake, my dear friend, give me your perfect confidence: I will never, on my honour, betray it, even to my son—but do, pray, tell me what you have observed.’

With very great reluctance, Mr. Broderaye related the occurrence of the lock of hair that had escaped from the viscount’s pocket—Horace, painfully watching its effect on Lord Winchmore.

He was firm—‘There is no faith in a forehead if *he* has deceived me,’ said the father—‘and, if in *that* point, I give up the world as the entire fee-simple of our worst enemy.’

It was impossible for any two men to come to a compromise upon such a question.—Mr. Broderaye could only state facts and repeat expressions—the first stood stiff and stubborn; to the last,

he gave the most favourable construction allowable.—Lord Winchmore could not abate his confidence—the matter must be brought to issue, by demanding an explanation from his young lordship, and this was carried into execution at the first opportunity, by his father in the vicar's presence.—No tricking was used—there was no 'We will say,' or, 'It shall seem.'—Carilis was, indeed, not named—it was not necessary; but the earl stated the point on which his and Mr. Broderaye's belief were at variance, and called on his son to produce the lock of hair, and declare whence it came.

He did not fire, as he had done.—He took out his pocket-book—a new purchase, evidently bought as a safer depository for the treasure; and saying to Mr. Broderaye, 'You have done as I expected from you, Sir—and as, in your place, I hope I should have done,'—he held up the lock of hair for examination, but without trusting it out of his hand.—'Now, my lord and gentleman,' said he, 'ask me, and I will answer.'

'Is it not Mademoiselle Lunel's?' said the earl.

'Is it *like* her hair?' said Lord Astham.

'It is, in my opinion,' replied his father.

'O what judgment!' he exclaimed.—'But now, Domine, tell me what you think.—If you are wrong, you will deserve worse than my father.'

‘It appeared to me to be like the hair of the lady to whom I was introduced as Mademoiselle Lunel—perhaps there is some hidden trap laid for me.’

‘None upon earth, nor under its surface,’ protested Lord Astham—‘and above it, I think there is no danger of *your* being ensnared——’

‘Will it be any satisfaction to you,’ continued the viscount, ‘if I request Mademoiselle Lunel to appear to-morrow evening in her *natural* hair?—I dare say she would do it at *my* request; and you would then see, that if I had borrowed this, or stolen this from her tresses, I must have borrowed or stolen that which she paid for.—O fie! father,—and for shame! Mr. Guardian—I thought you had known better, but now you must be punished:—I will answer no more questions to such examiners—but of this I will assure you, for your joint comfort—that you may both trust me.—On my honour, I will never disgrace myself by any *clandestine* attachment, nor hurt your feelings, my lord, as a father, and an excellent one—or yours, Mr. Broderaye, as my invaluable friend—in any partiality I may *avow*;—but it is only on English ground that I will tell to whom this lock belongs;—and when we are *all* there—I will proudly tell;—therefore, the more you stir for our release, the shorter your suspense——.’

‘ ’Tis one of Lord B——’s sweet girls,’ said the earl—‘they were just sent away from hence before you came,’ said he to the vicar—‘I can have no objection *there*, Astham:—God send us *all*, as you say, in England!—I remember there was one of them very fair.’

‘Thank you, my lord,’ said the viscount—‘you have set my heart at ease.—But not one of Lord B——’s sweet girls, if you please.’

So ended the matter:—the earl was still confident in his son—Mr. Broderaye not quite so—but he had no cause to be otherwise, unless he thought too much for his little girl at home—if he did, it was excusable.

The summer melted into the autumn, and winter was approaching, without producing any change in the situation of the captives; but they had no Lapland-preparations to make—no horrors of ‘thick-ribbed ice’ to dispel. The restraint was grievous, and doubly grievous, as all intercourse out of the immediate vicinity of the place, was prevented.—But still there were great causes for thankfulness; and they were fairly improved on. Lord Astham’s acquirements proceeded; and he was fitting, though not with the regular advantages of English institutions, yet with some that were not to be undervalued, for any active civil service to his

country. Habits of decent observance were maintained in the little family. Mr. Broderaye was chaplain; and Lord Winchmore permitted no relaxation of the even less important regards which his situation allowed.—The viscount chafed a little now and then, especially when well-laid plans of solicitation failed, but was as averse from any unjustifiable attempts, by which the sufferings of others might be increased, as his cooler seniors. Even his worst temper was a merry one—his spleen vented itself in humorous caricature and in playful poetry; and his presence made his father, at times, almost forget that he had any thing more to wish.

The services which the vicar had been able to render to Lord Winchmore in the person of his son, were now of inestimable value, not only to the recipient, but to himself.—On no other consideration could he have borne the seeming dependence to which he was reduced; and even as it was, an insolent pride might have distressed the generosity even of Lord Winchmore; but Maximilian had no insolent pride: he knew his own worth; and being uninfluenced by egotism, he could judge for himself, as he would have done for another. He gave the earl credit for feeling relief in his abundant power of requital; and having no sinister view of transferring the pain of

excessive obligation from himself to his neighbour, he could, by only expressing what he really felt, make himself very easy in accepting that, without which he must have distressed the common humanity of his friends.--But the delicacy of Lord Winchmore anticipated even these feelings, and by the absolute transfer of that which he showed he could well spare, and which was only a generous compensation for all that could be compensated, he, at the first opportunity, made Mr. Broderaye independent of him, placed him in circumstances that admitted of the resumption of his tastes, and left him under no accumulating obligation, but that which his attachment to the earl and his son made pleasant to him. His little girl at home, indeed, was seldom a dormant anxiety; but he knew she was safe, and could make herself useful; and by every possibility of reaching her, he wrote to her, making light of his own grievances, stating, as far as he dared, what had occurred respecting Lord Winchmore and Frank, but carefully guarding against the excitation of hopes which he could not encourage.

But, alas! as even a state of inaction produces active evil, and rust will eat, where use does not wear, this passive satisfaction had its baneful consequence, which manifested itself in a great change

in Lord Astham's cheerful spirits and good looks. He became, as winter advanced, more and more uneasy:—he absented himself from his father and his friend:—there were topics of conversation which never failed to make him depart; and it was very much to be feared that the subject of their inevitable detention was the most powerful of those topics.—His friends were soon confidential with each other on this alarming alteration; and the earl was in an agony of fear, lest his son should have in contemplation some such desperate expedient, as was not without example amongst the *détenus*, under the consequences of which others were then suffering.

The cloud was a little dispelled when a hope dawned upon the English prisoners, that either some necessity of listening to what was reasonable, or the expediency of exchanging one cage-full of captives on one side of the water, for another on the other, or of giving up individual for individual, might end in general liberation, or in the local relief of particular districts, or in such a *cartel* as would include persons conspicuous in rank.

The earl, as much alive to this prospect as his son could be, uniformly added to the discussion of these possibilities, a fervent wish that the trio might not be separated.—The viscount showed himself no less generous.—‘I stay with Domine,’

said he, 'if Domine is left behind.—You must go, my lord, and get every thing at home in order for us, and trust to our following.'—'No, no,' said the earl; 'Domine shall be ransomed, if we even mortgage Winchmore abbey.'

But it was in vain that they listened, hoped, and discussed. Every foot that seemed to be bringing good tidings, turned aside from their dwelling: every sound that promised to speak of liberty, mocked them—till fading from the eye, and dying on the ear, these delusions left them more sensibly prisoners, for the pause given to despair.

Disappointment fell heaviest upon the one most sanguine; and the viscount appeared almost unable to bear the trial of such repetitions: that he strove against his feelings, and wished to behave like himself, was a conviction which only made his inability more remarkable, his goodness more distressing, and the reality of his suffering more certain; till, at length, his vexation under his own failures made him peevish and irritable; and those anxious for him, were afraid of increasing the evil by compassionating it.

He still continued to mix in society; but its exertions evidently fatigued him—every ball required more time to recover after it—every manly exercise became more and more a claim from

duty, instead of an indulgence of inclination. If the day was cold, he was perishing—if it was not cold, he found it oppressive; and as no part of this caprice belonged to his character, nothing urged against it could avail: it was rather to be feared that any urgency would induce him to go still farther beyond his powers, that his deficiency might be less evident.

The relinquishment of public amusements and private associations was followed by a repugnance to exercise, and an aversion to air—then came feverish languor, and all that sad consecutive series of yielding, which ends on the couch and the pillow. Yet even here, he had not the common comfort which his naturally good disposition might have purchased: he was tormented by unexplained self-accusation, and by remorse that seemed to have no cause, but unattended by any feeling of repentance that could make his sense of guilt or error profitable, or bring him, by conscientious ingenuousness, within the reach of his friend Broderaye's good offices.

No affliction that the father or the friend had ever suffered, equalled the trial of the present moment. The submission to which they were called, required that their feelings should be not merely subdued by reason and principle, but overpowered by a force to which they blamed them-

selves for yielding.—That it was Lord Astham's mind which acted on his frame, they were convinced; but there was nothing to be extorted from him—he was gentle—but firm in denying all satisfaction—yet not at all in a state to look to death with placidity:—he rather seemed to be waiting for a reprieve, of which he had no hope.

But when exceedingly sunk, he was revived by a report, that some persons, by getting leave to go to Paris, on the bond of their countrymen, in case of being remanded, had obtained their own liberty and that of friends, and dwelling on this possibility as his only ground of confidence, he earnestly begged his father to leave him and avail himself of this privilege, which, now it was once accorded to any, he could easily obtain through the medium of Mademoiselle Emilie de Lunel.

The earl was a parent;—and his son was in a state that made his being alive at his return problematical:—he could not leave him; but he could make their friend his deputy. He therefore waited on the privileged young lady, who not only obtained permission for Mr. Broderaye to go; but heroically undertook to be herself the bonds-woman for his return.—She did not promise success;—on the contrary, she treated the report as an artful fabrication—but she procured the requisite passports, and very politely spared her clients the

trouble of solicitation and attendance. To her communication of what she had been able to do, she added a request in the prefect's name, that the transaction might remain private, and that the description of the person for whom she had applied might not be divulged, as the knowledge that permission had been given, would subject her father to repeated solicitation, which it was painful to him to disregard; and as, in the present case, there was no distinction of rank to deter others from supposing they had equal pretensions. All this was very fair, and very gratefully accepted; and Mr. Broderaye, who could indeed have preferred the not withdrawing himself at such a moment from his suffering friends, set out.

Leave we him travelling with all the speed befitting his appointment; and let us look how Baroness Lynford has been passing her time to this period, when spring was about to offer its poetic beauties to all but the sick, the sorrowful, the prisoner, and the imprudent.

CHAPTER II.

THE spirits of Lady Lynford, vexed, fretted, and worn by friction of her own contrivance, were very ready to accept from any occasional contribution, that lubrication which should make them act with less disturbance to herself; and none could be more soothing to them, than employment which could not add to their questionable excitations a doubt whether they were well or ill acted on. Benevolence and hospitality—money unsparingly disbursed in procuring good for a stranger—and labour unweariedly bestowed in keeping off from a sufferer the crushing weight of remembered and still-existing sorrows, could not leave a crevice for the interposition of doubt; and as her ladyship, in all her departure from right, had never so far impeached her good taste as to justify in private to herself what she could not excuse to others, she was peculiarly happy when she found a good deed ready for her performance. That continuous act of goodness which she was now performing for Madame de Faiville, served also the purpose of keeping out of the van of recollection what had so recently threatened her. She could not indeed

rejoice in the now-too-well ascertained detention of Mr. Broderaye, but still it seemed an event in her favour, and one of the many, which, in the course of her life, had assisted her to get out of difficulties, and to look not only with confidence but presumption, to the respect paid her by 'the nature of things.'

But Fortune, that blind leader of the blind! had still another accommodation in store for her; and a great calamity seemed to be called forth purposely to make it known to her. The death of so small an individual as the zealous Mr. George Bray, would never, probably, have reached her consciousness on the lake of Geneva, had it not been marked by a West Indian hurricane, which, while he was winding up his affairs with a view to settling, perhaps on the coast of Devon, and there ending his days in that mimic representation of a mariner's toil, the *puppy-istic* equipment and management of a sailing-boat, submerged him and his projects.

What now had Lady Lynford to fear? Lord Winchmore and Mr. Broderaye were the only two persons existing who had the information necessary to annoy her:—the one she respected—the other she loved; and in both had the highest, the best-founded confidence.—Goody Parr she regarded not.—Every person who had the will to do mis-

chief was removed; and of those who had only the power, she still considered herself as having the command.—The earl stood too high to be doubted—the vicar must be lost to all feeling, before he could do more than threaten her—and beside, he was himself incapacitated.—At worst, an occasional thousand pounds given to him ‘to dispose of as he thought best,’—for, to his darling, she would never submit even to be generous,—would keep him quiet; and many things might happen to ‘such a child’ before reaching the age of twenty-one, that would defeat the vindictive purpose. In short, Madame de Faiville was the lady-paramount of her thoughts at the moment—she was oil upon the ocean of anxiety, and her fleet of cares rode smoothly under an artificial breeze.

Her guest was, after some time, relieved from part of her uneasiness of mind by correspondence with her family. She could account for, and in some measure excuse, her mother’s second marriage; and the peace she wished to others, shed itself over her own mind: she judged candidly and mercifully; and reconciliation took place. Her immediate wants were supplied, and arrangements made to secure to her a moderate income—and with all this, she was well satisfied. She made no boast, nor did she remind herself of any

pretensions.—Least of all things did she endeavour to captivate or interest: there was a propriety of thought about her, a straight-forward pursuit of that, which, on the best foundation, she knew to be right, that, without calling forth any great features of character, threw to a distance all the zig-zag provisions made by a less mind for the demands of individual hours. She was calm, consistent, firm, perfectly resigned to her lot, whatever it might be; and when satisfied that it would not be severe, most thankful. In contemplating her, with the sympathy, the kindness and esteem which Lady Lynford's generous nature was ever ready to bestow, when not driven out of its course by her own mistakes, she could not but ask herself in what consisted that powerful influence which she felt acting on her own affection: she was too well-bred, even in private with herself, to draw or attempt an invidious comparison:—she did not stand before a mirror, and tell herself she was in height, in command of deportment, in striking expression of features, Madame de Failville's superior—neither did she challenge for herself that advantage which is obtained by the certainty of pleasing, or the right to defy disapprobation; but in the leisure of her speculative mood she fairly sat down to analyze the perceptible difference.

In London, had she been promised an introduction to Countess Forestieri, as an object of admiration, she might have examined her claims, and revolted against the offered favour; but, in her present situation, her self-love was propitiated by the credit of making the discovery of them for herself; and tenacity to her own opinion was a defence against the operation of caprice. The countess did not come forward in society; there was no defection of worshippers in her favour; and when Lady Lynford returned home, or dismissed visitors, after every brilliant display that the most fortunate circumstances could afford her, satiated with that food which her pride best loved, and found her friend, without all this expense of time, trouble, spirits, and self-approbation, in a state of superior satisfaction, and in all her freshness, she saw she had only to fret from mere fretfulness, or to learn her better methods.

To become her disciple was the resolve, whenever the stabbing recollection of the collecting storm that hung over her, wounded her anew. She would, if possible, attach this choice friend to her; she would consider herself as about to give up the world and retire to monastic life with this one support of her *philosophy*: any thing enormous appeared feasible—the cottage, the lake, the sublime, the monotonous, were all equally

component parts of the landscape, in which her new mind was to dwell ; and, perhaps, not knowing that she was trying to do right, though taking very ill aim at it, she was alternately elevated by her heroic intentions, and depressed by looking at that which she was called on to renounce. To do as she was advised ; to submit to an arrangement which Mr. Broderaye had stood before her ready to propose, by which her worst fate might be averted for the present, and a better might be hoped, as soon as Miss Monterne had power to act for herself, was still, as little as ever, her disposition.

Female friendship, such as can exist only on equal terms, was an indulgence new to the baroness. She had paid for the distinctions of life by foregoing some of its best privileges, and knew little of its connexions but as she submitted to, or exercised, control. On the banks of the Wye, she had been fully sensible to the charm of social intercourse ; and such as could subsist between persons of different sexes, she had enjoyed in its fullest perfection ; but in this, there were restraints and observances which, though never relaxed, even in her wishes, were felt. In Madame de Faiville she promised herself the resumption of all that she had thus enjoyed, with the addition of that soothing power which she might expect from the

tenderness of her sex. The countess had been educated with her brother, without deviation into the *petitesse* of a girl's ordinary training, and with a disdain of trifling attainments. Her father, a man of comprehensive mind and various pursuits, had associated his children with himself in whatever he undertook, and while he employed their hands, made his conversation their instruction. Her mother, a woman of moderate intellect, and of no mental energy, could do no more than suffice, to prevent the inconvenience that might have resulted to a girl from an irregular mode of cultivation, but had committed her to the care of a friend more than adequate to the task of adding to the substantiality with which her father wished to endow her, the gentler graces that form the polish of education. Nature had done much; a good temper made the task of teachers easy; and a just curiosity gave encouragement to those who did not spare trouble; and Grace Wayville was, when unfortunately her affectionate father was dazzled by a splendid alliance, an ornament which, had she returned to be known in her own country, it must have grieved to see consigned to a foreign one.

Under the severe discipline to which her marriage subjected her, she had perfected her character. The man on whom she was bestowed,

was not unworthy of her; and though her youth was cheated of all that which makes its departure regretted, she saw advantages in not having cause to look back on it with a wish for its perpetuity, and in the improving character of her years. She had been married in a style little differing from the heartlessness of a royal union; and, with the grateful feeling of a princess who finds herself happy when she expected only to be great, she made the most of every circumstance that she could construe in her favour. When reverses of fortune effected disastrous changes in the situation of her husband, her virtues were all called forth; and in the esteem she entertained for him, she found a stimulative sufficient to carry her through every duty. He had died consoled by her attention and sensible to her merit; and, as his widow, she had no occasion to plead against any self-reproach, that he was a husband chosen by her father. His death she could not regret; that which would have given his life its value, was gone beyond recall; and to presume on her power of cheering, to any purpose of enjoyment, the latter days of an ill-treated and broken-hearted statesman, who had no pursuit that could engage his attention, or any resignation of mind that could make inaction tolerable, was not an error into which she was in danger of falling.

It was with no vulgar stare, that Lady Lynford contemplated such a character. She would sit, at times when Madame de Faiville was employed in a way that suspended conversation, and in silence continuing the comparison between them, would consider her friend and herself as two paintings by two different masters. ‘She is a Raffaëlle,’ she would say; ‘I am a Le Brun; she is in fresco; I in water-colours, perhaps tolerably finished—*very* well finished, I will say, but still *finished*;—while she, in her very nature, furnishes that which is, in *my* instance, the work of art. What should I have been in circumstances similar to hers? I cannot tell;—what might I not have been in those which were afforded me? Dear, dear Meryon! O! had I but been guided by you! Had I never had a secret, I should never have been unhappy. But retrospect is vain; I had better ask what I can do now for my own peace, for much longer I cannot endure this perpetual search for the means of not thinking.’

To sit down and tell ourselves what we should like, even in the common choice of a dwelling, preparatory to our selection, is proverbially a waste of consideration. The same is it on a more important choice; since experience shows, that in both cases, that is frequently accepted and found

out to be the best which had no one of the attributes for which we stipulated. Had Lady Lynford projected a confidential friendship, she never would have drawn the portrait of Madame de Faiville as that of the friend to be sought for the purpose. If she had whispered ingenuously to her own heart for its information and direction, she would have told it to seek, in the bosom that should be tender to her distresses, every thing that could pity, nothing that could condemn; a spirit that she could mould as she poured her words upon it, and an intellect that could devise for her the means of extrication.

These qualities, properties, and possessions, were not belonging to the person on whom she was about to make an experiment; but as, in most instances, Lady Lynford's inclinations had grown stronger under her *prudent* contemplations, and that had become obstinacy, on mature reflection, which, under precipitation, might have been more tenderly denominated, she listened only to the dictate of her feeling; and, determined indeed not to mar her plans by haste, she, in a gentle way, endeavoured to wind round her visitor those silken cords of amity which should make it difficult to her to break away.

She had little cause for apprehension from any want of sensibility in Madame de Faiville: her

favours could not be accepted in a more gratifying way, for Lady Lynford could not have admitted any thing servile. She saw a woman of perfect dignity of character, condescending to owe to her, a shelter and the participation of that which could not be offered without great delicacy, and this from choice, as, under the arrangements made by her family, she was competently provided for. As time wore on, and she endeavoured to bring her acquainted with various 'notes of preparation,' all went well; and Lady Lynford pronounced a perfect approbation on her own discretion which had led her, while seeking relief for herself, to look for it in a mind that had its claim to praise for integrity, as well as to love, for its softer qualities.

How far this confidence was to extend, was a point to be considered. Should she tell, only, that she had been spoiled in her youth, and deluded in her marriage? Should she tell of the prohibition in her father's will, which she had inadvertently infringed on, and divulge the impending evil? Should she speak of the party to be benefited by her misfortune, and name Mr. Broderaye as her persecutor? Unable to select what *was fit* to be done, she could only resolve on doing all that *was* to be done, and thus provide, by anticipation, against any chance of the vicar's crossing

on the path of the countess, which, on his liberation, was not improbable.—Should they meet as friends, the countess would not be so subject to the effect of his revelation, if she was prepared for it;—should she still maintain the distance she had hitherto seemed disposed to preserve, she would be better inclined to remain a partisan of the baroness, when in possession of facts—perfect confidence therefore was her decision.

Once decided, she was impatient of delay. She was tiring of argument held with herself—she recollected, that, should liberty be given to the English, Mr. Broderaye would certainly seek the countess, and, in case of any understanding between them, that she must inevitably be exposed and disgraced. Miss Monterne's attaining the age of twenty-one, which, while undecided, she thought so far off, she now told herself, drew nearer every time it was recollected; and under her new view of her own necessities, she considered it as impossible to exist longer under that restraint of silence, which, till now, her interest in it had made her choice.

An indignant feeling would, however, at times, arise when she could not repress the sense of a shackling degradation to which she had subjected herself, and of which the existing moment formed a crisis.—Lady Lynford had seldom felt the

aguish hot and cold of children brought up under common restraints:—she had, at times, finessed for her own purposes, and too well she remembered the address demanded by the controlling agency of Colonel Wanston;—but such a subjection as that in which she felt herself involved, was new to her.—She could ask herself what she had to fear, and answer to herself, ‘Nothing;’—but it was her pride that she was exposing to attack—and she felt it ‘Every thing.’

With regards almost superstitious—with consultation of time and circumstance amounting almost to looking for omens and auguries, Lady Lynford chose the moment of revelation.—Repeating, in more connected order, those parts of her biography which were not entirely new to her friend, she seemed to hope, from telling her what she already knew, the abatement of any sharpness of surprise when she came to hear what must startle her. She got down to the period of her widowhood in perfect safety, omitting only the testamentary prohibition.—Her father—Mrs. Parr—the De Quintes—dear Meryon—were portrayed—the miniature-picture was now very serviceable as the scape-goat of her delusions; and though the countess either had passed, or never had arrived at, that dainty age of nonsense, when ignorance and presumption erect, without

the aid of line or rule, a pyramid of the broadest basis that can be fancied, placing its apex on the earth, she could pity, if not sympathize with, the error so wickedly ingrafted on a young mind.

In the narrative through so much that was rotten in its foundation, there were circumstances on which the historian could rest while she passed on to safer points.—She could not dwell too much on the incapacity of Lady Drummannon, or the low artifices of Miss Wyerley; and she paused, at intervals, to give room for the kind acquittal which her hearer was anxious to pronounce, of any young person so ensnared.—How much, indeed, was the baroness's own ensnaring of herself—and what the ease with which the snare might have been broken,—was not made obvious, and therefore received no correcting comment. Lord Winchmore's kindness as an interposing friend, and the release from matrimonial bondage by the death of Colonel Wanston, whose ineligibility was not brought to view, were subjects that claimed their appropriate reception; and Madame de Faiville showed how warmly and sincerely she could return the commiseration which her own distresses had excited.

To proceed farther, was an exertion that required a fresh acquisition of courage—therefore was deferred—and the countess, under this garbled

information, was left to suppose, that she had to pity nothing more than a marriage which had been a temporary evil. Her consolations could not, under such an error, apply; and the baroness soon found that she had rendered her situation not only worse but untenable, by the half-journey she had made in the land of communication. If her friend saw her out of spirits, she endeavoured to make her recollect that her uneasinesses were clouds that had passed, and bade her look round on the bright sunshine that environed her.—This was intolerable.—Her feelings had been skinned in the attempt already made; and what even Madame de Faiville intended as emollients proved irritating to them. Nothing was done if any thing was left undone—the attempt must, at every hazard, be made—but the courage it required led rather to repentance of what had been done, than to resolution to do more.

One additional drop made the measure, which required such nice adjustment, run over. Mademoiselle Annette had shown no small uneasiness under her lady's friendship with Madame de Faiville. She felt her own importance diminished; and in the deportment of the visitor, she saw that which left her no room to flatter herself she could recover it. At her toilette, the baroness launched out into the eulogy of her new friend, and inti-

mated her hopes of prevailing on her to give up all thoughts of another home; and there was in her manner of treating the privileged waiting-woman, an alteration that might be construed into the effect of a new influence.—The discontent occasioned by this, had for a short time growled at a distance—it now grew louder, when the increased gravity of her lady's manner towards her, which resulted from the unpleasant occupation of her thoughts, indicated the progress of unkindness. The nearer Lady Lynford's ruminations brought her to the crisis which she had settled with herself to bring on, the more alarming were these symptoms; till accumulated provocation, or what comparison with former indulgence made appear as provocation, exhausted the remaining patience of Annette; and her violent expression of it threatened to force the baroness upon making her election between her friend and her waiting-woman.

Lady Lynford had, however subjected to this inverted assumption of authority by her own inverted habits, always maintained that situation which kept her the mistress of her servants, in every question: she therefore received this affronting behaviour from her, with calm dignity; and foreseeing, that in her projected association with Madame de Faiville, Annette would be troublesome, she met her threats of departure with ac-

ceptance, and defeated every purpose of ill-humour, by co-inciding in opinion, that she would consult her own ease by thinking of establishing herself without servitude. Expressing a kind concern for her provision and comfort, she was let into the secret, that Mademoiselle Annette's *quondam* husband was not far off, and that he had it in view to settle with her, whenever it suited her convenience, in his favourite occupation of contraband-dealing between France and England.—After much wear and tear of feeling on the part of the baroness, which she yet preferred to repetitions of discontent and the increasing difficulty which she foresaw, the point was arranged, and Annette ended her long service, generously remunerated, regretted for her usefulness, but little esteemed for her virtues.—Her place was soon supplied; and Lady Lynford wished to think she was rid of what would presently have been rendered, by the attainment of a more important advantage, an intolerable nuisance.

But this small incident had its effect, as a fresh-taken cold has on a feverish disposition.—Whatever of the weight of her heavy feelings, Lady Lynford had been used to discharge on Annette, or to feel alleviated by her assiduities, was now transferred to Madame Faiville; and in this voluntary dependence, the spirit of confidence

was fostered, till at length the pressure of thought became again so irksome as to court relief at the risque of what might ensue.

The moment chosen was not studied as before ; —it had rather been the appointment of the auditor, who, seeing her kind friend under great oppression of uneasiness, had endeavoured to meet the cause, by expressions that were very readily construed into what was wished ; but still the leap was in the dark. It was, however, taken ; and the principle of self-preservation having the ascendancy at the time, Madame de Faiville was called upon, with a vehement demand of concurrence, to blame the arbitrary tenour of Lord Lynford's will, and the cruelty of those who would carry it into effect.

But the comparatively low impulse under which the generous nature of the baroness was acting, was momentary. She sunk from passionate railing, to pity of her own misfortune, in being obliged to think harshly of a man 'whom she had so delighted to honour' as Maximilian Broderaye.

Madame de Faiville, evidently under the greatest emotion, seemed ready to reply—'Pity *him* rather.'—But she was silent, and suffered the baroness to represent the predicament in which he had placed himself and her, as resulting from an indiscreet effervescence of generosity. But, even

now, she was no calumniator: she did justice whilst she blamed effects and deplored her own undivided suffering under them; and she acknowledged great virtues where she had found great cause to wish they had not existed. Even the not-necessarily connected episode of Frank Newson was revealed with plaudits. Forgetting her own interest as she went on, she could not find words strong enough to depict the goodness which she had to state; and when she meant to have held up Maximilian Broderaye as an object of aversion, to one concerned for her welfare, and Carilis as the intruder on her rights, she found herself calling on her hearer to join in admiration of his generous benevolence, and using such epithets of compassion towards the objects of it, as were completely at variance with the purpose she designed. The recital overwhelmed the countess in emotions of grief, such as her own suffering had never excited. Lady Lynford felt indebted to them, and, relieved from all apprehension of alienating effects, her consolation was complete, and she rejoiced in the courageous step she had taken.

It was, alas! a fancied comfort which she had purchased. The power of her friend against evils which no association could avert, no participation lessen, no resistance render less certain, was little more to be relied on, than that of the young

girl, to whose uncorrupted bosom Madame de Montespan betook herself in a thunder-storm.

Advice as to the conduct to be pursued, had not been asked—nor was it obtruded. Lady Lynford had divulged no intentions; therefore, it was to be supposed, she would yield to circumstances: it would, indeed, have required something more than courage to have declared, immediately after having herself acknowledged, by recapitulating, the circumstances against her, that she meant to resist and to set at defiance the powerful means that might be brought to bear upon her. She therefore stood ostensibly an object of respect and pity: and both these feelings were called forth towards her from the bosom of the countess. But the conflicting constitution of her nature for ever producing the most inconsistent contradiction, could not long remain inactive. She had surprised Madame de Faiville, by not preferring a preparatory accommodation of herself to the expected event, to the seemingly thoughtless risque at which she was living.—It was evident that she relied too much on former instances of good fortune; and Madame de Faiville saw, with astonishment, one of the most exalted minds that had ever come under her observation, brought down to a level with the vulgar who refer all their proceedings to the operation of chance.

She was herself placed in circumstances that might be called delicate. The disclosure had embarrassed her; it had not been without its impression on her most sensitive perceptions; but she had put a double and a treble guard on every part that she could suspect of weakness that might betray her. Obligated as she felt to the baroness, she could not think of seeking even the relief she felt necessary to herself, by withdrawing from discussions and repetitions in which she had an interest, which she must not suffer to appear.

How long this state of suspense might exist, was uncertain; for Lady Lynford's sake, it must be wished to continue till Miss Monterne was of age, in the hope that she might exercise more forbearance than could be asked from those to whom her interests were confided; but again, this was to wish the continued subjugation of Europe, and the lengthened captivity of a great number of persons; and amongst these, there might exist some whose endurances could not so complacently be looked upon.

Here again was thought spent in vain. Madame de Faiville might have trusted to the evil that the day would produce, had she known the silent revenge which Mademoiselle Annette had resolved on, before she bade adieu to the lake and her lady. When the countess was flattering herself,

that some changes, of which news had reached her, were very much in favour of the friends of her late husband, and consequently might obtain respect to his memory, and consideration for his relict, an order came for her immediate removal to a situation within a day's journey of Paris; and with only the delay of twelve hours, she was enjoined to set out. Her journey had not a compulsory appearance; it was a sort of permission, which, however, had a most authoritative force.

Lady Lynford was almost dumb with astonishment on the revelation of this dire necessity. In losing her friend, she was losing every thing, and she was dismissing her, full fraught with whatever could increase the danger which she had it so much at heart to abate by reducing the number of witnesses against her. She now bitterly repented her confidence; she was for making terms for herself; she was anxious to know, in case the chances of detention should bring Mr. Broderaye and the countess together, how she would act; there was much to be done, and very little time to do it in; but Madame de Faiville was considerate to the last, and, to the neglect of her own affairs, sate to listen to the baroness, while, half distracted with indecision and apprehension, she revealed to her her decided resolution to put every possible obstacle in the way of those whom she styled her

persecutors, and demanded the most solemn assurances from the countess, that she would never reveal what she had intrusted to her. These she received, and endeavoured then to confine her feelings to the bitterness of the separation.

Madame de Faiville, under the restriction imposed on her, was desirous to have marked limits placed to her conduct respecting the baroness's friends. She was fully empowered to make all inquiries for Mr. Broderaye and Lord Winchmore; of the latter it was known that he had lost his wife, but his detention had been accompanied with such severity, that his existence had sometimes been doubted: a less rigorous fate, it was to be hoped, had befallen the vicar; but in case the countess should be so fortunate as to hear of them, she was charged with the commission of rendering them, in the baroness's name, every consolation in her power. 'Shame to say!' said she, in the anguish of her feeling at the moment, 'they both may accuse me. I could possibly, at one time, have prevented Lord Winchmore's quitting England; and as to poor Broderaye, he was pressing me most cruelly on this horrid business, when he was detained.'

CHAPTER III.

THE forlorn feeling of *our* 'lady of the lake' will at present afford no incident. All was desolation: a palsy seemed to have spread its cold stillness over that which had for some time maintained a glowing circulation, feverish, perhaps, and certainly not healthy, but still affording a buoyancy that supported more than itself. It was a season which others might have felt too exhilarating for meditation; but it led the baroness to meditate, and to feel that, by the elevation which was her boast, or by the use she was making of it, she was shut out from common enjoyments: her heart was softening, at least towards herself; and she might have turned its tendency to her profit; but when she was beginning to think that there was a state of peace and satisfaction, disdained by her, but desirable in itself, her pride waked, and told her that it must be the posthumous transmigration of the soul, not a voluntary adoption of inferiority, that could afford her relief.

She must suffer alone, amused occasionally by flattering attentions—at times, left to her own

tormenting feelings, while we see how Madame de Faiville got on towards Paris.

The solitude consequent on quitting her friend, was relief to her ; and, in her state of mind, the liberty to indulge in thought was, in her calculation, cheaply purchased by the relinquishment of the enviable indulgences which her kind hostess's unbounded liberality had afforded her.

Under no restriction but that of the order to be at her destination, on a day far enough distant to allow her to travel leisurely, she went out of her road to visit the places where any of her compatriots were confined, examined all lists, and proceeded. Every where she was well treated, and nothing in the least degree distressing, occurred to her, till, by the want of post-horses, she was detained so as to reach, at an unseasonable hour, one of the towns in which she was to rest for a night.

The compulsion to which she was yielding, not authorizing the forcing her to go on at all hazards, she was allowed to stop ; but the place being overcharged with *détenus*, moving from one station to another, and in its natural state thickly peopled, to accommodate her under a roof was a difficulty ; but it was one which the civil authority was interested in obviating, and, after half an hour's waiting in a very handsome high-street,

she was told, that an English family, who occupied part of one of the best hotels, and who had, for that night, a vacant chamber, had been requested to receive her, and had expressed their readiness.

The favour thus accorded was accepted, and the countess proceeded to her allotted quarters. That her courier and waiting-maid could not be admitted, was excused, on the plea of necessary caution amongst persons under such *surveillance* as the English *détenus*;—but in this she readily acquiesced, being admitted by an elderly English man-servant, whose countenance expressed something nearer dejection than gravity.

Requesting to know to whose hospitality she was obliged, and promising to intrude on it as short a time as possible, she learnt, that that part of the hotel was occupied by the Earl of Winchmore, to whom she would be immediately introduced.

On this introduction, she had only to name her recent *séjour* with Lady Lynford, to improve the politeness with which she was received, and the hospitality she might have commanded, into the most friendly expressions. ‘I am sadly circumstanced just now,’ said his lordship; ‘my son is sinking, I fear, under this horrible detention, and we are waiting, with little expectation of success,

the effect of applications at Paris. I need not, I dare say, warn you, if you know the present state of this country and its dependencies, of the necessity of extreme caution. It is almost at an imprudent risque, that I tell even you thus much ; but you may be put to inconvenience, if I do not say, that it is the absence of the friend who has undertaken this mission to spare me the pain of leaving my poor boy, that gives me the power of offering you any accommodation ;—every place here is full now ; but while our friend is absent, we shall be most happy to entertain you,—though, I am sorry to say, you may be very suddenly turned out ; not to-night,—I think I can answer for it :—I am ashamed, too, that I cannot offer you the attendance of a female servant ;—my man was too precipitate in refusing to admit yours, but we are made most odiously cautious by misfortune, and, I blush to say, we are not all true to ourselves.’

The countess thought herself fortunate, and, attended to the door of her apartment by her host, betook herself to her rest.

Looking round the chamber with that sort of vague curiosity which made her only ask what there was to excite it, she saw a trunk, with the initials, M. B. This told nothing. For any excitation they gave to her curiosity, the letters might have been reversed. The room was in neat or-

der ;—no *envelopes* of letters, no wrappers of parcels, lay about to give the name of the migrated occupant : but, about to deposit her rings in a place of safety, she opened a drawer under a looking-glass, and found a case, which appeared that of a miniature-picture. It was a very excusable curiosity that made her open it. She looked at it on both sides ;—the one was portrait, the other hair ; she put it away again, without drawing her breath, and then sate down, with her hand pressed against her lips, as if fearful, that, against her own purpose and inclination, she might speak.

What had she seen ? Nothing alarming,—nothing that in itself could interest her any more than if she had looked in the mirror, instead of the drawer ;—for it was a picture of herself—and the hair at the back was hers ; and it brought to her heart many pangs, and to her memory many bitter recollections. She recognised it as one of many proofs of her long-deceased brother's affection. In their travels he had made her sit for it ; it had been set as she then saw it, and an inscription round the lock of hair told her, that this *ruse d'amour* had been accomplished as the most unequivocal assurance of friendship which R. W. could give to M. H. de B.

Here was a history in this, and Madame de Faiville almost forgot the purpose for which she

was housed, in collecting together in her mind the various incidents connected with it. She could no longer question who was the occupier of the chamber—there were other points also which no longer admitted of question.

It would have been well for herself had she not made the discovery till the morning—but it was made, and it had rendered her situation too critical to allow her to place implicit faith in Lord Winchmore's assurance that she would not be disturbed. To get rid of part of her weariness, she must lie down, but, for fear of a sudden summons, she did so without undressing, previously examining her situation, and informing herself, that if any signal was given at the door by which she had entered the chamber, there was another which led to a narrow back staircase, by which she could gain the lower part of the house, and most probably the street.

She fell asleep almost contrary to her wishes; and, instead of dreaming of Maximilian Hermont de Broderaye, who had once played some part in the *dramatis personæ* of her youthful *reveries*, as now a bishop laying his mitre and crosier at her feet, she fancied that she was tied down on her bed, and that such a chimæra as not even poetical imagination had yet portrayed, was breaking into the room without her having any power to escape. It

was relief to wake, and it was great comfort when the earl, looking up to the windows of her chamber from the garden, by his pantomime good-morrow, informed her she might join him.

He had told his son of the adventure of the night, and now requested she would indulge him by remaining, at least, long enough to allow him the pleasure of seeing her. Having time before her, she could not refuse this return for a kind reception; but it was more than an adequate return, when every thought that recurred to the discovery she had made bade her more imperiously be gone.

She saw the viscount, and he was cheered by seeing her. He could present himself at the breakfast-table; and, in the attentions which he paid the visitor, his father saw cause to regret that her stay would be so short.

Under the intimation of the earl as to the cause of his indisposition, she strove to give him courage to support his captivity; and there was in her countenance, her voice, her manner, and still more, in the result of her having known suffering by experience, something which appeared very much to soothe his irritated feelings. When she talked to his father, he listened as he would have done to a duet in which he had no part—when she addressed herself to him, he seemed all attention, lest he

should put her out by any dissonance of his own.

The risque of staying, whatever the time she had before her, was so great, that she could not consult her inclination; and she had begged to be allowed to depart, when a letter was brought to the earl, which fixed Mr. Broderaye's return for the end of the week which was then but begun—his name was carefully concealed, but she was informed of the circumstance, and entreated to lengthen her stay to the utmost. Two days beside that now passing, she could grant: more she could not: the concession was gratefully accepted, and every improvement made in her accommodation.

In the hope that, by withdrawing himself, he might induce Lord Astham to speak more freely to their guest than he would do to him, Lord Winchmore availed himself of the countess's kindness, and affected to be seeking the relief of exercise. The young man questioned her very much about Lady Lynford, as if himself well acquainted with her character. Being asked where he had known her, he professed himself personally a stranger to her; but representing himself as very much indebted to kindness from a friend of the baroness on whom he had no claim, he gave most warmly the counterpart of the particulars which she had had from Lady Lynford, and proved himself to have been the 'Frank Newson,' of whom she had heard.

She now knew, without question, that she had occupied Mr. Broderaye's room—that it was he who was gone to Paris, and that it was Lord Winchmore's son to whom he had, as a deserted infant, shown such generous kindness—kindness to which Lord Astham, even in his reduced state, did ample justice by his gratitude.—He said, however, nothing of any partner in the affectionate care bestowed on him.

‘And now, my dear ma’am,’ said he, ‘since you have heard so much of our history from me, do let me thank you for your kind and comforting attention.—I cannot tell you how much good you have done me, and, I trust, my dear father too.—I wish you were staying near us, though I cannot wish you an inhabitant of this place, for then I should have no hope of our meeting in England—and, indeed, indeed, I do not wish you *détenue*, but I wish we were not to lose you.—I lost my mother, as I told you, very early—and, sad to say! in the attempt to save me: and, while I was living in Devonshire with my second parent, I never thought of the want of a mother; but now, since I have been with my father, I seem reminded of it, and for my father's sake, and, indeed, for my own, I wish I had never lost her.—I shall certainly, if ever we get home, try to persuade my father to marry again—he is so formed for do-

mestic society :—whenever you know him intimately, as I hope you will, you will see how calculated he is for home-comfort :—even here, in our miserable state, I see it, and I long to see him in his proper situation at home.—I wanted, just now, when you were out of the room, to persuade him to say, that I might have some idea of my mother in seeing you—but he could not : his description is very different ; but I am so anxious to fancy I have a mother, that I am very willing to take you at a risque.—O ! that you could but stay with us !—We want a lady sadly. Three men together are forlorn creatures—to have a lady of our own country would be delightful.’

‘ You have society here,’ said the countess, ‘ and better, I believe, than in any other of the *dépôts*.’

‘ O ! yes—we have—or, indeed, we *had*, when I was well ; but not the society I enjoy.—I would not, for the world, say any thing that could make my father think I regretted coming to him ; but, in England, I lived in a way that has, I believe, spoiled me.—I cannot say I like Frenchwomen—at least, I cannot understand them—they certainly are what may be called *captivating* and *fascinating*—but I am a captive already, and I do not like being fascinated :—as soon as I hear of a fascinating woman now, I am on my guard, as I should

be if I were told that a very plausible man was a swindler.—O how I wish you could stay!—you would be of such use!’

That day and the next passed with visible improvement to the invalid—conversation was lively—confidence increased.—Madame de Faiville repressed all the recollections that could injure her powers of usefulness—Mr. Broderaye was not named—one day of enjoyment was still to come: but, on the morning of this last day, Lord Astham again faded, and his father relying now very much on what the countess might effect by good advice, gave proper opportunities to offer it, requesting her, if possible, to lead the young man into ingenuousness, which, he assured her, he would never, even in his anxious situation, as a father so unfortunately circumstanced, ask her to betray. He gave her full powers to engage for him that every reasonable wish which his son could form, should, as far as his own limited situation allowed, be gratified; and to her discretion he remitted the management of any disclosure he might be brought to make.

It was not difficult to lead him to speak of his illness, and to excite him to defend himself by advising him to exertions which he thought himself incapable of making; but farther than this, he was not to be induced, till the interview which he

knew must be the last.—In this, after gently rejecting the arguments by which his friend hoped to increase his fortitude, he at last prevailed on himself to explain the peculiarly distressing circumstance of his situation.

‘ You shall know,’ said he, ‘ what it is that oppresses me—but you must ask me no question.—I am sinking under a conflict which I cannot end—and in which I cannot clearly discern what I ought to do—though, I fear, it would be very difficult to me to do what I may be told is my duty.—My father’s liberty—the liberty of a friend little less dear to me—my own, which is of no value compared with theirs—are all in my power—and it is this which is destroying me.’

He paused—but Madame de Faiville could make no reply—she could not give credit to his assertion.

‘ I know what you think,’ he said ; ‘ you fancy the weakness under which you see me, has reached my head—not so, indeed—I hope you would not suspect me of an untruth.’

She could not.

‘ We might be free to-day,’ he continued, ‘ but what would it be to me ? No creature on earth but the one on whom this depends, knows this. And think what it is to see my father and—his friend—still greater sufferers than I am in this situa-

tion—and I to have the power to give them liberty, and not the will to use it!—And yet this I dare not divulge, nor must I decide against doing it; for, if I refuse the offer, we may all be sent to the very worst of these places, which would kill my father, as he has had long and sad experience of what it is.’

‘There must be something very peculiar in this,’ said the countess; ‘excuse me, if I say, at least, that I cannot understand it. I will ask no questions, but, if you mean to inform me, you must say more.’

‘I want your advice,’ he replied.

‘I will give it you to the best of my power, if you will *put* it in my power.’

‘And not tell my father, nor any one else?’

‘Certainly not.’

‘Well then! There is a lady of great influence in this place, and one of the most charming women you ever knew; she has been very kind to us, and indeed has made *my* situation, in particular, much better than it would have been. I fancy she has a wish to see England, for she talks very much of it, and she has offered to me her very great interest for us;—but then, I believe—she would expect—I mean, I must, I suppose, ask her to go with us.’

Now, had Madame de Faiville received this

ingenuous, this thoroughly modest revelation, as an attempt to recommend a child to the approbation of a parent has been sometimes received, with a horse-laugh, indicating the stupid misconception of a narrow mind, or an utter disregard to the preservation of the bloom of virtue, Viscount Astham might, under the influence of his present deference for her, have been degraded many steps in morals. His unwillingness to assume would have come back represented to him as an unmanly timidity—a want of self-appreciation:—the delicate supposition of the lady's motive would have been reckoned the mistake of inexperience: to recover his own good opinion, he would have resolved to be a coxcomb; and, in his future intercourse with women, he would have presumed to doubt their claims to belief, to confidence, and to respect.

No such reception did Madame de Faiville give to what he said:—‘May I ask, without transgressing,’ said she, ‘why she must not be invited? The service is so great, that she deserves some requital.’

‘Some *requital*, certainly, but not this *sacrifice*. Well, as I love my father, I could, I think, die first.’

‘I will ask no question,’ said Madame; ‘you have forbidden me; but will you permit me to tell you what I suppose?’

‘ O ! do, do, and indeed you shall know, if you will only tell me what you think.’

‘ This lady would expect an invitation that would have no limit.’—He bowed.

‘ In such a case,’ said Madame, ‘ I should set the benefit offered, against the price asked, and endeavour to make up my mind, and be satisfied when I had done so.’

‘ Yes;—but when such a father and such a friend are involved in the question—only think of the delight of having to say to them, “ You are at liberty—you may return to your own country;” and my father has been so long out of it!—and cannot hope to see it!’

‘ Then you wish to persuade yourself——’

‘ O ! no, no.’

‘ Could you not refer to your father?’

‘ I could not—there is too much depending on it.’

‘ I think you might trust him : how does he stand affected towards the lady?—May I know that?—If I ask an improper question, refuse to answer;—but, without some information, I must be silent, and can do you no service.’

‘ I am confident the lady is not a favourite with my father ; but he might think the advantage not to be refused;—and he might talk of gratitude—and, after what he has suffered, it would be

agony to me to add to his distresses ;—besides, I am not at liberty to consult him—the whole transaction must be secret, and——’

‘ Depend on it,’ said the countess, ‘ and set your heart at rest on the subject—you can never blame yourself for refusing to listen to that which you must not reveal to such a father.—I do not believe that any private influence, or any partial interest, could obtain liberty for one *détenu*.—Many have been misled and plundered by these *offerers*. Refer the lady to Lord Winchmore : he will soon discover the truth.’

‘ I dare not—it might lead me into difficulty another way.’

‘ Oh!’ said the countess, ‘ you really are so sparing of your light, that you are putting yourself to trouble and inconvenience for nothing.—If I cannot be trusted wholly, why trust me partially?’

‘ You shall then know all,’ said he ; ‘ for when you are gone, I shall, I am confident, repent my folly, if I let this opportunity slip.’

She now heard all that remained for him to tell of the good deeds of his father’s friend ; but, put off his guard by the interest of the moment, he named Mr. Broderaye, and had it taken Madame de Faiville by surprise, some pause in the conversation might have ensued ; but she foresaw the disclosure, and he could only think more

highly of her kind interest for him, if he saw any emotion in her countenance.

Poor Carry could not now have complained of want of recollection ; that she was the real obstacle to the attempt for liberty, was, in itself, a high distinction ; and in prettier colours than the viscount decked her, she could not be set out for admiration. But he could only represent her as an orphan and a dependent ; and the same principle of respect for his father's sanction, operated on his mind with regard to her, as he would have shown in any other case. ' My father,' said he, ' has told me what he expects ; and I do not think would *refuse* his consent ;—but still, if I should disappoint him by this choice—if he should think my family injured ; or were he to admit dear Carry into it, on condescension and indulgence, I could not be happy, nor could she.—I do not indeed know what I may find her, if ever we return.—She may have married—for she is the prettiest girl you ever saw ;—and she is left to the care of a lady whom I do not quite like, and who might fancy she had done a great thing in marrying her ;—and the misfortune is, that we hear nothing from home, and I dare not write to her. She may have grown fine and foolish, and then I should look upon her as dead.—I know my father would disapprove my speaking to her before I have

made him acquainted with my wish ; and Mr. Broderaye can do nothing for me, because his situation is as delicate as if Carry were his daughter. Therefore, all I can wish is, that we could get home, that my father could see Carry, and would like her, and overlook pedigree and fortune ; and this, you will say, is too much to ask. —On this I am resolved, that against his consent I never will marry, because I have confidence in his judgment ; but, on my own part, I believe I am entitled to say, I will not marry against my own liking, even to please him.’

The best advice which plain sense and acquired experience, uniting with a nice moral taste, could give, the viscount obtained from her whom he had consulted ; she stated his difficulties to him in a way that made him see what was demanded of him, and what was permitted him ; and he could no longer doubt whether he was right in preserving his integrity, instead of yielding to his own notions of his father’s interest in his sacrificing the most intimate feelings of his heart.—Had she known how Mr. Broderaye’s marriage had prospered, she would have said, that, unless he had had Maximilian’s trials, he must not emulate his virtues.

In concluding her short *séjour*, she had the comfort of seeing great improvement in Lord Astham, and of very much relieving his father’s

uneasiness: engagements for mutual recollection were made with the earl and his son; correspondence was possible while she remained in France; and here was consolation. With a view to set off early the next morning, she took her leave at the hour of repose, and was to be quietly summoned by a servant belonging to the house, when her carriage and servants were ready for her.

Very short had been the allowance of sleep, in her temporary abode; the whole scene had been too disturbing. She could not think on any thing that was not greatly and painfully exciting. Her own situation gave her, perhaps, the least anxiety of any subject; she knew, that once forwarded on her way to Paris, she could make interest to establish herself there; and if circumstances made her wish to return to England, it might be accomplished. Interested as she was, by the communications made to her, in all that concerned Lady Lynford, Mr. Broderaye, the earl, and the viscount, she felt a very powerful wish to get some knowledge of Miss Monterne; but of any plan of this kind she said nothing; it, however, stimulated her to get nearer to her.

There had been no breach of confidence between Madame de Faiville and Lord Winchmore, with regard to Lady Lynford: he spoke of her in terms of the highest admiration; but lamenting

the manner in which she had been launched on the world; and Madame de Faiville could bear testimony to the generosity of her nature, while, on every recurrence of the baroness to her recollection, she could no otherwise restrain her decided censure of her present conduct, than by assuring herself, that it was an unreasonable indulgence of a privileged despotism which could not be persisted in, and which, whenever it gave way, would claim all the support and attention which her friends could afford her. All that she had heard, told her that Mr. Broderaye might be trusted to be severe in the gentlest way; and she could not but hope Miss Monterne would be advised to relinquish part of her legal, but invidious claim, as soon as she had a right to act for herself.

Full of these ideas, she had entered on the occupation of her chamber for the last time. She grieved for the captivity of those to whom she was obliged.—Lord Winchmore, an impatient stranger to his home, and Lord Astham, under the difficulty of parrying the unwelcome preference bestowed on him by the lady whose professed authority had embarrassed him, and pining for one unquestionably more worthy, were not very composing objects of contemplation: to assist them all, was her earnest wish; but it was checked as it rose by the absolute want of means.

To be utterly negligent of the effect of her visit when Mr. Broderaye should return and hear of it, was impossible ; but here more serious considerations interposed. She could not but still feel, as she had long been habituated to do, that when within his reach, he had made no effort to secure her :—that he had ever had it much at heart, was proved solely by the circumstance of finding her portrait thus preserved ;—yet the care shown of it, was not sufficient to convince her that it now continued to be of value.—She knew not that, circumstanced as he was, he had done the best in his power for it—that Lord Winchmore had the key of the room, and that his honourable custody of whatever was in it, was abundantly sufficient. Of Mr. Broderaye's matrimonial discomforts, and his exemplary tenderness to a woman who so tried his patience, the viscount was compelled to speak in doing justice to his own feelings—and she had conceived no jealousy of the deceased Mrs. Broderaye. But still there was enough of prejudice remaining to secure her, had she even been of a less regulated mind, from any forgetfulness of what was due to herself and demanded by her situation.

Unable to sleep and anxious to be in readiness, she rose earlier than was necessary, and with her own hands removing the very little portion of her

baggage which she had required for the night, she betook herself to the inviting lawn of the garden, to wait the arrival of her carriage. In her passage thither, she perceived the house in motion; but its movements were uninteresting to her, as every floor had its inhabitants.—She had taken two or three turns in sight of the house, looking up frequently, in expectation of seeing her servant coming to announce that all was in order for her, when she saw, much nearer the house than she was, a gentleman whom she had not before seen amongst the number who had occasionally occupied the lawn.

Figures that are not spoilt by relaxation, and whose outline is not much changed by variation in bulk, do not alter as much as features, in the course of time.—She did not look long—it was not necessary to her information—she could conclude that when despatch of business is very much at heart, and anxious friends are waiting at home in expectation of a messenger's return, it is no breach of *étiquette* to anticipate an appointment.

Her own situation was delicate :—she felt as if far more than the realization of every earthly prospect was at stake. In a situation in which Lady Lynford's *pride* would have taken alarm, the countess's concern was of a different kind—she accused herself of imprudence, and felt that she

had inadvertently risked a misconstruction which must, if divulged, be a forfeiture of that fair estimation which it was her duty to preserve.

But what was to be done? she could not quit the lawn; for there her servants were to find her.—The terrace which Mr. Broderaye paced, and which she must cross, was close to the house. She had thought on nothing, when she saw her courier and was told that all was ready.—Fearful that he should be asked who she was, she kept him with her, and, with her black veil down, and her handkerchief held to her face, she ventured to attempt passing.

The vicar might hear that it was to her carriage that she was called; for, by a few agile steps, he was in time to offer his hand—to remark on the fineness of the morning—to say that he was just arrived after travelling all night—and, supposing her to be one of the ladies whom he knew to be in other parts of the house, to put her into her carriage in the English fashion, with his polite wishes for her pleasant journey.—He might suppose her deaf and dumb; but this was the worst.

Hardly knowing whether she was asleep or awake, she saw herself clear of the town, and felt that she had passed a moment which would not have borne repetition. But, as the question of reality resolved itself by degrees into conviction,

she began to feel herself in danger of not only being involved in, but occasioning distress, should Mr. Broderaye, on hearing what must surprise him, think of following her—she therefore, having her choice of two roads, diverged at the second stage into that which it was known she did not intend to take, and got on without molestation.

CHAPTER IV.

HIS indulgence on the lawn for the relief of using his limbs after his journey, had made the vicar's morning-toilette later than usual. He had heard with pleasure that he might expect to see Lord Astham improved in health; but he himself bore little that could contribute to that improvement. He, however, sought him in his chamber, and found him just recovering from the surprise of hearing that he was arrived.

Much of what Mr. Broderaye had feared it would be necessary to say to the young man, to reconcile him to the imperfect success of his commission, he found dispensed with, by his lordship's superior interest in what he had himself to tell. He listened with extraordinary inattention to the report of proceedings on which so much had depended, and with patience as extraordinary, to that which his ambassador expected him to have received as disappointment.

In the same moment, Mr. Broderaye was asking, and Lord Astham telling, the cause of this sudden alteration. There was no need of secrecy; and consequently his lordship, without the least

restraint or caution, entered into the detail of the arrival of a lady—all but an angel!—describing her kindness to him—and every particular that could inform the vicar that he had again, most unfortunately, not only missed seeing a person in some degree interesting to him, but that he had assisted in his own disappointment.

‘Will you allow me to leave you?’ said he—‘I did not think I was so much fatigued as I feel——’

He withdrew as quickly as his failing knees and dizzy sight permitted, and in the open air recovered.

The earl had gone into his son’s apartment; and having heard before, that Mr. Broderaye was arrived, and now that he had left the room hastily and apparently under some oppression, he sought him, and found him standing in the garden under a struggle that made some support necessary.

Regarding it as the consequence of exhaustion in the service of his friend, the earl felt more than the common concern for a temporary ailment: he persuaded him to try a posture of rest, and to submit himself to his care of him.

‘I am ashamed of myself,’ said Mr. Broderaye, when able to speak.

‘Ashamed of what?’ said the earl—‘ashamed of having been over-worked?—Think of what you have been doing for *us*—you may rather blush for

our want of feeling in our demands.—You must consider yourself.’

‘I do, too much—I must not deceive you—it is my own concern that has unmanned me.’

‘Have you a concealment from *me*, Broderaye?’ said his lordship, in a tone not of reproach, but of encouragement to his seeking relief in confidence.

‘Many,’ he replied: ‘I could not presume to trouble you with what interested only myself—but now I must—for on experiment of what my strength enables me to do—it has played me false.’

‘Some fatal disease—concealed—in kindness from us!’—said the earl.

‘No, no,’ replied the vicar—‘do not, my dear lord, alarm yourself;—consider, Lord Astham is better—much better, than when I left you;—and as for *me*, I am not in any way ill, or even over-fatigued;—to tell you the truth—I need not say, *in confidence*—your son surprised and a little overset me—do not let me detain you from your breakfast:—I will sit down with you, and you shall see you have nothing to do with my want of self-command; for it was nothing else that distressed me.’

‘Stay,’ said Lord Winchmore—‘your confidence I can accept as a mark of your friendship, but I must not have it granted as my right, or

given me to remove my apprehensions.—Say you are in health, and free from any uneasiness that is connected with me, and I will be satisfied without explanations that may be painful.—Fellow-prisoners as we are, I cannot talk of my power to remove anxiety;—you know what I can do—look at my boy—think what you have done for *him*—refer to what you have seen of *me*—and then decide for yourself how much of what I can do for you, I ought to do.—“Every thing,” is the answer *I* should give—therefore, I protest against all hesitation—only let me tell Astham that you are recovered; and in the mean time settle with yourself as to the extent of any communication you think proper to make.’

Three turns in a tolerably long apartment, which the earl’s good sense gave his friend time to take, arranged the proceedings of the vicar, and he and his lordship sate down to their breakfast.

‘Before you say a word,’ said his lordship, ‘my dear Broderaye, allow me to tell you—and to beg your pardon if I am wrong—that I very much suspect you are striving against something that has taken strong hold of your affections.—I have often fancied things which could have no foundation.—I should suspect Lady Lynford of some influence; but she can have no share in *this* seizure on your spirits.’

‘ O no, no——’

‘ No ?—on your word ? ’

‘ No—on my word.’

The earl certainly looked relieved—why, was not very evident—but he looked relieved.

‘ I will spare your kind guesses,’ said the vicar—‘ I have no cause for concealment—and I must ask your concurrence in what I feel necessary to do.’

The earl’s manner was all encouragement.

‘ What I have to say,’ said Mr. Broderaye, ‘ has never before passed my lips—it has scarcely been confessed to myself, and, but for the extraordinary circumstances that have occurred, neither you, my lord, nor any one—would have been troubled with my uneasinesses.—I will be as brief as possible.—I said to you that Lord Astham surprised and a little upset me—he took me off my guard, when he told me that he owed the recovery of his spirits to the accident of a lady’s having been indebted to your hospitality:—that lady, my dear Lord Winchmore, was the object of my first affections.’

‘ Now pause,’ said Lord Winchmore—‘ I am all attention—but you must go on cautiously for your own sake—let me be your moderator.—I only wish we had known this—but we dared not let out too much; and in our wretched situation,

we were forced to be very circumspect.—Perhaps we might have prevailed on the lady to remain.’

‘O no, no—do not mis-understand me,’ said Mr. Broderaye—‘I have no claim to any consideration.—I travelled, very early in my studies, with the family of this lady—her brother’s friendship flattered me—I cannot tell you what she was, or was not, at that time——’

‘What she is now, speaks for it,’ said Lord Winchmore—‘but I hope there has been no want of desert on her part—no ill treatment of you——’

‘None :—her brother had my confidence, and kindly broke what I may call *his* wishes as well as mine to his father—but she was destined to a higher fate—and we had no communication on the subject.—I have no cause to suppose her informed of what her brother, who is since dead, did for me——’

‘But have you not since met?’

‘Never—she has been wholly out of England ; —she came accidentally into the acquaintance of Lady Lynford—I was then at a short distance.—Lady Lynford’s sagacity discovered something near the truth ; and she kindly sent to me to know how far she was right.—I was on my way to her—and you may judge of my situation, when I tell you, that it was at that very moment that I was detained, and, I have reason to believe, at the instance of

her ladyship's waiting-maid, who was jealous of my access to her lady.'

Lord Winchmore showed every proper feeling; he regretted sincerely this second *contre-tems*, and seemed studying for means to make atonement for it.

'I will not,' said the vicar, 'disguise any weakness.—I was much nearer sinking than I ought to have been, under the prohibition of my love; but I came home to a father who had lost every thing but me; and this consideration animated me to an exertion that has been useful to me all my life since.—Happiness was denied me;—satisfaction was within my power, if sought from the right source; and this I was determined not to forfeit. At my father's earnest desire, I married;—Lady Lynford had most generously placed me at St. Emeril; and though my burdens have been heavy, and my trials sometimes severe, I have been supported under them by an excellent constitution, and by a disposition to hope and confidence, that sometimes has astonished myself.—In seeking only to do right, I have found myself doing frequently what was pleasant; and my own experience convinces me, that there are substitutes for that which seems necessary to our happiness, which may very well be accepted in lieu of it, while the sacrifices demanded of us are to a conscience not yet made

angry by our disobedience to its voice. On these principles I have acted; but now, my dear lord, here ends all my merit.'

'I hope not,' said the earl, tenderly.

'Yes—and I now may offend you,' said the vicar.—'What will you say, what can you say to me, my lord, at my time of life, if I declare it my determination no longer to give up as hopeless this my first love? It has been expelled while any blame could be attached to its indulgence.—I could not admit it myself, while it could not exist in its original form—but now there are no obstacles but those which I am permitted to try to remove:—I am only a prisoner—I am only ignorant of the reception I may expect:—I confess I have no encouragement—but I will try my fate, if I can gain the power; and, as I understand from Lord Astham whither she is ordered, I must follow her, if you could obtain leave for me to go.—Perhaps Mademoiselle Lunel, without naming my reason, would allow me to make another experiment—could it not be asked?—Be assured, I will do nothing rash—I believe I could escape; but for the world I would not—perhaps you will think for me.'

'Certainly, and more than *think* for you,' said Lord Winchmore.—'Let us interest my son in this affair; and I think something might be done.'

The viscount now had nearly thrown off his dejection of spirits, and was giving hope to his father and his friend, of his perfect recovery. Every thing contributed to his entering warmly into Mr. Broderaye's views; and in them he seemed to forget his own.—The matter was put in train;—but Mademoiselle Emilie de Lunel was no longer propitious—she would do nothing.

Some weeks elapsed—no letter reached the captives, and they were thrown back entirely on the common and nearly hopeless chances of their situation.

At length, Lord Winchmore one day returned home, after an absence of a few hours, with an expression of countenance that indicated, at least, some untried plan. He had succeeded in obtaining leave for going to Paris himself, and without the intervention of Mademoiselle Lunel; and he now offered his best services to Mr. Broderaye, in any way in which he could make them useful.

The proposal was joyfully accepted. The earl suffered no anxiety for his son to stop him; he committed him, in perfect confidence, to the vicar, and, charged with a letter from Mr. Broderaye, containing what he would have said in an interview with the Countess Forestieri, he set off, taking with him a messenger whom he could send back.

Lord Astham's exertions to amuse the necessary anxiety of his friend, were meritorious; they were not lost on the vicar, who, with a sort of self-reproach, seemed inclined to apologize for the solicitude he occasioned:—'It hardly,' said he, 'becomes my situation or time of life, to be thus interested in my own happiness; and I could not excuse it in myself, were it the affair of a recent period, or I may say, of a more remote period—but mine was no boyish fancy:—it came at that time when, perhaps, there is the least chance of shaking off such an impression—when the judgment co-operates with the inclination, and when, being right in our choice, we are too apt to be sanguine.—But now, when I have done all in my power, if I fail, I shall submit, and I hope with cheerfulness, to what I shall conclude to be the will of Providence; and then, dear Astham, you must lend your affection to console your presumptuous friend under his correction.—My mind will at least be settled.—I know not what I may, under all circumstances, choose as my situation—I may be a little wayward,—but I know you will humour me.'

Feelings were brought to too fine an edge by the collision of these two minds, to admit of much of this conversation.—Amusements, such as Lord Astham could partake without fatigue, were resorted to; but, though his having been an invalid

was known, and very much considered in the attentions of those in intimacy with this little family, the vicar could observe a great falling off in those of Mademoiselle Emilie de Lunel, who now seldom spoke to him, and had entirely ceased from singling him out as her peculiar property. It was not improbable that some little *dépit amoureux* had occurred between them, to which might be traced much of his lordship's indisposition, and her restive non-concurrence in Mr. Broderaye's wish ; but this was all matter of vague conjecture, and it was imprudent to bring forward as supposition and question, that which his lordship seemed to have set at rest by disavowal.

Allowing reasonable time for Lord Winchmore's reaching and finding the Countess Forestieri, who had been permitted to reside in Paris, patience was not put to a very severe trial in waiting for news from him. The servant was sent back with a report, that showed the good use the earl had made of his casual acquaintance with the lady : but his lordship appeared to have changed his party in the business ; the countess had claimed his protection as her friend ; and when he had fairly represented to her the situation of Mr. Broderaye, his early attachment to her, his submission to disappointment, his steady resistance against the unnerving consequences of so unpropi-

tious an outset in life—his merits, his pretensions, and the high character he had formed for himself—he had won her to confidence in him as the advocate of another's cause, and she had made him listen to the counterpart of the representation.—In his letter, therefore, the earl confined himself to saying, ‘ Since she has reposed trust in me, it is my duty to act for her as I would for a sister, and to preserve for her that consideration to which every thing entitles her.—I do not say you *may* not succeed—but it is indispensably necessary to your success, that you should make as clear to her, as you have done to me, the influence which you suffered to discourage you.—She has written to my son more than once; but you know the fate of captives’ letters.—I am now proceeding on the minor business of our liberation;—at present, I can give little hope, because little is given me. My messenger is permitted to return to me, therefore use his services as you see good.’

The viscount anxiously watched the countenance of his friend while, not merely reading, but considering this letter—he saw no expression either to alarm him or to encourage him.—The vicar felt that he was observed—‘ You expect me,’ said he, ‘ to gush out as you would do, and either to beat my head against the wall in despair, or against the ceiling with rapture—and by these in-

dications, you would have understood the contents of this letter—but what could I then ever say to you in a similar case?—Our situations are changed—I am under your eye, as you have been under mine; and it is my duty, in all the relations I stand in to you, to show you that moderation which, being more than I would demand of you, proves what may be done. Now you shall know how this acts on my perceptions.—Your father's letter contains all I could wish—read it, and you will see with what consummate good sense, and in how honourable a way, he has conducted my interest—I can allow his messenger no more than this night's rest—I shall write immediately, and I dare say you will do so too.'

The despatches were prepared—the messenger had his last orders—and the gentlemen retired to their apartments for the night—the vicar rejoicing in the liberty of solitude, which protected him from the observation of one whom he was earnest to assist in keeping the mastery of himself; he did not wish Lord Astham to know that he could not think of rest, and felt disappointed in his expectations from himself. The viscount, on his part, conceived the situation of his friend to be enviable, compared to his own, which a variety of considerations determined him not at present to reveal.

The hour passed at which the messenger was to depart ; and Mr. Broderaye, with this care off his mind, thought it prudent to try to sleep. He had not quite persuaded himself to adopt the beguiling expedient, when noises in the street and voices which approached, made him listen : his room was entered by persons, such as the times made no strangers, and he was ordered to prepare for removing—he could have no doubt or apprehension on the subject—he was not acquainted with the forms of liberation—he inquired for the viscount, and hearing that he was under like orders, he was satisfied with the good in view, though sensible to the inconvenience of its occurrence in the absence of the earl.

To gain a few moments for thought, he parleyed, and obliged the half-welcome intruders to produce their authority. What was his dismay when he saw that the order was neither for liberation, for temporary leave of absence, nor for approximation to Paris ! but for an immediate arbitrary and vexatious removal to that *dépôt* from which Lord Winchmore had before obtained his own remove, and which was so near the confines of Germany as to be almost out of France.

No more time was allowed than sufficed to deliver into the hands of the servants, the custody of the property that could not be removed, and a

morning that seemed to promise better things, received Lord Astham and Mr. Broderaye on their gaining the open air, and was felt almost insulting in its gay character, as they seated themselves in the conveyance that was awaiting them.

Their present conductors were too brutish to decline answering their questions—they seemed to have no measures to keep ; and what they let out, told, almost in connected detail, that this severity was the punishment of their presumption, in obtaining leave for one of their party to go to Paris, without applying for it through the medium of Mademoiselle Emilie de Lunel.—The explanation fell heavily on Mr. Broderaye, whose affair had been the cause of this irregularity ; and he seemed to expect Lord Astham to feel this—but, on the contrary, his lordship assumed an appearance of stubborn fortitude, as if the discovery had co-incided with some suspicion, or some opinion of his own had been corroborated by the event. His spirit rose under the misfortune, and he talked with an air of confidence of his reliance on friends in Paris, which was little short of an intimidation intended for Mademoiselle de Lunel, or the prefect her father.—The vicar advised forbearance ;—and the young man submitted, but with an evident reservation of his own opinion and feeling.

They stopt for the first night of many which they knew they must spend in this direful journey, and in a state of spirits that made the temporary withdrawing of those who guarded them, no relief. To their own personal suffering was now added the certainty of Lord Winchmore's accumulated distress, as well as the uncertainty of their own destiny.

But if this uncertainty was an additional grievance, there was hope of relief from it, though at the risque of something worse, when, in the middle of the night, they were disturbed again and ordered to prepare for setting out.—Their route was too well decided to need farther proof of authority: they were hurried on without attention to any undertaking on the part of their conductors, who now seemed acting under some cause of anxiety. Great care was taken for a whole day, that they should not learn the name of any places through which they passed; but on the third after their setting out, this caution was laid aside, and hope revived in the mind of Mr. Broderaye when he was confident, on his own recollections, that they were on the road to Paris.—They were then informed that a subsequent order had arrived from the capital, which had been the occasion of their being called up in the night, and that the haste under which they had suffered, was

owing to delay in the transmission of instructions, for which despatch was to make good.

But even now, they had little cause to exult. They were to remain upwards of forty miles short of Paris: they had lost all their agreeable association, and the place was, in every circumstance of description, inferior to that whence they had been brought.—But it had its compensations; for here they found every preparation made for them—here they re-joined Lord Winchmore though still *détenu*—here, in due time, Maximilian Broderaye received from his lordship, as her *prochain ami*, the invaluable hand of Grace Wayville Countess Forestieri, and here she fulfilled the wish of Lord Astham in making herself a *détendue* with them.

Liberty was not yet indeed in sight; but captivity had every consolation that could soothe it; and it was so little grievous, but at the same time so likely to continue, that the vicar was almost inclined to wish his little girl at home a sharer, not in his destiny, but in that of his bride, if he could find means of getting her safely conveyed to him.—Correspondence on the continent was more open than heretofore; he could write to Lady Lynford, and he had reason to hope his letters reached her; but if they did, it was to little purpose, for he had no replies.

The effect of all this change on the young

viscount was what could most have been wished. In his friend's new wife he had a treasure of confidential support. She knew all his anxieties, and faithfully kept them to herself, even in all the undisguised joy of her union. Approving his disdain of all egotism, and his delicate forbearance towards a female led away by indulgence of her caprice, she concurred with him in concealing the terms on which Mademoiselle Emilie de Lunel had offered the liberty of the three *détenus*—on no consideration could it be wished that he should so far injure his country as to associate his fortunes by matrimony with this lady:—neither his father nor his friend would have allowed him to offer even that return of tenderness which might have answered the purpose and secured her good offices. —On the other hand, Mrs. Broderaye, as in their domestic circle the countess chose to be styled, encouraged his caution in bringing forward his own views, till he could be in some measure certain that they would have his father's approbation, and that the heart to which his clung, still retained the disposition in which he hoped he had left it.

In the way that Lord Winchmore had acted for the lady whose cause he had taken up, every thing was prepared for explanation; and Mr. Broderaye had had only to tell under what influence he had subscribed to his own disappoint-

ment, and she to confess that she had no cause to blame his conduct.—There was indeed a little more to be confessed; and for this, Lord Winchmore, who studied the comfort and convenience of every one, gave opportunity. Maximilian had to rejoice in the forbearance of his own temper, and in that candour which had prevented his being unjust, when he learnt how great had been the merit of Miss Wayville's obedience.

Time, indeed, had been lost in the enjoyment of their lives; but it was time that had been well employed. Had they seized on the happiness refused them, its very nature had been vitiated—the lady's father—a kind and good parent, who meant only the advantage of his child, must have been offended—and might have been rendered obdurate:—an act of disobedience, which a careful observation of events will show is seldom, under any circumstances, prosperous, must have ruined the fortunes of Mr. Broderaye, and involved him in censure and suspicion, unworthy his profession:—his influence over others had been gone—and in his own private capacity, he would have rendered his responsibility greater than was prudent. Attached as was Miss Wayville to her family, the displeasure of her father, even could she, under the impulse of a dominant affection, have braved it, would, in cooler moments, have become insup-

portable; she might have ‘pined in thought,’ and he might have had to deplore the failure of his power to soothe.—Sickness, pecuniary distress, not to be lightly considered, however overlooked by the romantic and the fortunate, might have brought all their sad realities:—the very virtues for which he loved her, might have been daggers in his bosom: he might have followed her to an untimely grave, leading in either hand pledges of her love, bereft of a mother’s care, and dependent on a father who would have courted even dependence to secure them a subsistence.

Thus might life have been poisoned in all its nutritive springs; but even had the contrary taken place, and Miss Wayville’s love for Maximilian, and their good fortune had supported her under her father’s displeasure, and placed them above the necessity of his favour, she would not have been, by half her value, the treasure she was now to him:—he must have sunk in moral sense before he could have approved this distinction of him. To the thoughtless or the selfish, to those who treat every suggestion of conscience as scrupulosity, and call every disposition to reflect, ‘taking up things in tragedy,’ such transgressions are easy; but they require ‘sterner stuff’ than that which frames an estimable and amiable character, to carry them safely to their purpose.

In this adherence to principle, one trial had been spared the then young people. The brother of Miss Wayville, after his unsuccessful experiment on his father, had imposed silence on his friend, and obtained his promise of it, confessing himself not at liberty to give his reasons for saying that no attempt would avail, but assuring Mr. Broderaye that such was the fact.—This was now explained.—‘My poor brother was in my confidence,’ said the countess, ‘and he did not conceal from my father what he knew—but my father, who, I am sure, designed nothing but my happiness, and thought such elevation must ensure it, had, in this persuasion, proceeded too far:—he was not unfeeling—he put his honour into the hands of my brother—he persuaded me that mine was an imprudent childish partiality, which I must repent on my return home.—I was not certain of your sentiments.—What I was told, made me fear for the life of my brother, should the count’s family resent the indignity to their relative.—I was bewildered and obedient.’

In the free communications and connected interests of the party, it was impossible that Lady Lynford should be forgotten.—Her three friends, who had so accidentally become friends to each other, wrote individually to her, but still she was silent. Every one of the three was in possession

of the secret attached to her situation, and was inclined to fear the consequence, as well as to condemn the motives to her obstinacy; but every one was bound not to divulge the secret. That it was known to Mr. Broderaye, his wife alone knew; but on every consideration she was silent: her word was pledged, and no exception was made for any man whom she might marry: she was too well aware of his deep interest in Lady Lynford's peace, to think that he could reflect with any satisfaction, on even his wife's being privy to the danger which threatened it. She had been the confidential wife of a man of important business, and was far above the adoption of that vulgar plan of unrestrained communication which men of sense would do well not to accept as proofs of affection, but to discourage as symptoms of dotage in their wives.

In another point, the confidence of the party was imperfect; but without the least diminution of their mutual gratification—they did not fully explain their various prospects, should they regain their freedom—but Lord Winchmore was not without his—his son's were intrusted to Mrs. Broderaye, who kept them safe.—Mr. Broderaye could talk openly of St. Emeril, and his little girl at home, and of his impatience to see both—but the question connected with his guardianship must

be moved on his recovering his liberty ; and this was a sad drawback on his hopes, even if realized. —Mrs. Broderaye, whose life had for some years been a series of perils, was now the most at ease—she had no views for herself—her world was where her husband was : every day contributed to the recovery of her health and spirits ; and concurring in the wish of Mr. Broderaye, every defeat of their hopes of liberation made her stimulate him to contrive the adding Miss Monterne to their party. But on this he could not resolve.

CHAPTER V.

By every channel Mr. Broderaye had endeavoured to inform his ward how he was situated, and had represented his detention as only hindrance, and his domestication with Lord Winchmore and 'Lord Astham' as atoning for every thing but his absence from England and from her.

To this detail, he had added his most pressing request, that Lady Mary Vaseney would allow her to remain under her roof; and he had instructed his ward how to furnish herself with the little money she would require in her present circumstances. The first of these letters had reached Carilis: it was received and conned over, with great relief of her heart on one point, but with some anxiety on another.—Lady Mary saw its contents only on one side, and that the best. She was interested deeply in the romantic novelty of its intelligence; and, instead of prudently suggesting to her young friend the decided change in Frank Newson's situation, and warning her of the ordeal, which predilection, perhaps owing its origin to confined circumstances, has to pass, on obtaining an extensive view of the world, she

hailed her, not indeed 'Glamis, Cawdor,' Queen—but Viscountess Astham-elect, and future Countess of Winchmore, and tried again by every blandishment, and perhaps giving herself credit for the kindest intentions, to render a mind that needed more than usual support, as morbid as, probably, her own feelings had been at the same age. It is very possible to depart by half-steps from right, till we have proceeded many whole and long steps in wrong, without perceiving the progress we have made; and there is a vicious poverty which very much assists in this delusion—just such a poverty as General Vaseney had brought on his wife and family, which made good fortune to Carilis in some measure good fortune to her ladyship, and rendered her—but most happily for the poor girl!—perfectly well disposed, on every consideration, to continue to her the extension of hospitality.

The entire value of an invaluable situation has been reduced to nothing—an extrication from tremendous perils has been brought down to a common event—the most unbounded generosity has been depreciated, and every source of content poisoned by a few words from an imprudent woman.—The effect might almost justly brand the cause as treachery; but folly will do the work of an evil genius very dextrously; and Lady Mary, whose mind seemed to be made up of axiom and

decision on every subject that could come under discussion—who could quote her own practice as if it had always been prudent, and the general's opinions as if without appeal, could, with a want of caution that would not have been excusable in Carilis, detain her to talk over the substance of Mr. Broderaye's letter, and prompt her to all the castle-building which makes the return to reality an abandonment of hope. Perceiving her progress in excitement less rapid than her own sanguine expectations had represented it, she kindly reproved her for insensibility; and when Carilis was called away to duties, which Lady Mary would very much have blamed her for neglecting on the plea of this pre-occupation, she betook herself to Mr. Vanderryck, and gave him her agreeable opinion on what she called his grand-daughter's great prospects.

The old man's mind could not always keep pace with the gallop to which a new spur occasionally excited her ladyship's.—The world had cheated him, and the present lingering delay under which he was pining, did not increase confidence in its favour: he heard and acquiesced; and Lady Mary supposed they were of one mind: she took her own sentiments for his; and, not conscious that she was departing from truth, reported to Carilis, as Mr. Vanderryck's encouragement of

her hopes, the answers she had, in talking to him, made to herself.

Carilis must have been a being of a world in a state superior to that in which the fallen progeny of Adam are existing, if she had been proof against the re-iteration of what was in itself so pleasant. She heard till she believed, and began to consider herself as obstinate in not falling in with hopes for herself, which one so much more experienced, held out to her. Her occupations had grown upon her, to the great diminution of her liberty to attend on her grandfather, who, however, employed himself without murmuring at her excuses, and apparently to his own satisfaction, very much in the library;—and she was thus estranged from him, and elevated in her own ideas, till she began to avoid conversation purposely, lest he should, in the frigidity that she fancied creeping over his mind, infuse a chill into hers.

Lady Mary, all assiduity about her ward, and perhaps feeling comfort in acting over again with another, scenes of interest that had occurred to herself, at every opportunity renewed the conversation which she knew must be most agreeable to Carilis, talked of ‘the dear *détenus*,’ read to her every article that the newspapers furnished, in any point connected with the situation of her country-

men in France, and occasionally relieved the subject by episodes from her own experience, encouraging hope and patience by prosperous terminations, almost pledging herself, that their united wishes *must* produce a happy event. Left to her own common sense, and taught as she had been by Mr. Broderaye, to moderate her expectations, Carilis would have thought and acted better; but Lady Mary either distrusted or feared the spontaneous operations of an unheated judgment, and goaded her into romantic ideas.

Mr. Vanderryck had, *most honourably*, fulfilled his engagement not to stir from Lady Mary's side, while the vicar's return was expected; but now that her ladyship saw no prospect of his enlargement, she was willing to relieve the old man, and began to hint to him, that she could not think of detaining him.—‘If he would only engage to be within call when the concerns of her dear charge were brought forward, it was sufficient.’—He did not seem, for some time, to understand the permission: and when it was explained down to his comprehension, he declined availing himself of it, and went on very contentedly, telling himself and Lady Mary, that ‘Mr. Vat's his name would perhaps gom zoon, and id wass bedder to be near.’

In such a case there was nothing to be done:—Her ladyship had demanded a promise; it had

been given—and that it was her wish or convenience to revoke it, was not a consideration likely to work on a commercial Dutchman so circumstanced. She had no one to blame but herself; but this conviction did not prevent her from trying to bring into practice some of those gentler methods of carrying points not worth the sacrifices they demanded, which she had found her only means of ruling in her own family.

It was by this collateral circumstance that Carilis was made sensible of the departure from right into which she had, contrary to all principle, been ensnared. Lady Mary began to be confidential with her on the necessity of some timely arrangement for ‘the poor old creature,’ in case the desirable event of the general’s return should take place before Mr. Broderaye’s; and, affecting to make common cause with her, against her only relation, and one whom she herself had so deceived by her enthusiastic kindness, she awakened again that distrust which Carilis had felt on many other occasions, and most particularly when she had endeavoured to make her covetous and presuming, by the disclosure of her situation with respect to Lady Lynford, and by the connected mention of Frank Newson.

In pity, for which she dared not assign any new cause, Carilis again housewifed her moments, that

she might have some to bestow on the enduring old man: he did not reproach her with neglect, but he rejoiced in her renewed attentions; and opening freer communication than heretofore on the subject of her situation, he corrected the evil into which she had been betrayed, and under all the disadvantages of his limited faculties and imperfect speech, truth and honour rendered him the more able orator.

‘ You zee, my shile,’ said he, ‘ ow diz businez sdand—an iv you dink doo deep about id, I gan vorgive id ad your age. Bud, my Garliz, I ave zeen more, mudge more of de oorld den you av—an I know id do be a jeating oorld—id may jeat you nod zo bad as it av jeated me, but ztill it jeat:—an wen you av been about your mudge businez, an I av been here all alone, I do dink of you and zay, I hobe id may nod jeat my Garliz—bud now led uz dalk about id—an you muss nod dell my lady.

‘ My lady as been very goot do me—all vor your zake, bud now I zee she is tire of me; bud dat I gannod help—Iv *you* wish me gone, I will go—Shelly will led me gom to him—bevore I make ub my mind do diss, I wand do dalk do you.

‘ My lady is a very goot ooman; bud she is nod de wise one—she do nod do dings reglar—

I do nod mean in her ouze—dad is reglar enow—
 an she mind de money well—zometimes I dink
 doo well, vor *her*—bud wad I mean by reglar is,
 she dink one way on one ding, and anoder on ano-
 der.—Deze liddel girls she fladder and dalk do as
 iv dey mighd do as dey like—and den, boor dings!
 wen dey do any ding like oder shilderen, dey be
 gorregted as iv dey ad never been indolge—an zo I
 zuppose she did by dad one as is married;—I did
 nod do zo by your mudder, Garliz—I alway zay,
 “Do nod marry de idel man.”—She gould never
 hobe I would like him—bud now, my lady, I dare
 zay, dold her daughder she mighd do wad she liked,
 and den zays, “Wy do you do it?” and “Go and
 be sdarve.”—You zee ow angry she is iv diss
 daughder or de oder as is gone do her, gomes in
 her daughts—an she av de malice, vor she galls
 her “Meess Vat’s her name,” an nod meestress dad
 oder odd hard name as she is by de marriage.—
 Wad goot does dad do?—only show de tember, my
 Garliz.—I zomedimes blame myzelf dad I did nod
 vorgive your boor mudder—we should all vorgive:
 —bud she ad dezeive me—an dad wend againsd
 me.

‘Bud now, my shile, wad I wand do zay is diss:
 —Iv my lady gan be very vond one day, an very,
 wad you gall cross anoder, dake gare, Garliz, iv
 I go away.—She is, I know, vlatting you wid

her hibes—an she as vlattered me doo—bud I dell you de oorld is a jeating oorld, an makes beoble make zad misdakes—I do nod zee dad you are a bid nearer den wen I gom here, do your vine dings:—I zuppose notting gan be done dill your parson, dad av de gare of you, gan gom, or you are ad righd age. Diss zad urrigan in de Wesd Indies, you zee, as daken away Meester George Bray—and zo dere is nobody do sdir—I mighd berhaps as your grandfader;—bud I do not know de law—I am old man, an I av nod de money—zo I dink we ad bedder be quiet.—And as vor you, my Garliz, I know iv you manage vor yourself, you will do well, iv you av nod my lady do berzuade you—you gan dake zome of your righd, bud nod—nod all:—vor I know wad id is do av ad de gra-touze an de gread deal money, and iv do lose dem go to *my* hardt, wad will id do de vine gread lady?—

‘Anoder ding I av do zay. Do nod led my lady dalk do you aboud diss yong man, as is now a lord.—Iv he gom home goot, ver well, bud Vranze is nod de besd goundry vor gootness—an de women dere lay vast hold on de yong men—den is vader may zay, “No, no”—or, “You muss marry do bleaze me;” an den you may gry, iv you do nod dink bevorehand, my Garliz;—an I gannod bear do zee you gry.

‘Now, my dear shile,’ concluded the old man,

who saw that he had been heard, not only with respectful, but willing and eager attention, ‘all I av do zay is diss, I will go away iv you wish id; bud pud me somewhere here near you.—Dad is easy manage—I av de money vor so mudge—but dake gare ov yourzelf—remember de oorld is a jeat—I dell you zo, an you may drusd me—I av zeen id an known id.—Do not drusd too mudge do my lady—do nod durn de vine grand ooman oud of diss ouse, vor id may nod make you habby, but id will make you hated—do not sed your briddy hardt upon diss yong man, diss now lord—expect nodding, my shile, an den you gannod veel de disaboint.’

Gentle as was this language, the collected meaning of it was such as required that, to bear it with equanimity, the mind of Miss Monterne should have received its last impressions from the firm spirit of her guardian, rather than from Lady Mary. She could not spare her grandfather the pain of seeing her tears flow; and, had she been of a less honest heart, she might have calculated on their effect in inducing him to explain away a part of the advice he had bestowed on her, and to treat as of less consequence the subjects on which he had admonished her; but what the old man had said, had carried conviction with it; and he could not have retracted without abating her

confidence in him. She was impetuous in acknowledging the fairness of his statement, and the justice of his conclusions; and while she wept bitterly, and incapacitated him from comforting her, she showed the tenacity with which she could hold fast that which she knew to be right.

She quitted him to seek Lady Mary; and, leaving her to attribute the disturbance of her countenance to the subject on which she came to speak, she revealed Mr. Vanderryck's readiness to relieve her from him as an inmate, and proposed obtaining for him admission into some decent family in the village, requesting for him permission to continue his walks in the park, woods, and gardens, and for herself leave to spend with him the time that she might call her own.

Shame, or the fear of needing another servant, should Carilis bestow her leisure on Mr. Vanderryck, made Lady Mary take time to consider; and this time was so long, that before the point was settled, and while her ladyship was reaping rather an unpleasant harvest of opinion from an ungracious exertion of labour, she was most agreeably surprised—and that she had ever contemplated the removal of that good old soul, Mr. Vanderryck, was entirely driven from her recollection—by a letter from the general, dated from an hotel in London, in which he told her that

having, by the assistance of a friend, put his money-concerns in excellent order, he had accepted the offer of a capital bargain from that same friend, who, being under the necessity of keeping out of England for a time, to avoid some inconveniences, wished to dispose of the lease of an excessively clever small house in Berkeley-square:—it was dirt-cheap, and the very prettiest thing in London, perfectly *unique*,—he had just fitted it up *for a friend*, and it was in perfect order—the furniture and fixtures all ready, and to be taken at a fair valuation, exactly suited to them and a small establishment. He, therefore, as he did not himself much care for exhibiting in the west, wished she would get rid of every thing, and dismiss the servants, who would be more plagues than comforts in London.

Another arrangement he had made, which he was sure she must approve. He had at Brussels found a capital place of education for girls, and had agreed to send Emma and Georgiana thither:—a lady was going over, who would take them, if Lady Mary would be in town, and have them ready in a fortnight. To these instructions were added others, respecting the freeing herself from all incumbrances and impediments as quickly as possible; and a polite intimation, that he hoped to see her young friend, Miss Monterne, with her.

The first feeling of Carilis was surprise, that almost took away her power of moving;—the next was concern for her grandfather, to whom she was daily more attached by the steady consistency of his principles and the conflicting tenderness of his heart.—Distrustful as she had been rendered of Lady Mary, as an adviser, she dreaded being exposed again to the influence of her kindness—but yet, to withdraw from her, was a measure too painful to be resolved on, even if Mr. Vanderryck gave her the option of sharing his little *ménage*.

In other respects the projected remove was no perceptible evil to her. St. Emeril's great house had not the attaching power of the vicarage, and even that, without its master, could excite no pleasant feeling. The departure of her companion had cast the first shade over it; and every recollection of her guardian's situation, made its present character more *sombre*; her footsteps wore no path towards the vicarage: that which had existed, was scarcely to be traced. In the church she occupied one of the seats belonging to the great house; and to keep off painful remembrances, and not to sicken under the operation of deferred hope, was the utmost she could attempt.

Such a thorough change was not, therefore, unacceptable in itself. She was not without curiosity to know, by personal acquaintance, those

things, the description of which formed great part of Lady Mary's conversation. London was portrayed to her as the only place for all things; and the exile from it, she knew to have been subject of regret to all the Vaseney family. The general had uniformly execrated all the substitutes for London-pursuits, with which he had been forced to content himself in Devonshire—Lady Mary bewailed the separation from her friends and acquaintance—'The eldest son bestowed on all those who 'could submit to be buried alive,' every term of contumely, and never came but of necessity, and was away as quickly as possible—the elder daughters had lived in an incessant growl at their mother's economical perseverance, relieved only by attempts to counteract its punishing effects: the younger ones had, indeed, enjoyed the liberty of rural life with the natural feeling of children; but even Miss Sims had found cause of repining at the stagnation of mind which she felt in this unrelieved ignorance of the progress of improvement.

From the moment when this spirit-stirring order arrived, St. Emeril's Court was changed in every feature. Lady Mary's delight in the prospect of rejoining the general, would have been sincere, even had he appointed the neighbouring Land's-end for their meeting; but now, committing herself implicitly to his prudence, in the fervour

of her feeling, she asked no question on a proceeding so consentaneous to her wishes.

Preparations began at the very instant—the managing-man in the village, the bailiff, the house-keeper, were all summoned in turn to consultation; and the sale of every thing that had been added to the property found on the estate, the notice of dismission to the household, the outfit of the young ladies, were all to be considered at once. All was easy where will was good—and here the will was *very* good. Bills were printed and posted to invite purchasers to the auction of ‘horses, cows, farming utensils, &c. &c. of General Vaseney, removing to London;’ the village-sempstresses were set to work for the equipment of Miss Emma and Miss Georgiana. Carilis was wanted at every corner of the house.—Persons of all descriptions crossed on each other; and the scene was animating to all but those who were to be left behind.

Velocity increased as time diminished; and Lady Mary’s apprehension of delay gave it to be understood, that any loss was preferable to the loss of an hour. Under this impulse, all her previous attention to profit was forgotten—any thing was given for that which was wanted; and any thing taken for that which was no longer of use. The auction was anticipated by private contracts—confusion was added to hurry, but the business

was accomplished within the space allowed. Mr. Vanderryck was offered a conveyance, and allowed a corner in the carriage; and the journey was performed, much to the gratification of his granddaughter, and without any disaster.

CHAPTER VI.

ARRIVED in Berkeley-square, Carilis supposed all labour at an end. The meeting between the general and Lady Mary was, on his part, joyous, on hers, tender. He had, as he imagined, done every thing necessary, by having his own man, his groom, and the woman who had been left in the house, in readiness to receive the family. The time of year was spring, approaching to summer; the house, or at least the entrance-hall, and the rooms of the ground and principal floors, made good all that had been said of them:—the second floor afforded accommodations only for the master and mistress of the house, and hardly for these. Carilis was placed in the roof, and ‘for that night only’ must permit the young ladies to share her bed. A lodging was sought and found in a back-street for Mr. Vanderryck, his friend Shelly’s house being at the time too full to admit him.

The weather happening to be most untowardly warm, and the sun having a disposition to shine in its fullest radiance on the new-comers, the difference between St. Emeril’s and Berkeley-square, in atmosphere, was rendered rather unplea-

santly striking to the country-novice. A small house, with a full western aspect in front, and with a mews behind it, did not appear to advantage in such weather. The noise, the glare of the pavement, the smell of smoke—things unperceived by the accustomed inhabitants,—were distracting, blinding, and suffocating to a stranger; while the intensity of the heat, and the steepness of the stairs, seemed to have combined to take away all power of exertion, and at the same moment to demand it, in an unusual degree and a new form.

Before the chaos could be reduced to any thing like order—before trunks could be placed in a situation to be relieved of their contents, rest must be thought on, and Carilis was wanted to assist the young ladies in their preparation for it: her sleeping-room nothing could cool; but morning came, and she took advantage of it.—An irregular breakfast was despatched, and the lady who was to convoy the Misses Vaseney, called by appointment to make final arrangements. The detail of preparation already made for them, not according with her expectation of their outfit, another day was allowed for improvement of it; and Lady Mary, at every possible disadvantage that could result from the ignorance consequent on her absence from the living scene of the metropolis, and,

in her confusion, almost apologizing to artificers for laying out her money with them, spent her morning in purchases, leaving Miss Monterne at home with full employment.

The young ladies were sent off; and Carilis was in quiet possession of her apartment. Lady Mary had not been unconcerned in her accommodation: she had done the best in her power for her; and the general, who, with all his faults, was not a man to make a *protégée* uneasy, had received her with cordiality and propriety, and given to her grandfather that running invitation to his table, which intimated that, intending to keep no company, he could never doubt finding his place and a welcome. Their dinner-hour was to be unfashionably early—their table as plain as possible; and they were to live *to* themselves, and *by* themselves, in axiomatic prudence.—It would have been presumption in Carilis to have asked for what they then came to London—what could she know about London?

In her character of an obedient wife, and earnestly desirous to keep the general with her, Lady Mary had made her sentiments the echo of his in all her frugal arrangements; and much of their time was spent, when they had leisure to sit down, in settling their plans. Lady Mary had a host of relations and friends, to say nothing of the daily

additions to acquaintance made by persons living in 'a certain world;'—and the general was known to every body. A family returning to London after a long seclusion, naturally awakened friendly feelings in those who had once regarded them, and curiosity in those who knew them only by connexion; but there was no danger from these circumstances, as the general observed, 'if they did but settle their plan.'

'Yes,' said Lady Mary, 'and stick to it.'

'Certainly, or it is of no use to form it,' replied her husband—'We know what we have to do, and we have only to do it.'

To this, Lady Mary agreed, as she might have done to the same *dictum* applied more largely to whatever is demanded of mankind by a still higher authority than worldly prudence—but she would have found, in her calculations on both, that there may be a long distance between those two seemingly-close neighbours, Understanding and Performing.

A household was soon collected on the economical plan of universal undertaking and concentrated abilities: the lady's maid was to be housekeeper and to superintend the delicacies of the table, to perform the dress-making, millinery, and other decorations of person—the housemaid was to be laundry-maid, and the cook kitchen-maid. The

general's own man was to be valet-butler, with a footman, and a boy under him. The heavy coach was to be changed for a town-chariot. 'You must not think of horses,' said the general to his wife—'I must indeed have mine just for the parks, and I must think about grooming them.—I have bought a nice little black mare for my own riding; but I rather question whether she will be strong enough for my weight, to ride constantly.—She is a nice creature—you shall see her in the morning.—I have had a very clever roadster, recommended to me—the greatest bargain you ever saw—a fine figure of a horse—but I question whether the lad I have for a groom, can take care of them and his own horse too—he could, indeed, if he would;—but servants now must have servants to wait upon them; and, therefore, I dare say, I must have a sort of stable-boy under him.'

Lady Mary assented to that which she dared not contradict, and of which she could not judge, and added, 'And dinner-company we must set out with saying, we do not keep.'

'Of course,' her husband replied.

The every-day table came next under consideration: it was never to exceed three things; and every thing was to be bought at the cheapest.

Then, as to the manner of spending their time: the avoidance of expense brought this down to

something little more varied and far less productive of good, than the habits pursued at St. Emmeril's; and both the general and his wife might have seen, in their very speculations, that, under such restrictions, they were far more in danger of breaking through their own rules, than in the rational enjoyment of a fine country—they might have known, if they had not made their inclination stop the ears of their judgment, that society being the attractive to a metropolis, to live there in solitude, is to defeat its purpose, and that to attempt to do it on constrained necessity, is to choose for our footing the edge of a whirlpool—and often with the hope that the first person who comes by, will, by a well-timed concussion, afford us an excuse for suffering ourselves to be engulfed in it.

But, in talking, every thing was practicable—the general was to breakfast—read the papers somewhere—take his ride—his walk—drop in here and look in there;—a dinner now and then in association that required no return—or his books—for he was determined now to get a few clever books about him—were to end his day.—Lady Mary was to take great walks with Miss Monterne, to call on friends and see friends, and, for the rest of the day, her habits were to suffice. All was presently settled, and in ten days the house and household were in order for their enjoyments.

There had been as yet no leisure to think of Miss Monterne's use of time ; and, as she appeared always occupied while the arrangements were making, it was not till they were made, that the importance of hours to a young person was recollected.—Lady Mary then began to look about, and to perceive that the house afforded little accommodation for industry. Neither the dining-parlour, nor the very small piece left by its encroachments, and called the library, were much at her command—the drawing-room was the general's lounging-place till the sun drove him down stairs, and his wife into the half-lighted room adjoining. Fashionable elegancies of furniture left paths, but not spaces, in the sitting-rooms ; and, in short, unless implements could be confined to a very small compass, the house, thus occupied, was fit only for those whose habit of doing, was to do nothing.

The greatest sufferer had the least right to complain. Her grandfather was still kindly received at the table ; and she herself was considered as a part of the family. The behaviour of the general and his lady was that of an affectionate uncle and aunt ; and the hope and confidence attendant on the adoption of that which promised them gratification, and which had not yet betrayed its want of power, gave to the one

the good spirits necessary to good humour, and the good humour that passes for good nature; while the other, feeling relieved from the weight of sole responsibility which had been cast on her, and enjoying the comparative ease of a town-life, was at leisure to be pleased, and disposed to be interested and amused.—A little disappointment was experienced, but it was too late now to regard it, in the decided disapprobation with which Lady Mary's brother met this hasty measure, and which, in the bitterness of his resentment, made him pledge himself to leave her and her husband to their fate, whatever they might make it. Her ladyship was grieved, and clucked over a harsh reply to her letter of information;—but her regrets took shelter in the comfort of having acted under the direction of her husband; and, as her brother was now an old infirm man, who could not quit his apartments, and had betaken himself to his seat in the north to be ready for interment, there was little of positive forfeiture, beside his affection and the possibility of assistance in case of distress. The former, Lady Mary hoped might be recovered—from need of the latter, it was, as she observed, in their own power to preserve themselves.

The accompt-books being now consolidated into a very small daily register, to which, on the

information of the housekeeper as to 'what other ladies did,' was to be added a quarterly article 'House-book,' Lady Mary had leisure for other exercises of precision; and not choosing to trust her memory, she began a series of *memoranda*, the leading article of which was hinted by the first admission of morning-visitors, which made her perceive, on comparing her own *costume*, the absolute necessity of some accommodations to spring-fashions just come out.—Little articles of attention were minuted down which could be procured in their next walk; and great comfort was derived from comparing this facility with the necessity of sending to Exeter for post-horses to go thither to get fashions.

Among these morning-visitors was a friend of the general's, who, as he entered, called vigorously on the Almighty to explain how, in the name of his arch-opponent, they could live in such a cucumber-frame, without a veranda to the windows:—down went the article 'veranda:'—then came the tempting suggestion of Persian lilacs, rhododendrons, mignonette, calthas, treillises, cisterns, and all the impotent substitutions for that which they had left; and the address of the best contractor for plants and flowers, and the cheapest fabricator of their requisite appendages, was committed to paper.

Next came a party, old and young, all wondering how it could be news to persons living 'only in Devonshire,' that there were jugglers, monsters, and pictures, to be seen, and that a panorama had been opened at Easter; and the directions to the jugglers, monsters, pictures, and panorama, were minuted, with a sort of deploring on the part of the better-informed, that any thing so delightful, should be so cheap, and so open to every body;—then ensued a calculation on the proportion between the return in shillings or half-crowns; which left the matter just where it had found it.

It was a most prolific season for the memorandum-book—nothing that had ever been in London was out of it—nobody that had the means of moving to it, was to be found elsewhere; and the general and his lady were compelled to congratulate themselves on their ability. In assemblies and large parties, indeed, they had as yet no interests, because not yet *announced*; and in questions on schemes of expense, they were driven to a sort of replies, very much of the description called *shuffling*;—but all ended with hopes on the part of the visitors, that they should see the general and Lady Mary, and 'that young lady,' to dinner, just in the family-way, and 'Yes, yes, certainly—of course,' was the most audible of the answers.

It was this day too late for shopping or walking, when the visitors *surceased*; and Carilis, who had work to do for Lady Mary—whose new maid had no time to do any thing, and ‘was surprised that she should be expected to sit down to her needle,’—remained with her ladyship, while the general took a stroll before dressing-time, for which the unfashionable dinner-hour gave way.

Ignorant as was Lady Mary’s *protégée* of manners and customs, she was not disposed merely to wonder and admire—common-sense is of all climates; and she had not left hers in Devonshire. She considered this morning, as, if not a chapter, a page, in a book that was to inform her; and though she could not prophesy the catastrophe, she could see that even the outset agreed very ill with the *prospectus* given of the work; and while Lady Mary ceased from conversation, either exhausted by the rapidity of that which she had assisted to support, or digesting the new ideas it had generated in her mind, Carilis could not but recollect the many entertaining as well as instructive lessons which she had received from her inestimable guardian, when he traced back effects that had been of tremendous importance, to some cause so minute as to have beguiled vigilance in its intrusion, or to have deceived wariness by its speciousness. He had not unfrequently put

it to Frank and herself, to point out the hinge on which an event turned, and the moment or the action that gave the decisive character to it;—and the habit, strengthened by practice, and made recurrent by frequency, suggested itself to her now.

Anxious, not so much indeed that Lady Mary's hopes of pleasure should be realized, as that they should not be disappointed, she saw with pain, even what the trifling intercourse of the morning had produced:—persuasions to be discontented, had, in more instances than that recorded, produced intentions to remove causes of discontent:—these were to be followed by indulgences of taste; but the hinge of the mischief to be dreaded, even Carilis could see, was the disinclination of husband and wife *to speak out*; and, concerned as she was for, at least, the latter, she could hardly forbear smiling, when she thought of the task on which they were entering, and their undertaking to go through with it:—‘I do not wonder,’ thought she, ‘that London is abused, if those who lead in its fashions, are, so immediately on appearing in it, forced to begin weaving such a net as my good friends are preparing for their own entanglement. No one should come hither, on a plan of self-denial,’ said she to herself, ‘unless, like my guardian's, it had been so practised as to be easy; and, like him, they could make doing right, pleasanter to them

than any thing else—*that* I can see already.—What a difference in people! How often I have known Mr. Broderaye refuse to do the thing I knew he wished to do!—How often I have seen him give up what he had, till the very moment, hoped to do!—and cheerfully too, because he felt it right;—and that feeling, I suppose, was pleasanter to him than the gratification which he gave up:—if, then, we could like doing what is right, better than what is merely agreeable, how easy it would be to live in London or any where!—but unless we can do this, what the general and Lady Mary are doing must be—at least, I should think it so—a sort of trial that nobody can endure.’

Carilis was not quite accurate in her conclusions: her guardian had not always that prompt payment from his self-approbation which she thought his due and his bribe; but whether it was granted or withheld, his conduct was still the same. His ward’s mind was not yet on the high ground of moral principle which rises from the everlasting foundation of the Divine will; but not having been crippled or misdirected in its outset; and, having begun its progress, in the valley of obedience, under the guidance of a hand which she could trust, there was not much cause to doubt whether she would attain it. Her direction of travelling was precisely the opposite of that of

Lady Lynford:—the one seemed to have been born very little below the highest point allotted for the tread of mortals—the other as near the lowest:—Lady Lynford's powers were great, but her footing had been insecure—she had slipped—she had stopt herself—she had sometimes tried to ascend, and at others, to keep her ground; but the sum-total was descent. Carilis's trembling foot needed to be held, even on the plain and the turf; but she submitted to the consciousness of her own feebleness—she strove—she accepted encouragement and sought assistance; and whatever her failures when support was withdrawn, if she had looked back—which she dared not do—she would have seen that she had, at least, left some rugged way behind her, which it must be her own fault if she had to travel again.

She had time for a little more thought; and this was bestowed on her own situation. What she had so earnestly said to Lady Mary when in Devonshire, on her horror of being made the subject of conversation in connexion with the inheritance of 'the great house,' had not been said in vain; her ladyship had, early in life, had her own secrets to keep; and when they no longer claimed her caution, they were succeeded by other necessities of circumspection: she was, as Mr. Vanderryck had said of her, not wise; but she was wary; and

there are few better schools for teaching this useful quality, than a family, every member of which, as it springs into action, pulls a different way: where there is no sense of a common interest, there can be no confidence; and there being a very small interposing space between confidence and distrust in the relative situations of life, parents and children are soon decidedly on the one ground or the other. The very outset of general and Lady Mary Vaseney, settled this point: 'I will tell you what I did as a boy,'—or even a tale taken up at a later period, and beginning, 'When I was a young man,'—were escapes never made from *his* lips, in talking to his sons—whatever was the feeling that restrained him—whether he was ashamed of acts of disobedience and folly, or, knowing what they had cost his father, was cautious of bringing similar demands on himself.—And, had Lady Mary been communicative of her experience to her girls, though she had no cause to fear *their* reproofing rectitude, she must, for ever, have made the professorship of prudence which she still wished to hold, a sinecure.

To these restraints, her nods and winks, and various, almost comic, gesticulations, owed their birth; and her children, as they grew up, not always able to extract her meaning from her move-

ments, turned in dudgeon from the trouble she gave them, and as fast as they found out their own will, followed their own way; but still the habit of caution remained on her mind, and was now useful to her *protégée*, who had obtained, on making the request, every assurance that words and an avowed approbation of her forbearance, could give her.

But her ladyship's situation was very much changed by her rejoining her husband: that an exception should be made for *him*, in this promise of silence, could not surprise even the inexperience of Carilis, when she once knew the assiduity of confidence with which his lady's long letters to him when abroad, were concocted. Of this, she had not been aware, time enough to hope that she had anticipated it: she therefore chose to suppose him informed, and rather, by the openness of her conduct, to endeavour to make him her friend, than to trust to what Lady Mary could say or effect for her.

At present all was safe: the morning when the note-book had been in requisition, was the first of the admission of visitors, and she herself had been introduced only as 'Miss Monterne, Lady Mary's dear charge, on the unfortunate detention of her delightful guardian,' and had not quitted the room;—therefore the article had been closed

without any of the embellishments of an obituary; but, from the style of intercourse, and what she heard said of others, she could infer what would be her own fate in a very short time, unless she prevented it; and, unless she *could* prevent it, she saw herself in danger of being deterred from that independence of action, for which she was providing, against the time when she must act for herself.

She had read, and she had heard, that inquisitiveness and a disposition to take part in that which does not claim it, were faults confined to rural society; and when she had asked to what this was attributable, she had been told that it arose from want of other occupation; but, in this first morning of admission, she had perceived little difference between the style of her present abode and that which she had left. ‘Who? When? Where? and Why?’ were questions that, with their answers, formed as large a part of Berkeley-square conversation, as of that far less frequent at St. Emeril’s Court. In the multiplicity of names, run over in a few minutes, of persons who were to be revived in her ladyship’s recollection, there was no want of characteristic inscriptions for tombstones, or facts for epithalamiums—what fortunes, what incomes, what pretensions, what prospects, what had removed the

dead or approximated the living, what motives had produced actions, were matters all investigated, and with a potentiality of syntax which struck the ear of Carilis as erring against Mr. Broderaye's proscription of adventurous hypothesis in the concerns of others.

Feeling compelled, by the pressure of circumstances, to secure herself, and urged still more to be expeditious, by the enlivened conversation of the general, who brought with him to the dinner-table, tidings of more association and messages of great import, she waited only for some word addressed to her, to give her the liberty of speaking, and told herself, that the alteration of the dinner-hour, which made her grandfather prefer his own solitary meal, was in her favour. Little inclined to eat, she waited impatiently the removal of the cloth, and heard with apprehension, the general expressing himself on the look-out for some claim on his evening.

To a common observer there was little to call out sympathy in her situation; but it required some courage in a girl constitutionally timid, not brought up in those habits which seem intended to correct the mistakes of Omniscience, and who was inclined, by proper diffidence of herself, to bow to authoritative experience, and by gratitude to be silenced by obligation, to request and insist on

an explicit promise of conformity to a wish, the very foundation of which might be overturned at the first word from a gentleman of the general's high situation and commanding age and aspect, who knew the world so much better than she did, and to whose kindness she not only was already so indebted, but must still continue to be beholden. Even in professing her resolution to render of no use to herself Lady Lynford's forfeiture, she saw she was taking away the motive on which she might hope to carry her point: still, however, she could not resolve to let the matter rest; but she was forced by her own inability to do that which she could not resolve to do, and to suffer the dinner-party to separate unmolested by her presumption.

That the professors of medicine do not make still greater and more frequent mistakes than even all that are imputed to them, must surprise any one who considers the artificial symptoms on which they are expected to reason, without explanation of causes. What would have been said of Miss Monterne's *state of health*, had a stranger been called in, under the present circumstances, to consider it? Her forehead and cheeks were burning, her tongue was rolled up with dryness, her extremities were cold as death, and her heart was in violent emotion:—unacquainted with such symptoms, she considered them, on gaining her

chamber, as the harbingers of death, and was satisfied that, welcome or unwelcome, his visit would not be long delayed.

Lady Mary had, down in her note-book, 'Bell in Miss M.'s room,' as a thing to be remembered; but the daily sight of the article, had removed its power of attracting attention, and she read every morning, 'Bell in Miss M.'s room,' without calling to mind the truth noted down, that Carilis's room, having hitherto been only the residence of those who are *rung for*, had no bell, or, rather, no communication with a bell. In her present suffering, therefore, she must struggle for herself:—to call was out of her power, even to Lady Mary; and as for the servants, to attempt to make *them* hear, had they been within reach of her voice, was impossible: fresh-herded, having much to tell, and caring little for what was told, they were too much occupied to understand any sound but that which Carilis had not to convey to them. She could just set the door open to gain a current of air, and then, falling on her bed, and feeling that her senses were yet spared, she began to commune with herself.

Her infant-prayers had not been taught her merely by rote—they served even now; and with the grateful recollection of him from whose persuasive lips she had learnt them, were sent to Him

to whom she had been enjoined to recommend herself in all perils and dangers. She felt invigorated, and had courage to ask herself, what she had to regret in this world, and to hope in another:—the former question was dismissed, imperfectly answered—she shrunk from it:—the second could not have its reply but from some little retrospect—some hasty consideration of accounts standing out against her—some endeavour to strike a balance that should, at least, tell her to what enormity of total she was debtor.

Childish faults and faults of age that she could not plead as childish, rose to her recollection, in an army that was not fewer in number for the short stature of its individuals; but Mr. Broderaye had made the Grand Reliance of Christianity the very marrow of her early education; and in hearty detestation of every thing that had the character of ill, she could make herself of the party of her judge, and set herself as the indignant accuser of Caroline-Leslie Monterne, with humble confidence of some extension of mercy towards the un-concurring principle within her. Her good deeds afforded no crop that could ‘fill the mower’s hand’—far less ‘a sheaf for the husbandman’s bosom’—but there was one consoling recollection which came to her with the charm of celestial colours, delicious fragrance, sweetest harmony, and which

seemed to give her courage to die. Instead of feeling appalled at the conviction that every secret thought of her heart was known to Him before whom, in the struggle of the moment, she thought herself called to appear, she could add hope to faith, and rejoice in having made that decision against claiming the forfeiture, her inability to disclose and enforce which, had been the cause of her present suffering.

The poor girl was in no danger of death, though she felt as if dying:—she was agitated by the conflict between her will and power; and the heat of her chamber had increased her oppression: but the moment had its use:—all that the most indulgent, the most flattering friends could have said, would not have encouraged her proceeding in the path she had determined to take, as did the verdict given by her conscience in the trial of the last few minutes. The danger even of fainting was over: the air blew fresh upon her; and first bursting out into simple thankfulness for relief, and then, calling to mind part of Johnson's 'Vanity of human Wishes,' which her guardian had made her commit to memory for future use, not declamation, and next, thinking on some lines from his not-sufficiently appreciated tragedy of Irene, she resolved to ask Lady Mary's permission to make a short visit to her grandfather,

that she might consult him, and descended the stairs firmly, repeating to herself,—

‘ Reflect that life and death, affecting sounds !
Are only varied modes of endless being ;
Reflect that life, like every other blessing,
Derives its value from its use alone ;
Not for itself, but for a nobler end,
Th’ Eternal gave it ; and that end is virtue.’

The *étiquette* of London, which did not allow of a young lady’s walking a stone’s cast without an attendant, was often an annoyance to Carilis, in her wish to visit Mr. Vanderryck ; and she now waited with peculiar impatience, while the foot-boy, who was in all the care of knives, forks, and spoons, could get ready to follow her ; but, at the present moment, she could not compliment : she found her grandfather in a room infinitely cooler than the house she had left ; and, on remarking it to him, he replied, ‘ Yees, my dear, dad is begauze I ave zo littel of de zonshine—id is like de human life, my Garliz ;—iv we will ave de zonshine, we muss ave de heat—zo I begin do dink id is bedder to be gondent widoud a gra-deal one, dad we may nod ave doo mudge de oder.—Here, my dear, is de boogs you lend me—bud I gannod like do bard vrom diss one, about old man’s gomford—id as been goot do me—Gott bless de men

who av de dime an de hardt do wride vor doze who av nod been daughd.—Dis Meesder Vat's-his-name—de man as make de beer—de same name—is a wise man ;—an he give gomford.'

Carilis explained, that she had designed the 'Meditations for the Aged' as a present, and he accepted it kindly. He went on, 'I av finish dad ware de woorts gom in doo and doo, and de end alike—dad *boem*, I dink you galled id, about de wish-in-vains.—I remember doze briddy ones about wad de gold gannod do—an de boor man habbier den all—diz all zo drue!—and about how de beoble go, an bay dere gourt do de gread man :—I know id all bud do well, id will never jeat me again.—Bud in one ding I indend do give Meesder Boet de lie—I ave losd my all, in good dime do know dad ridges is grumbling dusd—mine wass gone ad a sdroke—all seize—all blunder do a dyrand.—But sdill, my Garliz, I ave a littel left vor my life, enof—an iv I av losd de money, I av losd de love, and den zometimes I dink and I zay, Where de differenz ?—Iv you dake away my blate, an I am hongry, I gry, "No, no,—led me ead"—Bud iv I av no abbedide more, I zay, "Oh bray dake id away."—Zo, jussd zo, am I--I wass once very hongry, very hongry indeed—bud id wass when I had de dime bevore me do ead—an blendy do ead. Bud now I av nod ; an I am nod ad all hongry—

I should like indeed do ave zome mead vor you, my Garliz—bud you will vind zomebody to give you zome—you are zo very briddy—quide as briddy as your poor mudder—an *you* do nod like de idel man.'

This was a very good mood for the old man's darling to improve on. She felt no reluctance to tell him what was passing in her mind; and, in listening to her, and approving the steadiness of her principles, he furnished her with sound arguments to keep her firm, and suggested, in his prudence, the persuasive language she might use, to obtain a more solemn engagement than a mere civil acquiescence from General Vaseney, to guard against the publicity which might distress her.—'Zo and zo, I would zay, iv I wish do hold a man to his wort.'—And 'You muss dake gare to make him repead wad you zay—and den,' added he, 'iv you hold your briddy head zo, and your briddy hands zo, and pud your eyes zo, I dink he will do id.—Bud,' concluded the old man, 'I shall insisd on your bromising me, vor I may nod be alive—I grow old very vasd!—but I shall insisd dad you zay do diss lady Lynvort, "You *muss* give me de vive hoondert de year, elz I will av notting vor myzelf—iv I do you de grade good, you do me de littel:"—an dake gare of diss, my Garliz, vor id is a jeating oorld.'

Cheered and pleased by her visit, she amused him by the report of the occurrences of this morning, and of the proposed amusements of that of the next day. He gave her, without ostentation, five pounds, to make herself look ‘briddy;’ and, kissing and blessing her, suffered her to depart.

As she was quitting the house, he called her back, to give her a piece of advice not to be despised—this was to get the affair on which she had consulted him, off her mind before she slept. ‘Whenever,’ said he, ‘you ave de disgreeble ding do do, and gan do id ad your own dime—do id de virsd ding—dad is my rule. Iv you av do dink and dink about wad is de disgreeble ding, id is doing id zo many dimes over an over—zo bedder do id de virsd, my shile.—An now mind wad I zay; go an zay do dese beoble, Meesder General an my lady, all you av do zay—sbeak briddy an respegvul—bud mine do ged de promize nod do dell wad you ood nod av dold—or dey will jeat you and laugh. An, mine Garliz—wen you dalk do Meesder General, an you asg im do zay as you zay—dake gare do make im zay ubon is *honour*—dond led im zay only ubon is *zoul*—vor zuch men do nod mind dere zouls, but dey *do* mind dere honour—dad I know.’

CHAPTER VII.

GENERAL Vaseney was not at home till Carilis had been long retired to rest. The next morning at breakfast, therefore, afforded the earliest opportunity of speaking to him. He led to the subject by asking after her grandfather.—She now valiantly declared the purpose for which she had gone to him, and said, that she had taken his advice on the manner in which she should make a request of great importance to her. The general professed himself all ear; spoke in handsome terms of Mr. Vanderryck—called him ‘a charming old man—a disciple of the old school—but a man from whose conversation he always learned something valuable.’ Under such blandishment, she could bring forward her petition, which she made an explicit request, that on no occasion would he or Lady Mary—who had already indeed, promised her—mention to any one, the circumstance that seemed to connect her with Lady Lynford, of which she supposed he might have heard. To enforce what she had at heart, she made her verbal protest against every step that could be taken in her behalf, and seriously declared, that were a right,

to which she could give no credit, established in her favour, the only use she should make of it, would be, to renounce it the moment she came of age.

The general might well be allowed a little banter upon this antediluvian heroism ; but seeing her firm, and influenced by the respect due to such principles as those which she made the excuse of her resolution, he gave her his grave promise, and allowed her to frame it in the words her grandfather had dictated. He concluded with a wish, that more young people resembled her; remarked on the progress of selfishness—pronounced an additional eulogium on ‘that dear old man, Mr. Vanderryck’—wished his second son at home, for her sake, and settled with her,—that he might not transgress her wishes—that it should be allowed him to say, if asked questions about her, that she was Baroness Lynford’s presumptive heiress. This was quite as much as she could willingly admit ; but some of her grandfather’s opinions informed her, that ‘half a loaf was better than no bread ;’ and that advantages were often lost, by endeavouring to make them more perfect than their nature admitted. ‘The dear old man’ was praised by both parties, for his considerate liberality to his grand-daughter, and all was peace and good-will.

As much was done in the course of this morning as feet would do, in the world of fashions, friendships, and sights; and Carilis, in returning home, was sufficiently corrupted to cease wondering at the preference given to London.—Many such mornings passed—the established dinner-hour was given up; and Mr. Vanderryck, without murmuring, felt himself turned upon his own hands: his friend Shelly could now, and would willingly, have received him; but his grand-daughter's attractions prevailed, and he chose to remain where he was, for the sake of seeing her daily.

Society proceeded, as might be foreseen, between persons in the rank of the general and his wife, and their extensive connexions, and the connexions of those connexions. Temptations thickened, and resolution did not grow stronger—‘colds,’—‘previous engagements,’—and all the other shifts of inadequacy, had served the purpose of declining ‘honours, favours, and pleasures,’ till the general declared he could not any longer risk being called ‘the excusative general;’ he talked of doing things in a little way—not attempting to cope with people better off; and when his lady pleaded impossibility as a discouragement to attempts, he admitted what she urged, but contended that the thing must be tried.—‘We *must* do a little like others—I *must* have a little society,

even if I dine out *en garçon* ; and I know people who do a great deal more than we shall ever find necessary, and with a less establishment,' were parts of his argument, which alarmed her with fear of losing hold on him—and parts of argument which perhaps have done more to fill jails and compel the legislature to the arbitrary resource of acts of insolvency, than any other forms of words.—He ended with an observation, that in the then frugal age, the want of any thing was a non-existent idea—every thing was to be hired, and so cheap!—every thing by the dozen—chairs absolutely he saw offered for hire at four-pence a-piece ! and other things in proportion.—Lady Mary listened as eagerly as if this had been the purchase-money, instead of the hire, and confessed, that there was a great difference between the convenience of London, and the inconvenience of having to send to Exeter for what one wanted, and pay, perhaps, as much as that, for the mere carriage of the article. Even Carilis was dazzled.

Foreseeing what she must come to at last, willing or unwilling, and being rather the former than the latter, Lady Mary again resumed economical solitudes, and learnt, from every person of fashion who came in her way, the best methods of preparing to return the little sociable family-dinners which they were beginning to accept.

The having all things so near at hand, in which London had so decidedly the advantage over St. Emeril's, was a point no longer thought on, when Billingsgate, Leadenhall market, Newgate market, Change-alley, and Covent-garden market offered things at such incredibly low prices—turbots were absolutely given away—poultry, though dear indeed, might be bought comparatively cheap by those who knew where to look for it, and how to chaffer:—the finest mutton upon earth, ‘your nice little short-bodied south-downs,’ were to be had for a penny a pound less by only going about two miles and a half to fetch it—oranges were now delicious—you might have ‘em for three farthings a-piece, just for fetching; and asparagus, and every vegetable, and your flowers for your centre, it was really worth Lady Mary's while to purchase herself, for the sake of seeing the beauty of the spring-show in Covent-garden, if she ever condescended to drive so far east.—Every thing was accepted—the memorandum-book was soon filled with names and numbers, and the general good-humouredly taunted his wife with, ‘There, I told you so, but you would not believe *me*—now you see there is no occasion to *hermitize*—in my opinion, London is the cheapest place, after all.’—‘Yes,’ thought poor Carry, —‘but I have my doubts whether in this way of proceeding or not, —I will ask my grandfather.’

The old man loved to be consulted; and being a sound calculator—not a speculatist—he soon convinced her, on a very plain statement, that nothing could be more fallacious than such schemes of frugality.—Lady Mary had, indeed, suggested, on her first perception, that either another manservant, or a confidential agent, would be requisite for those distant purchases; and not only this truth was confirmed, but much more brought forward by the experienced intellect of the practical Dutchman. Against this error, therefore, Carry was well guarded; and when the experiment was to be tried, she had abundant information.

In the first instance, with the exception of the fish, Lady Mary undertook to do on foot herself, all that was necessary; for her lady's-maid-housekeeper had no time; and that she might not be guilty of extravagance in one point, while sparing in another, she purchased a few articles of walking-dress, very cheap, for these occasions.—But, untowardly, wherever she went, she heard that things were, that day, uncommonly scarce and dear—if she had but come the day before!—Nothing was said of deferring for a day, which might, in some cases, have been adopted; but Carry could not forbear thinking Lady Mary did better in seizing the present moment, as, on the system which she discerned, the price might have been

as much more as she hoped it would be less, the next day.

It was, however, a very entertaining morning which these necessities produced to Carry—she had only to look and listen. In some cases she perceived, that when any thing was made sure, and the foot-boy was ordered to un-shoulder his basket for its reception, he always replied, ‘Yes, my lady’—so particularly loud, that it struck even an ear used to the sound; and when she heard the vender of the commodity explaining to Lady Mary that it was not that which she understood herself to have bargained for, but an inferior sort, which she must take up with at her price, Carry fancied there was some secret community of interest between the stall-keeper and the foot-boy:—of this, however, she had no proof—it was only conclusion—and not fit to be divulged.

The exercise of walking on the pavement of London had been described to Carilis in nearly the same terms as those which had informed the economy of Lady Mary. She might have supposed, if the thing had been possible, that every step taken by a pedestrian in London streets, abated instead of increasing fatigue—and even Lady Mary was disposed to think nothing of distance—but experiment proved, that what is accepted as strict truth, may be hyperbole, and that,

though a level ground will tire less quickly than a hilly country, yet, that the sameness of tread, and the dry heat of what is trodden on, will weary much sooner than is convenient. Lady Mary was not now a very young woman—she had a son not far off the age of forty.—She had not completed all her purchases, when she was forced, by fatigue, to retreat into a chymist's shop, and to learn there, that she was attempting too much, if not used to London in warm weather.—She gave sixpence for a glass of camphor-julep—three shillings for half a pint of it to take home, in gratitude and confidence resulting from perceptible benefit—and accepted, at their price, a five-shilling box of pills, to be taken when she felt little shiverings and other symptoms which she described, and which were all ascribable to the being un-used to London in warm weather:—a hackney-coach was then very obligingly fetched from the nearest stand, which carried the markettings home, as she observed, 'cool and nice;'—her ladyship stopt in it to complete her business, which, as she said, 'she could now very well do, and it would be wrong to leave undone;'—and for seven shillings more—for Covent-garden proved, as had been predicted, a most bewitching lounge—stopping at Wedgwood's to choose everlasting pies—at a shop where she saw a great show of biscuit-gods and

goddesses for the table—just calling about the plate they should want, and ordering a few more chairs and lights for the ensuing party—she got home, telling the foot-boy, before he took his hat off, only just to run to the nearest shoe-shop in Bond-street, ‘as she saw she must have another pair of shoes before she had such a walk again.’—The boy obeyed the order, took the royal arms for his guide; and his lady had, in three days, a pair of shoes so much to her mind, that, if the bill had not been sent with them, as she expressly ordered, the man might have had permission to put up her ladyship’s ‘arms’ too.

The projected party went off well, was talked of, and gave a hint to others to put themselves in the way of invitation. General Vaseney’s wines were *considered*; and, by hiring occasional men-cooks, scullions, and figure-men, they ‘got on.’—It all amounted to nothing, in talk—and nothing was it in comparison with the expenditure, probably, of some of the persons who supplied the various articles that ‘gave *éclat* to the thing;’—but compared with the means and the necessities of the family—the only comparison to be relied upon—this calculation, amounting to negative nothing, was positively ruinous.

But all this would have been of no personal instruction to poor Carry, had not the gradual de-

parture of her friends from their plan of privacy, necessarily involved her in their enjoyments and equipments: her grandfather's present of five pounds, she, without reluctance, spent on her appearance, but resisted all temptation to profusion, and herself made what she wore. It was utter astonishment, when she came out on the first necessary display of her taste, a most delicate, elegant girl of fashion.—If Lady Mary, in giving orders for herself, asked Miss Monterne to let what she was doing, be seen by a workwoman, she gained credit, and was kept content with what she could do.—Expressions of applause, perhaps, ended with a recollection, that 'such young ladies might wear any thing, for they looked well in every thing;'—but this was all in her favour; and when she sate down again to her work, saying, '*Tant mieux pour les pauvres,*'—she felt better than *pleased* with her performances.

General Vaseney, taking up his wife's ready-made neglect of their eldest daughters, and having so placed the younger ones as to have no cause to think of them, was very well disposed to bestow a parent's affection on Carry, whose attractions, and their perceptible effects, soon gratified his pride—he wished, good-humouredly, that he could do more for her; and proved the sincerity of that wish, when, on the sudden death of Lady Mary's

brother, and his receipt of a thousand-pounds' legacy to her ladyship—which, though the executors were allowed six months to pay in, he contrived to get immediately—he indulged her with the hire of musical instruments, and as a gratification to himself, engaged a master for her improvement.

The word improvement once sounded, called up a host of recollected duties :—accomplishments in high request gave popularity to possessors; Miss Monterne must have her share of favour in the world; and Lady Mary, not defining whether she was making presents to her, or involving her in debt, but taking upon herself an unexplained responsibility, acted for her as she would have done for a daughter of her own, whom she could afford to indulge—talked of her to teachers, and venders, and trades-people, with whose contributions she could not now dispense, as the heiress to Baroness Lynford, and wanting 'only a year or two' of being of age—and thus Carry was initiated into all the worship demanded by the genius of the metropolis. No opportunity of obtaining admissions, participations, and introductions, was lost : and when her kind friend, who, on comparison with her 'former self, found London not the *arena* for her advancing time of life, was glad to rest after a fatiguing walk or much talking, Miss

Monterne was with one family in their private box at either theatre, or with some distinguished lady in the best circle at the opera, or amongst a groupe of young people headed by a mamma or an aunt, at a superb ball or rapturous concert. Every day presented new friends to her; and as her want of confidence in her own experience made her put every one before her, and the novel merit of her deportment conciliated the affectionate respect of *chaperons*, she had the good fortune to please without offending, and to be approved without being envied.

Her personal attractions, and the unconsciousness with which she carried them, were not lost on the men—but they could not understand her integrity. The last thing a man of fashion can believe in a new subject of the female sex, is that, when she speaks seriously she speaks truth:—in an artificial world every thing goes for artificial—and many a young person who set out well, has been shamed into the prevailing character, by the fear of standing single in opposing it. But Carry, who had no design on the heart, or purse, or honours, of any man, and who, if it was not permitted her to marry according to the lead of her own heart, had a mind perfectly content to ‘marry not at all,’ was at such perfect liberty, that in the play of nonsense around her, she only put others out;

and when something particular was intended, she disconcerted the foolish and discouraged the presuming, taking all possible care, from the moment when she was conscious of the power of her novelty, to prevent any mortification to those entitled to respect. The worst that was said of her was, that she waited for the *acmé* of her situation.

Undesignedly, however, she helped her protecting friends into a larger departure from their line of discretion. After some great gratification which she thought Lady Mary would have enjoyed, had she had the means, she expressed her regret that the fatigue of the engagements she could *not* avoid, should disable her: this being said in the hearing of General Vaseney, and resolved into the want of horses, he took up the question warmly, without consulting his wife, bought a very fine pair of carriage-horses, declaring himself still of his old opinion, that the best was always the cheapest, hired a highly recommended coachman, and thought he had set the matter straight by turning off the groom's groom, who had been hired at about one-third of this fine gentleman's nominal wages, and at no proportion to his un-named perquisites;—but as the general observed, when Lady Mary, against herself, hinted this disparity, 'one is one, and two are two—and if

I take one servant and turn off another, there is nobody can say I increase my establishment—can they, Carry?’

It has been a reason with some prudent husbands against indulging a wife with a carriage, that not merely the individual expense, but the increase of other expenses by it, must be taken into calculation; and those wishing for the luxury, do not, perhaps, immediately see the necessity of this provision.—It was soon obvious, in many ways, but not attributable, in this instance, to the lady. The arrangement being made, Carilis, who rejoiced in it, for the sake of Lady Mary, was surprised to perceive that her ladyship was perpetually thwarted in the use of the indulgence: the general took the carriage every where: it carried him to his horse, and brought him from his horse; and even if the ladies had it, he quartered himself upon them to be set down;—he detained it at levees and drawing-rooms; and when used during the morning for shopping and visits, it was kept an hour and a half at the door to carry him to a club-dinner; and their evening-engagement must be so contrived as that it might fetch him home. If they were entirely put by, he would answer, ‘I cannot help it—you see the truth of what the coachman says, that it is impossible for people of any style to live in London with one carriage and one pair

of horses. If you *must* go out when I am engaged, you can have an additional carriage just for the day ;—*that* will be nothing :—and the coachman says that your work is rather too much for the horses to hold it constantly.’

Now what was the truth here ?—Why, that the general was pleased with his new horses, and proud of them ; and that it was a great gratification to him, when they stopt short and were well reined-up under the windows of a room, where he was expected, to be told, on entering, that those who had been standing at the windows, had just been saying, what a clever pair of horses he had got, and guessing their height, and admiring their match ; and that he liked riding about and showing himself and his horses much more than even Carry would have done : he was not, indeed, in his second childhood, or his second boy-hood—which is a very different thing—he was in his twelfth or his twentieth boy-hood—and, whether it was the whip of his toothless years—the new driving-vehicle of his florid years—the eccentric boots of his Bond-street years—or the toy of the present moment—it was all the effervescence of the same component ingredients of folly ;—and Lady Mary was a happy woman if this was the worst : that it was not, Carilis might have guessed, had she known London a little better, when one night, at one of the

theatres, as she was coming out with her friends, who had made some mistake in turning, she saw him in very close conversation with a beautiful young woman drest in transparent black.—Seeing Miss Monterne, he looked alarmed, and came forward—the young woman pulling at his arm—to put her party in their right road, saying, ‘For God’s sake, how came you hither?—get away—get away’—and whispering, ‘Mum to Lady Mary—for heaven’s sake, mum.’—‘O ho! my old boy,’ said a gentleman near—‘are *you* here?—I could have guessed as much, when I heard you had gone out for a stroll by moon-light.’—Carilis thought she recollected the voice—cautiously turning, she saw it was Colonel Vaseney, the general’s eldest son—he did not recognise her—she hastened on with her party, whom the general could not have accompanied without quitting the lady.

Altogether, there was something odd in these circumstances: her *chaperon* seemed shocked almost to distress;—and that the colonel was in town, had not been known to his family. When in the carriage, the reproofs of the protecting-lady to her son for his mistake, let out the importance of knowing how to avoid some parts of a theatre; and Carilis, when expressing her admiration of the beauty of the young woman in deep mourning, and inquiring of the party if she was known to

them, received some hints that made her resolve to keep to herself the accidental stumbling on the general, and the transient view of the colonel.—The latter she found, at her return, had paid his mother a tea-visit—the former she willingly avoided by retiring to her chamber.

CHAPTER VIII.

As General and Lady Mary Vaseney were not persons inclined to act without consideration—not of that age which makes people do first and *think* afterwards—nor yet of that which tells them, that ‘thought for the morrow’ is superfluous—they might occasionally discern some little incongruity between their intentions and their performances;—and, as it would now and then occur—at least before the thousand-pounds’ legacy arrived—that requests for money to be paid, came a little anterior to its being pressed on them as receivers, one point had become fixed in their decisions; and it was one which they told themselves and each other, must be adhered to, and called on Miss Monterne to attest against them, should they vary from it—so important was it!—This was, that no consideration on earth should induce them to think of any schemes of watering-places, villa, cottage, or any change of abode when other people were moving:—the autumn—nay, the Christmas should be spent in Berkeley-square:—they cared not what other people did—there would always be persons enough in town, to keep them in countenance—parliament

would sit very late—nay, hardly have any recess;—and now they were comfortably housed and were used to the sun, which they thought could not be hotter than it had been, it mattered little to any body where they were:—they should be quite ready to receive the *rusticators* when they should return to town—any thing was better than living too fast—the bank-paper fever was as bad as the guinea fever—and as the general very properly, and piously, and charitably ejaculated, ‘ God keep every body from it!!’

But the dog-star raged at its wonted time and with uncommon fury: the town thinned apace—even subscription-balls, and private dances, assemblies, concerts of public performers held at magnificent houses, grand dinners, and select *eights*, were over:—the sun defied all attempts to keep him out of Berkeley-square, or any square—gentlemen burnt their fingers with knockers if they forgot to keep on their glove; and bonnets, and feathers, and artificial flowers, were deluged by the watering for which the thirsty baked pots in verandas could not wait till

‘ —mortals enjoy the sweet blessings of rest.’

What was to be done?—How was this to be borne, after summers spent by the general in the luxury of better arrangements, and by his lady in

thick shades, on cool turf, and amidst the reviving whispers of sea-breezes?—The ladies got into Hyde park and Kensington gardens—for it was not worth the general's while *now* to take the carriage as much as heretofore—but there was no Hyde park or Kensington gardens for men of style and particular pursuits:—it was desolation and desperation;—every thing horrible was predicted from such intense heat; and the colonel, who now was their frequent guest, seemed to stay in town and to visit his parents, for the mischievous pleasure of seeing the one fuming and the other expiring.

Carilis suffered with the rest; but seeing no remedy, she made the best of what was bad. She could not but ask herself, when Lady Mary could not repress a sigh for St. Emeril's, whether a country-house all the year round, were not a better thing than a town-house which must be, at one season of the year, almost untenable, and from which she was well assured, the present sufferers had no escape.

Nothing was got by 'talking over' the sun with Colonel Vaseney—he was sun-proof, from acquaintance with various climates;—but the general and Lady Mary, when alone, 'talked it over,' till they had brought into review, every species of shade and blind that they could hear of

as adaptable.—The general had, on this point too, made up his mind, that ‘one cannot pay too dear for comfort;’ and on this principle, he experimented to an extent of variety, that made those in the daily habit of passing that way, look up at his house, and ask themselves, ‘What now?’ and ‘What next?’ Something, at length, was fixed on, rather because there was no ready alternative remaining, than because it was unobjectionable: the sun was, indeed, effectually shut out from vision; but the air choosing to be shut out with him, the heat was shut in, as well as the light put out. To see to do any thing that required eyes, was impossible:—the family flitted about, tinted as if in an atmosphere of sulphur: their smiles were ghastly grins; and the general professed himself shocked at ‘this rehearsal of the Elysian fields.’—There was a resource, after a certain hour of the day: the smell from the stables, which reached the little back-room, must be disregarded, to enjoy the relief of its comparative coolness.

For the falling-off of society, the general and his lady seemed to have found some compensation in the attention of their eldest son, who, in the most good-humoured way, bestowed himself upon them, till they, in return, seemed uneasy if he failed their expectations. To Carilis, his habit of frequenting the house, was far from disagreeable:

he was now at an age when his attentions were not so liable to misconstruction as at an earlier :—he was a little, smart, handsome, well-proportioned man ; who to the better-bred manners of his younger time, had added, as they came up, the modes of ensuing periods. He had seen service, without being much distinguished, and without sustaining any injury :—he had been pushed forward, at first, by interest, and afterwards by the pressure of merit in those behind him, and in whose way he stood.—He had married very early, and to his great emolument—had divorced his lady—was unincumbered by any fruits of his marriage—and had almost lost the recollection of it. He lived, like other colonels not on actual service ; and not being very fond of his profession, acquiesced in any neglect of him, under a half-formed resolution to retire ;—to what he should retire, was not yet quite a settled matter.

Carilis had, till now, so slightly known him, that their dispositions towards each other were yet to be formed. She was no longer a child ; nor did her deportment, or her deficiencies, admit of considering her as a mere girl.—He decided, after the first hour, that she was ‘ a very very charming young woman ;’ and he felt that she claimed not only attention, as his mother’s guest, but respect for her natural situation and personal merits ; and

her manners instantly giving the tone to his, their friendship set off admirably; and she too was pleased with his coming.

It was not solely in the addition that Colonel Vaseney made to the domestic society, nor yet the relief he gave to the growing *ennui* of his parents, that Carilis found her satisfaction:—he had tastes that suited hers and forwarded her progress in accomplishments:—he could give her intelligence as to foreign movements, and could console her little-remitted anxiety for her guardian, by confident assurances, founded on good information: she now heard that Mr. Broderaye was nearer Paris; and hopes were held out, that cheered her; and to realize which, the colonel took no little trouble amongst his connexions.

To one part of his manners a small exception might have been taken by a disciple—and *not* of the old school, disposed to be offended at the style in which he treated his father and mother, but which, having originated in their own error, was justly to be called ‘their own concern.’ Having much more of the French *malice* in it, than of English malice, it oftener excited a smile than a frown: he was accustomed by habit to call the general ‘Old Dad,’ ‘my Hero,’ ‘Julius Cæsar,’ and ‘Spunkey;’—and Lady Mary he addressed by the appellations of ‘Mammy,’ ‘Old Grumpy,’

and 'Toddy.' Yet in jocular supervisance of them, he did effectual service; false or true, he must be told, that whatever he was to eat or drink at their expense, was paid for:—he clapped his mother on the back, when she called on Miss Monterne to witness that they both went to church regularly every Sunday; and, from the first Sunday of his visiting, he came in time, every succeeding one, to endeavour to 'unkennel Spunkey,' as he termed getting his father up in time for the purpose.

A morning-entertainment of a very tempting description, falling in most conveniently with a cloudy day, he presented himself as Miss Monterne's partner for the first dances; and he being the very best dancer in the assembly, and she fresh out of the hands of the professor in request, and having every requisite for excellence, great applause was bestowed on their performance, and something more on that of the lady, who, to the honour of that inextinguishable light of conscience, which, even in small matters, makes what is virtuous appear lovely, was most cordially approved. Elderly men, with a significant shake of hair that 'Time had *not* spared thinning'—confessed that this was an improvement on '*their* day'—and wished themselves young again to offer coronets and castles—young men stood aloof, and took the alti-

tude of Colonel Vaseney:—mothers tried to persuade themselves, that *their* Lady Lucy and Lady Frances were ‘quite as well;’ and Lady Lucy and Lady Frances said to each other, the one—‘Oh! how I should like to be as tall as Miss Monterne!’ the other,—‘Oh, how I wish I looked as good!’—These replies were equally sincere, and credible; for many Lady Lucies think height every thing *they* want; and *some* Lady Franceses have still better predilections.

‘You are a fortunate fellow, after all,’ said a cavalry-officer to the colonel—‘You stand in an admirable mediocrity—you have the breath of every breeze in your favour—between married and single—neither quite bird, nor quite the other thing, you can attach yourself without incurring the ordeal of minute criticism.—Upon my life, I envy you.’

‘Thank you,’ he replied; ‘she’s my mother’s charge—you know, and all the town, I suppose, knows—I have been out of it—so I come fresh—and so circumstanced, if I were the old gentleman himself, she *must* dance with me, and could excite nothing worse than spite at her having pretensions, and making none.—But I say,—do not *you* ask her to dance,—I shall not let her—I shall take great care of her—and your very celebrity would disgrace her.—She is not to be soiled—she

is ermine itself—you don't know what she is at home—she is nothing here, to what she is there.'

'Why don't you try for her?' said his friend—
'you are free as the day-light—"the law has made *you* free!"'—The colonel hissed—'What's the matter?'—'Oh! I guess—you did not like my quotation.'—The colonel shook his head—'I say, such things are nothing now—it was not *your* fault:—*you* could not help it.'

'Ah,' replied Colonel Vaseney—'it would not do—she would not bite—I think *she* has a heart.'

'Well! would you have her without one?'

'No no—but in *these* times, I think heart stands very much in the way of *us*.'

Of this dialogue Carilis could not understand the whole of even what she could catch—but nothing in it decreased her confidence, or obliged her to alter her manner to the colonel. He brought her, next morning, tidings of *détenus*—she had every assurance that Mr. Broderaye was well, and certainly within fifty miles of Paris; and to this she gave willing ear, till hearing that he was married, or going to be married, she was forced to shake her head, and fear some mistake in the name:—there might be a Mr. Broderick, or Broadhead, or *hurst*, or Broderip, or Broad *many* things—but *her* Mr. Broderaye, she thought,

could hardly have married where he was—and the partial error made her fear she must not trust the rest of the intelligence.

The cloudy day and the almanacs had foretold a favourable change in the weather; but both proved false prophets; and one of those dreadful hot nights—which are endured in the hope of their bringing their atonement in a thunder-storm,—gave a severe shock to the philosophical fortitude of General Vaseney, and made him forgetful of all that had been agreed on between him and his lady, and which he had called upon their young friend to attest. The rescinding disposition showed itself at the breakfast-table, where he made his appearance in his linen dressing-gown—a novel *costume* for his *étiquette*—and Lady Mary in a state of pitiable languor.—Carilis, dressed light, up early, and having made all the advantage possible of a thorough air, while the sun was off her room, cool in complexion and temperament, and very much occupied by her own pursuits, had shoved into corners whatever hindered the circulation of air in the drawing-room; and unless regarded as an ill-applied anodyne, she might have afforded encouragement—but she could not alter ‘the nature of things.’

An unusual pause seemed to say—if pauses

can speak, as indeed they can—‘Who shall begin?’

The demand on forbearance was short. The general gave it its dismissal, by protesting, that ‘it was, all together, too bad.’

This was only moving the first pawn of the game—but this move he meant his adversary to protest against, and to claim the right of leading.

The move was too irregular to be played to—but he was not called up to retract it.—Lady Mary paused, and the general paused—she fanned; and he carried his tea-cup into the veranda.

This would not do—the external air was the hotter—‘Good God, Lady Mary,’ said he, at last, ‘do say something—can you propose nothing?’

‘What can I propose?’ she answered, almost in tears of debility.

‘Oh! I cannot bear to see *you* suffer so,’ said her husband, with emphatic tenderness—‘if you can’t propose for yourself, I must for you:’—then, starting up, and, in a grotesque manner, fanning himself with a napkin, he cried out, ‘*I* decide then—off to-morrow, by sun-rise.’

The words were temptations too strong, under the existing circumstances, even for the resolution of Lady Mary Vaseney;—she almost sprung from her chair, repeating them—but immediately recol-

lecting herself, her hands dropped, and, in increased languor, she repeated,—‘ Oh ! off indeed ! but how ? and whither ? ’

Of two questions thus put, it is sufficient if one obtain an answer.—The general replied, ‘ Oh, Brighton or Cheltenham, sea or land, which you will—*in utrumque paratus*,—but off, by Jupiter.’

Nothing is so universally decried as indecision and half-measures:—therefore, Lady Mary must have been, in all ways, gratified by the manner in which her husband met the present exigency. At least, it took from her all responsibility—it made that an act of conjugal obedience, which she could not have ventured on as indulgence—she had every reason to trust his going through with his purpose, even if she had nothing but its ruinous tendency to guarantee it to her—and she had only to be silent:—to be thankful, or to show herself so, however, would have been to make herself an accomplice:—she, therefore, forebore speaking, and suspended her fanning—neither of them were wanted now. When it was necessary to say something, she acquitted herself to herself, by objecting to each of the places named, as ‘ terribly expensive,’ and proposing Sandgate, which neither she nor the general could endure—or Tunbridge, of which, at least, she herself was, very much to the credit of her good taste, fond.

The first called for nothing more than a curled nose—the second in no way could suit General Vaseney; and as his world was divided into only two classes—actors and spectators—and he was of that which sometimes wishes the latter to keep their distance, he could not willingly engage on an *arena* that made forgetfulness of character immediately perceptible to a critical pit and well-filled boxes.—The cheapness of Sandgate, and the elegant quiet of Tunbridge, therefore, went without his commendation.

‘Any pretty village,’ said Lady Mary—‘Chiswick, Barnes, Richmond, Twickenham.’—

‘All dear as Bond-street,’ he replied.

She went on, up the river—all ‘to no earthly purpose’—down it, would have been as useless.—The general was resolved before he got out of bed—Cheltenham was fixed on—‘it *should* be Cheltenham—*that* it should;’—and he was so ready with the detail of arrangement, that Lady Mary felt quite comfortable.—She only just proposed parting immediately with the horses and coachman, ‘as she was certain that she could not now want them in town, and must not have them at the place to which they were going.’

‘Pooh pooh! nonsense!’ was a reply bringing still more comfort—for her ladyship had had a surfeit of pedestrianism—and never got into the

carriage, without a thankful recollection of its convenience. She was soon convinced, that at Cheltenham, 'one could not show one's head *sans carrosse et sans chevaux*.'—'Look,' as her husband said very justly, 'any morning, at nine o'clock, only just down the Plough-yard; and do but compare the number of carriages with the population of the place, at any period of the season—and you will see what the proportion is of those who have their carriages and horses there, and those who have not.'—'No no; his plan was this—the horses should set forward in the cool of that evening—the coachman could take care of his own two—the groom should take the roadster and the mare,—and get a boy just to ride the other.—Then, the next morning, himself on the driving-seat, with any one of the servants—herself and Miss Monterne, inside-passengers—his man and another servant in the seats behind, might go very comfortably with four posters:—they would just go to the Plough for that night, and then take a house—a very small house—and not in the High-street, by any means—he would as soon live in Cheapside—but just a little cottage, with a few roses before it—in quite a quiet way.'

Then, as to the concerns where they then were,—'they would let the house instantly—it would fetch from twelve to fifteen guineas per

week—for situation was now every thing thought on—and this, he reckoned, would much more than clear them at Cheltenham, and for the journey too. If the housemaid could roast a leg of mutton, and boil a few potatoes, it was as much as *they* should ever want—for, thank God, he could live upon any thing, and he begged Lady Mary would not think of *entertaining*;—and the foot-boy might be got rid of with a month's wages—and the cook might stay or not, as she liked, to take care of the house, if it was not let in the course of that day—which he did not doubt it would be—as he would write a bill in capitals, and put it up on every floor, and speak directly to the house-agents—but if it did *not* let that day, she might stay just to open the windows; or if she chose to be off, they might get any poor woman, for a song, just to come in and see that nobody ate up the chairs and tables.—The upholsterer must turn in, and take the inventory, and put up a bill in his own window, and the thing might be done “in a jiffy.”

In such a plan of proceeding, there is nothing equal, in ease, to cutting the knot which it would break your nails to untie:—leave servants and their deputies—upholsterers and their men—to create a chaos—and it will reduce itself to order at its

leisure—you will find your labour nothing—as also your profits.

It was generally about this hour of the forenoon, that Lady Mary, looking across the square, could say, ‘Oh! here comes Frederick!’—She might have said so now—for he was in sight,—but she drew in, and said, in a lower tone, to the general, who was printing, **THIS HOUSE TO BE LET, ELEGANTLY FURNISHED—**‘General, here’s Frederick.’—‘Never mind,’ he replied;—but his look, at the moment, was that with which, on some other occasions, he had ordered a servant to say, ‘Not at home.’—The question, whether the colonel might submit to the exclusion, or more probably cry, ‘Pooh pooh!’ might, perhaps, deter from the experiment.

He entered with, ‘Well, my Julius, how fare ye?—how long were you on the alert this blessed night?—dictating despatches?—three secretaries at once?—nice night for reducing a jockey!—Well, mummy, what, fanning away, *à l’ordinaire*?—and here is my Lady Caroline looking as fresh as if she had slept in an ice-house.—But, for goodness sake, what are you about, my hero of old?—“This house to be l-e-t! elegantly furnished!”—What, have they turned you out, fayther? and make you eat your leek to?—that is too hard!—that is too bad.”

‘ Oh ! don’t blot it, Frederick—I have but just done it :—your mother will die, if I keep her here, poor soul !—we must be off.’

‘ Off !—my daddy divine !—how off ?—how are you to get off ?’

‘ Oh !’ said Lady Mary—‘ we go all together in the chariot, with post-horses.’

‘ And whither, I pray—“ whither ? ah, whither ?”

‘ Your mother, I think, will be very comfortable at Cheltenham,’ said his father.

‘ Oh ho ! ho ! ho ! ho ! ho ! ho !’—said the colonel, holding his sides—‘ Cheltenham—for General and Lady Mary Vaseney !—that is the best thing I ever heard.—Why, my dear darling children—light of my eyes, and joy of my soul !—are ye both stark staring mad !—had nobody in the world a strait waistcoat to lend for the occasion ?—Oh ! in pity, in mercy, strait waistcoats here for two !’

The colonel’s father, after some resistance, felt himself compelled to laugh with his son ; but his mother could not join their merriment. She drew Carilis away, saying, that there were many things to be thought on, and she must go.

‘ Enough to be thought on, indeed,’ said the colonel ; ‘ and more than you two sucklings seem to me to recollect, my dear fayther and honoured mither.—But come now, stop, Lady Mary Vase-

ney ;—in one point, I can be of use : I can help you off with your horses—for, I am sure, you cannot want them there things.'

Lady Mary looked dumb.—Her husband very quietly said, 'I think we must take them—your mother wishes for them—she says, she cannot walk——'

'And where the deuce is she to ride?' interrupted the colonel—'Up and down High-street to eternity?—or to Tewkesbury for variety, twice a week, to fetch mustard? or to Gloucester for pins?—Why, you might as well keep a pair of horses in Venice, for any use they will be of to you there:—a great fly in a shop of sugar-loaves, has not more up and down work than yours will find there; and then, only think!—they'll eat their heads off and their tails too !

'Think, dearest younglings, ere it be too late.'

Lady Mary's business pressed still more—she left the gentlemen to their argument, and prudently acted in conformity to her idea of its probable termination—that is to say, she began to prepare.

'What *will* you do with *me*, my dearest madam?' said Carilis, as soon as they were out of hearing—'I beseech you, do not let me be a trouble and an unnecessary expense, as I am certain, I must be in such a place as Cheltenham—it is no

trifle to carry another person to such a place, and really, I do not think it would suit me in any way :—I assure you, I have no wish to go—I have been thinking, that, if I could stay with my poor grandfather, I should prefer it—I do not like to leave him—and, I dare say, I could have a little room in the house.’

‘ My dear child,’ said Lady Mary, ‘ do you know what you are talking of? Consider the heat :—and when August comes, it will be worse ; and September, in London, is shocking, when the evenings grow long and you cannot shut the windows for the heat.’

‘ But my grandfather’s apartments are much cooler—his sitting-room is north—I think I could have that over it.’

‘ And live in *that* style, Miss Monterne?—After Berkeley-square?’

Certainly there is a disappointment in seeing that some persons cannot be made proud and fastidious by our generosity to them—Lady Mary looked as if she had failed in some endeavour.

‘ Oh ! yes,’—said Carilis, very innocently—‘ I could live in any style that was tolerably comfortable—and be very happy.—*This*, I am sure, my dear Lady Mary, you cannot call mine, or suppose I would call it mine.—Only leave me to contrive ;

and you shall see how I will manage.—I must think of my poor grandfather first.’

‘ Could he not come after us?’ said Lady Mary, ‘ and go on at Cheltenham in his own little pudding way there?—we could find, I dare say, such a lodging for him there.’

This idea Carilis could not encourage—she endeavoured to gain permission to stay.

‘ Could you stay in the house till it is let?’ asked her friend : ‘ it may not let at all, at this time of the year—though the general is so confident.’

The next proposal might have been, that the part of ‘ the old woman, who was to be had for a song, to take care that nobody ate up the chairs and tables,’ should be performed for the remainder of the season, by Miss Caroline-Leslie Monterne; but there was no temptation in this or any part of it :—still she referred to her grandfather; and Lady Mary was forced to confess that her remaining in town would, at this late period of discussion, put her to inconvenience :—still, if Mr. Vanderryck made a point of it, she would give up—‘ as she could, even thus late, she was sure, easily find a young friend who would be very well pleased with a jaunt to Cheltenham.’

All was to depend on Mr. Vanderryck’s wishes; and Carilis, without waiting for the foot-boy, set out to communicate to her grandfather the incre-

dible revolution of opinion to which she had been witness.

Colonel Vaseney dashed out after her, before she was many steps from the door:—he questioned her on her errand, approved her intention, but hoped she would be at liberty to remain with his mother. —‘ I treat them both abominably,’ said he; ‘ but I am the only person who tells them truth—and as for *me*, I might as well hold my tongue; for, you see, after all, they will go their own way; and you will see, and they will see, how it will end:—there is no warning some people—tell them that fire always did and will burn; that water will drown, and that money spent faster than it comes, must end in debt and distress—though they see this all day, and every day, before their eyes—though there is not a newspaper that does not proclaim it, nor a tradesman that could not prove it—still they are as obstinate as mules, and, like my dainty dotards of parents, will run after some fancy of their own, though they could not, if you asked them, tell where it might *not* lead them.’

What could Carilis say to this? Fortunately, she was at her grandfather’s door before it was necessary to answer.—‘ The colonel left her, saying, ‘ Only, for heaven’s sake, do not let them involve *you*—I believe, I shall come after them, to take care they do not.’

CHAPTER IX.

Now a different scene with the grandfather. He, good honest soul! listened to his briddy Garliz with infinite complacency, but not with half the surprise which she expected. For this—if it disappointed her—he apologized by his accustomed excuse, that ‘he knew the world.’—When he comprehended the plan, he would on no persuasion suffer her to forego her share in it for him. He told her that, as it was for her sake that he remained where he was,—in case of her absence, he would rather go nearer the scenes of news and business.—His old Molly was still in existence, and would come to him, and he should like ‘to live somewhere, near the gra-touse, dad he mighd now and den go and loog ad id—vor I do lofe id sdill,’ said he:—‘I wass de gread-gommerce man, and I ad de gra-touse—and,’ slapping his knee with his aged hand, which looked as if in a net glove—‘I ad de gread garacder doo—or de gra-touse would now cud my hardt insdead of gom-fording my eyes.’

She revealed, in confidence, her impression of the imprudence of the general’s plan, under the

apprehension that, should it terminate as the colonel seemed to prognosticate, she might need a home before her guardian could gain his liberty. 'Gom do me ad any dime,' he said, 'an iv I av de loaf, you shall av de half. I wish I ad de money vor you now—a liddel I gan give you, and I know you will be gareful of id. Bud as vor deze vine volk—boor Lady Mary; I bity her—bud she is nod drue do herself—she like de dings, I gan zee when I am dere, an she dalk aboud vine doings—bud she pud all de bleasures upon de bleasing her husband, as iv she did nod like dem herself.—And den,' added he, chuckling with glee—'your generall, he zay, "Id is all vor my woif,"—and yed id is all vor himself.—Now, ver well, iv day hurt nobody bud demzelves—bud den I zay, "Wad for de kinchens?"—de shilder, I mean.—Bud, iv by deze vine doings, day hurt boor beoble, and ruin shopkeepers and tradesmen—den I zay, O fie!—I do nod wonder iv de English hate wad day gall de aristograzy—if doze as make de aristograzy are de beoble who will av and wont bay.—Wad gan a daylor, a garpender, a briglayer, or any tradesperson, dink of a nobleman, as day gall im, who will zay, "Make me goat—build my ouse, an I will bay"—and den never never bay, and shuffle, an predend?—an yed, perhap, all de woil he is showing to av de money vor is bleasures an vanzies

—an if dad nobleman predend to go to de jurdge, an to be good man, den dimes worse! vor den de ignorand beoble zay, “Oh! diss is de religion—not to *be* honesd, but do *zeem* to be zo.”—An den day gurse de religion, an de jurdge, an de gread Gott imzelf—and who gan blame?—zuch beoble ought to be galled zwindlers, jeats, an be blagarded (by which he meant nothing worse than *placarded*)—and nobody should zerve dem—sdarve ’em oud, I zay, sdarve ’em.—Wad would we do in de zitty wid zuch?’

The old man grew warm in his zeal against these noble defaulters;—and too warm he could hardly be in reprobating any thing so scandalous in the practice—so cruel in its proceeding—and so subversive of all social order. But his granddaughter, who knew herself wanted at home, was obliged to call him back to her own affair. What he said, however, of persons with whom, and deeds with which, she could have no connexion, was not without its use;—it encouraged her to consult him on a matter which she could seldom long dismiss from her thoughts, and never think on without pain—the obligation, if not the debt, which she must have incurred, to her kind friends the general and his lady, or, which was, to the full, as much a cause for uneasiness—to the persons who had bestowed time and talent in her

improvements—who had furnished the implements necessary to them—or those who had contributed to the propriety of her personal decorations. Of every article of these accumulating demands, she had made an account, as an appendix to that which she kept for the inspection of her guardian; and she now consulted Mr. Vanderryck on the plan which she ought to pursue in this sudden call from London, which, to her own apprehension, bore no creditable aspect.

He met her integrity as it deserved; and, in encouraging it, indulged himself in the comforting recollection that, in his own ruin, he had not involved others. He talked of his half-million, and counted on his trembling fingers, the many hundred thousand pounds that contributed to make up the sum-total:—he had only to regret his national partiality which had decided his choice in the place of its deposit, and put it within the reach of one whom he described as spending it in the purchase of human blood. ‘I know where id wend,’ said he, with a faltering voice—‘id wend to load dem waggons of gold, as wend bevor his army, an made de men who would gud your droat, iv you zay “goward,” be draiders vor gold:—bud,’ concluded he, ‘Gott is above—I av learn dat in my misvordune—he will be juss—he will bunish—he will reward:—my Garliz, never, never, led

uz do de bad ding—I do lofe do dink of Gott—I do veel oblige do im—vor, wen I did nod dink mudge ov im, he did keeb me vrom de bad ding :—I ad nod de dime do dink mudge—I wass ged de money doo vasd, vor dat—an yed, dough I wass, as I may zay, zo unzivil, he always zeem do zay in my ear, “Vanderryck, dake gare,—do no bad ding,”—and diss keeb me abby now :—an wen I read my Bible—an spezially dis littel bible-boog dad you gall de New Desdamend, an I zee dat even wen I zed I wass do very righd, I wass do very wrong—den I zay, “Dank you,” again, begauze, iv Gott ad been hardt masder, insdead of zay, “Dake gare,” he mighd av zed—I dond know wad he mighd *nod* av zed :—I know, I shoud av zay do one of my glergs, “Why nod loog ad de boog of rules an orders?—and den you would know wen you are righd and wen wrong.”’

Vanderryck’s best advice was contained in his approbation of what his grand-daughter proposed for the ease of her own mind, which was to deposit, as far as she could, with each person who could claim any thing from her, that which each had furnished, as far as she could forego the use, and to accompany it with a fair statement of her present inability to pay, and her prospect of paying. Her grandfather’s experience and wariness could assist her in doing this, so as not to bring

mischief on herself needlessly ;—and her circular letter resolved itself, under his moulding, into a representation of her age—the want of power attendant on her minority—the necessity of following the movements of those who had the care of her—her own confident belief that every claim would be equitably adjusted on her coming of age—and her solicitude to render that as little precarious as possible, by restoring, without requesting any reservation for her, whatever of the furnished articles for her use, she could spare.

In an emotion of regret, which she did not know her grandfather could excite in her, but which was no more than the due tribute to his virtues, and the grateful return for his love, she took her leave ; but softening to herself the parting, by a hope that she could look in on him again in the evening. He called her back to give her another five pounds, and to inquire whether her wish to leave pledges of payment with her creditors allowed him to retain ‘*dad gomvordable boog—de man’s wid de beer-maker’s name.—I will die wid dat in my one hand, and my New Desdamend in de oder,*’—said he,—‘*an dad is bedder dan all de bang-nodes and money-bags in de oorld.*’—She assured him he might safely keep the book ; and with sensations of high satisfaction, which she owed to the early training of her infancy—to the

hours that Mr. Broderaye had bestowed in informing and correcting her—and, in a great degree, to the patient gravity with which he had heard her pretty lips, in almost ludicrous imperfection of speech, repeat, day by day, first the condescending stanzas of the pious Watts, to give variety to her prose-lessons, and, as she advanced, those invaluable consecrations of superior talents, which prove a holy care for a rising generation.—She had her anxieties, poor girl! but she had a counterbalance to their oppression ready at hand, and most efficacious in its power.

It was a point of necessary confidence, of politeness, and, indeed, of conscience, to make Lady Mary acquainted with her intentions. The revelation might subject her to conflict, and to some little expressions of displeasure—but it must be made: and she made it as quickly as possible. It was received very differently from her expectations:—Lady Mary did not merely approve, she extolled—it might have been supposed that she felt her own interest consulted in this prudent measure:—it was immediately, as far as was possible, carried into effect—and, in this time of confusion, being permitted to be her own messenger, poor Carry had the satisfaction of seeing her musical instruments—her books, and every thing that could be accepted in this way, and of which she could

divest herself, pledged with their owners—happy, thrice happy, under her own decision, when she found that not an article of what had been called presents to her, was paid for!

The spirit of justice was met by a spirit of generosity—such as is not unfrequently witnessed by persons of integrity, but denied even to exist, by those who excite only hostility and suspicion.—The artist who had improved her pencil, said, with glistening eyes, ‘ Give me that drawing of yours, Miss Monterne, and I will give you a receipt in full for your lessons.’—In another instance, the credit of teaching her, which had resulted from her docility and industry, was considered as compensation.—In another, her good word cancelled her debt by bringing custom.—In short, she might now say, on her own short experience, as that eccentric northern light of the world of poetry, Burns, had done before her, that, the virtues of her species had cost her more tears than ever yet had done their vices.

At Lady Mary’s first crossing on General Vaseney in their various occupations, she stopt him, to tell him how Miss Monterne was acting.—Carilis was within hearing, and might have been made vain, by his wish, after a few lower-toned words, that ‘ he had begun on this plan.’—The colonel was told of it, when he first looked in ‘ to

see how they went on,' and to invite himself to dine. He withheld his belief, and affected to doubt whether he had not exchanged his corporeal existence for something better. Then, in the whimsicality and ill-placed fervour of a mind subject to flashes of goodness, and always retaining its love for it, he turned to the corner of the room where Carilis was sitting at a little table, busily employed for Lady Mary, and leaning over it, said, with agitation that made him take out his handkerchief, "Lord, who shall dwell in thy tabernacle?"—"Even such as you, Carry—God preserve you."—Then turning to his mother, he continued in his rattling tone of frolic, 'Toddy, I wish you and Spunkey would, as you travel to-morrow, amuse yourselves by learning the fifteenth Psalm, Carry can hear you—for she has it by heart.—I assure you it is worth your knowing—and I think you both want it.'

'How can you be so foolish?'—said Lady Mary—'Don't you think it is cooler than it was?—it seems so to *me*.'

'That's because you are employed on what you like, and do not think of the heat,'—he replied:—'that's the reason why Carry fares best—but the heat is as hot as ever—the glass is at a *hundred and eleventy-three*.—Good b'ye.'

There was abundance of employment for every one till dinner; and the share that had devolved on the general, and which took him to distant parts of the town, prevented surprise when the cook sent up to say that the dinner was spoiling. Lady Mary asked her son, who was in waiting, what she should do. His answer being, 'Send up,'—the dinner was served, and the ladies sate down with him, in momentary expectation of the general.—The sky had most propitiously clouded over—even the colonel confessed the heat abating considerably.

Dinner could not be protracted—Lady Mary applied again to the colonel for directions—he answered in the same number of words as when asked before, 'Send down,'—and the table was cleared.

He had just said to his mother, who, now when it was a little cooler, could fret at the inconvenience of the general's want of punctuality: 'Well, Toddy, which wine?—remember, 'tis the last sup of Cæsar's choice cellar:—and to Carilis, 'Let me give you just half a glass,'—when a note was brought to him, at which he looked on all sides, very coolly, while the servant delivered a message, implying, that it required an immediate answer by the bearer.—

‘ Ask the scoundrel, why I had not this two hours ago,’—said he to the foot-boy.

‘ The man says he could not find you, Sir.—He went every where that he was sent to—and he has been a long way.’

‘ Well, here’s a half-a-crown for his *despatch*,’ said Colonel Vaseney equivocally.—He again very sedately urged Carilis to take wine, and on her again declining it, he drank to their next merry meeting at the Plough at Cheltenham—muttering something to himself.—Then yawning and stretching, he completely electrified Lady Mary and Carilis, by starting up, and in great haste, beseeching them not to stop him, as the affair mentioned in the note was of the greatest consequence.—He then sate down again—drank another glass of wine—drawled out, in comic mimicry of a well-known coxcomb—‘ Now I must be—off—for—Dad’s in—limbo:’—and scarcely waiting to hear his mother say ‘ God forbid!—I hoped that had been all over,’ he quitted the room.

But he stept back—very probably more anxious than he would have chosen to own, even to himself, for the effect of his wild abruptness on Lady Mary—and in time to hear Carilis repeating in ludicrous simplicity, the cant term which he had used in describing his father’s detention; and sounding over and over again—‘ Limbo? Limbo?

—Pray, Lady Mary, do tell me what can Colonel Vaseney mean.’

‘The limbo of Vanity, my child,’ he replied; ‘hast never read Milton?—Julius has got up there.—Dad’s a hero of old, you know.’ He then began to sing to a tune of his own, very doleful in sound, and slow in time:—

‘A prison is a place of care,
Wherein no one can thrive;
A touchstone sure to try a friend,
A grave for men alive.’

Poor Carry, looking first at the mother and then at the son, knew not whether to cluck with the one or laugh with the other—she was not in the habit of doing either.

‘For heaven’s sake,’ said her ladyship, ‘Frederick, do not laugh—it is no laughing matter to me.—Where is your father *now*?’

The *now* was rather emphatical—it was tantamount to *this time*, and might have informed Carry, that this was not the eldest-born of such accidents to General Vaseney.

‘Do, pray go,’ said Lady Mary.

‘No, no—not yet,’ said her son, ‘let the spunkey general have a little more time to enjoy himself: he has made me wait many a day for money when I was a Westminster—he may now

well wait for me a few minutes—it will only make him sensible that the weather is cooler.—I'll be in time to cut him down, depend upon it.'

He still, in cruel sportiveness, affected to be particularly at leisure—took out letters and read them : and then, at his own time—for his mother had desisted from urging—he tossed his hat upon the corner of his head, and was at the door, whence turning, he cried out, ' I say—you 'll all want *me*, I see, at Cheltenham, so secure me a bed.—Don't expect Dad home to-night—they 'll choose to sçonce him a supper and a lodging—therefore don't order your horses by sun-rise - you 'll be time enough, at noon, to sleep at Benson or Oxford—so don't be in a hurry, dear Lady Mary. Good b'ye—have you any message for Cæsar? my Lady Calphurnia.—Miss Monterne, be a good girl—don't follow bad examples.—Take care of yourself—at least, till I can come and take care of you.—I won't be long.'

So saying, with this jocularly, real or affected, he finally departed.

' What is this? my dearest Lady Mary,' said Carilis, in a supplicating tone.—' Is it any thing political?'

' Political!' she repeated—' I was going to say, I wish it was.—No, no, my dear—it is the old sore—money.—I dare say that it has got wind that

we are going to Cheltenham, and so somebody has been so *unfeeling* as to try to stop us—it is so cruel! (cluck, cluck, cluck,)—and now we *shall* have the heat to bear, and all through August!—I wish we had never come from Devonshire—but the general would makè me, and it was my duty, as his wife, to obey him.—I dare say now, we shall not go at all—though I hope Frederick will settle the affair.’

No appeal to her ladyship for directions as to stopping or continuing preparations could obtain any answer. Carilis was forced to be ready for herself and those whom she wished to serve, either to stay or go.—She knew, however, at least she conjectured from the colonel’s words, that she could see her grandfather in the morning; and feeling a great reluctance to expose the situation of the general, she rested satisfied with sending to excuse herself from her promise for that evening, and to renew it for an early hour of the next day.

The distress of Lady Mary’s mind, made Carilis very willingly attach herself closely to her for the rest of the evening. When asking what she could do for her, Lady Mary appeared more composed than she had expected;—she tried to smile, and said, ‘I be, like the eels, my dear, used to it;—but,’ continued she, sighing heavily, and with more sincerity than she had smiled,—‘I hoped

this was all over—I thought we had so drawn-in! I am sure nobody can think or say more about economy than I do.'

Miss Monterne had many instructors beside those whose services had been engaged on stipulated terms; and she was beginning to profit by their gratuitous lessons. The colonel's comments were hints to her to form a judgment on that which was obtruded on her attention, and what now called it out, so decidedly proclaimed the necessity of prudence, that she could not but ask herself how her friends could best follow the lead of that indispensable virtue.

Common sense answering that, if they could not recede, they must, at least, not advance; and that to remain quiet till they could stir to advantage, was their best policy, she most seriously hoped that the Cheltenham-journey would be foregone, if something, still more profitable than this renunciation, could not be thought on.—She could not greatly wish to return to St. Emeril's, nor was it an expedient move under the present circumstances; but she could not forbear thinking that, were *she* in the same difficulty, she might try first to disencumber herself of the Berkeley-square house, and if it was, in truth, capable of fetching such an exorbitant rent as the general had named, she could, when assured of it, retreat to some

situation where there were no means of squandering money, and really save.—Lady Mary listened benignly to her, while she tenderly asked her to inform her on the feasibility of such a plan ;—but she soon saw that her ladyship's hopes centred in her son's exertions ; and that, if she was not to be in Berkeley-square, the Plough at Cheltenham was the attraction most powerful.

The colonel's prediction as to the lodgment of his parent, was fulfilled : he had not returned at one in the morning, and the ladies parted for their rest. With sincere joy and gratitude, Carilis, as she approached nearer to the skies, heard the sound of heavy rain—she went back to tell this to Lady Mary : her ladyship did not accept it in the same spirit—she thought it increased the heat.

It was balm to her anxiety for Lady Mary, when, on entering the drawing-room, at an early hour of the next morning, she saw the general get out of a hackney-coach which stopt short of the house : the bells, first of the house-door—then of one room, and then of another, and last, of his dressing-room, announced his uninjured powers, and the resumption of his *personal* cares. She heard him speak cheerfully to Lady Mary, on the outside of her chamber-door, and was rejoiced that, at least, *this* trouble was over.

With something like a feeling of shy shame—

an indefinible reluctance to obtrude the recollection of her, on any one so circumstanced as was the general—she yet felt it necessary to persevere in her usual habits of domestic usefulness, and to take her seat at the breakfast-table.

She had time to think ;—for two hours elapsed after the master of the house returned, before he and his lady found appetite or leisure ;—and Carilis, prohibited from acting, by the indecision of her principals,—and, of her own employments, seeing only the spaces from which their symbols had been displaced, was compelled to thought or thoughtlessness.—The moment, and the obvious load it carried, were rich in subject of contemplation ; and sickening with a sort of horror in comparing the contrasting elegance of the house with the real poverty of those who occupied it, her ruminations took their usual bias towards the habitation of her youth, and the different economy pursued there. She called to mind, with an indignant feeling which she could never conquer—because it was just—the thwarting which her guardian's caution in expense, had experienced from the petty extravagance of his wife ;—and seeing now, how very difficult it appeared to check the natural efflux of money, she thought still more seriously of the voluntary waste of it.—But what was all that she had seen or heard at St. Emeril, compared with the

present gigantic scale of being imprudent?—Lady Mary's steady thrift in Devonshire had been rendered, by its implied necessity, and her regular perseverance in it, respectable, however little lovely;—Mr. Broderaye's had been conducted in a way, and on motives, that claimed every species of praise:—and the beauty of it was now made still more obvious to her than ever. He had had no concealments: he had been always ready to say, 'I am sorry to plead inability,' when his finances ran short—and when they allowed him any liberty, to use it for the advantage of those whose interests were in his hands. Obligated to accommodate himself to the demands of Necessity, they were his own indulgences that were sacrificed first; and when this deaf tyrant insisted that Frank Newson's shoes should go again to the cobbler's, his coat to the botcher's—and that little Carilis's outgrown frock, which had left its radiance in the wash-tub, should proclaim what it had been, by the testimonial of a new piece, he had the satisfaction of having led the way, and he had authority to check murmuring. 'And now,' said poor Carry to herself, 'how much better this was, than the situation of General and Lady Mary Vaseney!—I know Mr. Broderaye has not a debt in the world;—and happy, happy am I, that he let me into his affairs so kindly!—and happy too that he never suffered

me to imitate poor Mrs. Broderaye!—An expensive taste must be, like a great appetite, a real misfortune—very much like the labourer at St. Emeril's, who kept his family poor because he needed two quarts of milk-porridge for his breakfast, and could eat a whole shoulder of mutton at dinner;—and yet he was never fat—nor, in my opinion, will my good friends here ever be so:—they are doing me infinite good, if I am to be poor; for the great stomach of their—I do not know what to call them—their wants?—no—their pleasures?—no; I cannot say pleasures—well then! their *style*—for, I believe, that is the fashionable term—is as disgusting to me as it used to be, to see that man hugging his bowl, and scolding the children when they wanted the spoon.—But here they come—I wish breakfast was over:—what shall I say?—Oh! the rain will do.'

Good morrows met the master and lady of the house—the general followed Lady Mary, as if he wished her to receive the first salute or the first fire—that over, all went well. Miss Monterne hoped they welcomed the heavy rain—which had fallen all night, and without a storm, and still continued to descend, with an alteration of the weather that made it necessary to shut windows, if not doors.

Lady Mary looked towards the square, and

complained of rheumatism, which, as she observed, was always the attendant on a very sunny situation when rain came.

The general agreed with her, and added, that the showers would make travelling much pleasanter.

One point in the doubting and almost hoping mind of Carilis, was settled:—she saw now, that, at all events—rain or shine, cold or hot, the Cheltenham-scheme was to be carried into execution.

Lady Mary looked brighter. The conversation on *agreeable* and *disagreeable*, had an artificial character that gave the idea of timidity or, at least, caution; and when Carry asked herself, ‘What does *this* mean?’ the person to whom she applied, whispered the bare possibility, that these two veterans in the world—with perfect freedom of action—and whose judgment should have led hers—had not courage to speak out even before *her*, but were piecemeal bringing out their intentions, when their will ought to have been the avowed law of every one in the house.

Something—her inexperience could not tell her what—made her very reluctant to put a question, even when questioning was necessary to her being of use.—If she had known a little more, she would have recognised her feeling as that of unwillingness to make any move that could preclude

consideration.—The party beginning to separate, Lady Mary asked the general what was his determination.

‘Certainly to go,’ he replied—‘but I cannot go to-day—I have some business that will confine me—I shall not stir out—and I shall desire that nobody may, on any consideration, be let in—we will just keep the bills down to-day, or else we shall have no peace:—but, to-morrow with the lark, I am at your service; and we shall be in Cheltenham in very good time.’

‘Let me see,’ said Lady Mary—‘what day is it, to-day?—and what is to-morrow?—I declare, my head is quite wild—with this heat, I suppose.’

‘Saturday,’ said General Vaseney.

‘And to-morrow Sunday,’—added Carilis, almost inadvertently—and biting her lips in instantaneous repentance, the next moment.

‘Sunday!’ repeated Lady Mary.

‘Yes; Sunday,’ he re-repeated—‘That will suit *me* the best.’

Lady Mary clucked, and said, ‘Very well, as he pleased.’

Under this direction of her proceedings, Carilis felt at liberty to inform her grandfather: and foreseeing the acceleration which her occupations might experience in the course of a day that had so much to carry, she set off to take her leave.—

She was surprised to see a hackney-coach at his door, but not at all displeased to find him ready to get into it, with his small quantity of baggage:—he was sitting in the parlour of his landlady, delaying a little, in hope of the arrival of his granddaughter; but purposing, in case of disappointment, to call in Berkeley-square—though it would have put an additional sixpence or shilling on his fare.—He had had an interview with his Molly, and had committed to her the negotiation for his new abode, where she was to receive him. Though pleased with seeing his ‘Garliz,’ he had no feeling of the separation:—the same motives actuated him as on parting from his own daughter, when he exonerated her from all obligation to write to him; and they had now the added consideration of the expense of postage.—Carilis was not, by nature, fitted for such demands on self-possession;—but the very tenderness of the moment made her behave tolerably well:—she could have indulged herself in tears; but she saw they must pain the old man: he was not insensible to her emotion—but he repressed it, saying, ‘Don’t gry, my shile—I av god my boogs, an I shall hear de news.—My gomblimens to Mr. Generall and my lady. I know id would only be drouble-zome vor me to gom to dem.’

She saw him safely off, and hastened home,

where the day was spent in all the activity of preparation. Some altercations occasionally fumed up from the hall; and the knocker, and door-bell, and inquiries, gave notice of persons, scarcely to be called visitors, but who came to pay their respectful adieus to the master of the house, on his adding to the list of fashionable departures, 'General and Lady Mary Vaseney and the accomplished Miss Monterne, from their elegant mansion in Berkéley-square, to their rural villa near Cheltenham.'

The colonel came to dinner: he found Carilis alone in the drawing-room, finishing the arrangement of Lady Mary's work-box.—'Well, Carry,' said he, 'what say *you* to all this? does it not make you stare?—did ever any human being see such madness and folly?—this house will now stand empty, take my word for it, till they choose to come back to it—and what's to be done then?'

'I cannot understand any part of what I see and hear,' she replied; 'I feel comforted in its not being necessary that I should; for, I am afraid, I should be a very dull scholar—or a very perverse one.'

'Oh! it is all easy enough to be understood,' he answered—'it is like the business of the funds;—it seems a mystery, and yet any blockhead may comprehend it—sufficiently to be ruined,—in as

little time as it would take to walk from here to the 'Change.—The whole of the matter is this: my reverend father—God rest his bones somewhere!—for, I am sure, he will never let them rest himself—when he patched up his affairs abroad, did it in such a way as to leave himself in the power of every living soul to whom he owed eighteen-pence—that is to say, he paid sixpence of eighteen-pence, six pounds of eighteen pounds, and eighteen hundred pounds of three times that sum—you can tell how much that is:—he had time given him for the rest—so, over he comes like a sage as he is!—Ah! Carry, we shall see him Chancellor of the Exchequer one of these days!—just cut out for the office!—born for it, I have often said;—but over he comes—beckons up Old Grumpy—she, let me tell you, between friends, was ready enough to come—he had only to cry “Cuckow,” and here, in this blessed sunshine, did they plant themselves.—I cannot tell you what Dad over a bottle of the choice cellar of this very house, engaged to give for the lease and fixtures, and this dainty furniture—it was immense, I find;—*I* was out of the way, you understand—indeed, I generally contrive to keep so—for there is no end of it with such people.—And now here have they been, about three months, I think, more or less. Granny brought up money from the sale of the

gear in the west.—Major Sturgeon himself, I fancy, travelled rather light.—I heard of a last evening on his setting forth for his native Albion, that, I fancy, turned his little pockets rather inside-outish—Ah! Carry, you have no notion. Well then, how have they been living here?—No how, that I can see—my uncle's thousand pounds went like smoke—some of it, I believe, to prevent telling tales to Grumpy—Lord a' mercy upon us all!—You see I am doing all the ejaculatory part of the conversation for you, Carry—for, I am sure, if you do it for yourself, you will lose your breath quite.—But here comes the royal Dane—and his august spouse—by Jupiter! Well, mummy! what have you got for *my* dinner?—I hope “the *baked* meats”—for, I suppose, there is no *roast* meat in all this confusion—are paid for.—Well! my Marlborough! have you arranged the movements of the campaign?’

‘We are off as quick as possible, to-morrow,’ said his father, not noticing his humour.

‘What does Grumpy say to that?’ said he.

Lady Mary replied, that she thought the sooner they were off, the better.

‘So say I,’ said he—‘but what does Miss Caroline Leslie say to people who travel and make others labour for them on a Sunday? O fie! fie!’

‘Miss Caroline Leslie,’ replied Lady Mary, tauntingly, ‘must take up with what we can do for her.’

‘I do not like,’ said Carilis to Colonel Vase-ney, ‘to be placed in such a situation as you would put me in, colonel:—I have only to conform and be grateful:—whatever suits the general and Lady Mary, must suit *me*:—think what a trouble I am—is it for *me* to make myself a party in their concerns?—If Sunday suits them to travel, what is it to me?—am I to object?—I am sure Mr. Broderaye would call this by a very harsh name; and that is not his custom.’

‘What would he call it?’

‘Pharisaical pride, he would call it.’

‘Come, Carry,’ said the colonel, ‘do not let us quarrel at last—you are right, and your guardian is right, and my hero is right, and Grumpy is right, and all right—but only, I just presume to say, that, in my humble opinion, it is not the very perfection of wisdom, to do that which is in itself *wrong*, because it is, by our management, *right for us*.’

The evening of this last day was desperately dull. Every thing was in readiness; and there was a pause which the colonel compared to that before an action.—

‘Before an earthquake, you might as well

say,' said the general, with ill-humour;—'for I believe you know more of the one than of the other—an *action*, indeed! when were you ever in *action*?—*action* indeed!'

The tone of this alarmed Carilis—the last completion of misery seemed at hand, should father and son disagree—and she could not expect Colonel Vaseney to bear this insulting retort.—But she did not know the family, or the advantage at which the son had his parents.—The colonel gave the general a reply, which was followed by a hearty laugh,—they shook hands, as if neither had the advantage, and parted in jocular humour, intending to meet again 'at plough,' as they termed it, in the High-street of Cheltenham.

At an hour considerably later than that appointed, and with somewhat more expense than had been calculated, the party got out of Berkeley-square, in sight of more persons assembled on the foot-pavement, than were agreeable attendants even on style:—but Sunday morning is a time of leisure to many—though—fortunately for such persons as General Vaseney!—not a day of business to *all*. There were, among the admiring spectators, a few who certainly lifted up their hands and eyes—it might be at the sight of Miss Monterne—who really looked very pretty—and they shook their heads;—*that* might be at the com-

parative infirmity of Lady Mary;—for advancing age excites compassion in the thoughtful:—but there were two or three who exhibited gestures towards the general, as he ascended the driving-seat, that spoke different languages;—one gesture seemed to say, ‘O! inconsiderate man!’—another—‘See what all this will come to’—but one ‘ruffian’—as the general himself termed him in settling his outstanding coat-flap on the seat—actually doubled his fist in a menacing attitude that said, ‘You old rascal!—O! that it was *not* Sunday morning!’

The house, once the pride and delight of its short-season occupiers, not having yet been viewed by any of those who were supposed to be desirous of London as a residence in August and September, was left, under the dereliction of the supposed conservator of it, the cook, to the care and patronage of a woman seen for the first time when the carriage was at the door. All other cares devolved on the upholsterer and his men.

CHAPTER X.

STILL supported by hope, and often deceived in their reliance, the captives in the neighbourhood of Paris wore out the time till this period, very much alive to the melioration of their detention, yet anxious for circumstances connected with it. Attempts, which they had done all in their power to discourage, had been made by some, to elude the vigilance of their guards ; and the consequences were felt by all ; the most rigorous supervision of correspondence did not suffice ; all intercourse with England was prohibited ; and letters accumulated in heaps, which those appointed to receive them had neither authority to destroy nor liberty to forward ; it was enough that they remained undelivered to their owners.

Mrs. Broderaye's situation was different from that of her companions : she could have obtained her liberty ; but she had no wish for it, or rather, the attraction to her husband and his friends was paramount to it. Restricted as she was by her own prudence, in the expression of her interest for her husband's female ward, she yet retained the strongest desire of bringing her again under

his protection ; but the uncertainty of politics made her shrink once more from the responsibility of removing her into their situation. In Lord Astham's suspense and anxiety, she took a parent's part, yet could not encourage his departure from his firm resolution to abide the event of waiting to learn poor Carry's disposition towards *him*, and his father's towards *her*.

Lord Winchmore's equanimity was, in some measure, supported by the necessity of setting an example to his son ; and his hopes sometimes assisting him, when he contemplated the general tendency of public affairs, he could do much towards the gentle cheerfulness of the party, as well as still more towards their personal comforts. Putting his own feelings aside, he now much wished Lord Astham in England, and was inclined to solicit his liberation, that he might not, at this critical time of his life, lose the superior advantages of his own country. The young man was privy to this disposition in his father, and met it with his own ; but there was in his heart a reluctance to leave the earl a prisoner ; and he seemed little willing to trust himself in England, without one of his two guardians. It was no small portion of ' the world ' that he had learned amongst his countrymen in detention ; and though Mr. Broderaye discouraged all inferences of what men

must be, from what they *may* be, yet he shrunk from making an experiment of what they *might* be, when by himself.

The vicar's situation, which had been favoured with the greatest degree of improvement, was one of such peculiar anxiety, that he felt, at times when it recoiled forcibly on his recollection, as if he was recovering from a dangerous illness, only to be publicly executed on his attainment of health. Precarious as was the situation of his wife's property, he could not ascertain to himself, the power of providing for poor Carry—nor, could he have made her ever so rich, would he have been justified in passing over, in silent connivance, her claim on Lady Lynford.—Time wore away—every one of poor Carry's birthdays brought nearer the crisis that must demand of him—if the baroness continued obstinate—a proceeding so violent to his own feelings, that he dared not array before the eye of his mind, all its features. When Lord Astham talked of St. Emeril, the vicar shook his head, well knowing that his first duty would be, the resignation of his preferment:—this was stripping himself for a combat, intolerable even to think on—and his adversary a woman!—a pitiable ill-trained woman, and one to whom he was obliged, and for whom he felt the sincerest affection—to whom, in the aggravating and aggravated

humiliation of his wretchedness, he told himself—without listening to the suggestion of what he might have done for his own advancement—he had for years owed his daily bread : Oh ! it was sad rumination ; and though he had now a dear companion, who could talk away much that oppressed him, yet this was a subject on which, at present, as there could be no confidence, he could seek no consolation.

Thus they went on, living as well in all points as situation and circumstances admitted ; and by their exemplary decorum, the elegance of their minds, the suavity of their manners, and the liberality of the earl, contributing to the preservation of religious recollection, moral virtue, good tastes, and good manners, amongst the unfortunate companions of their lot.

It is highly probable, that there might be moments in the time which Lady Lynford was passing on the lake of Geneva, when she might reasonably have envied any of the *détenus*, thus shackled to their discomfort. She was not now at a romantic time of life ; and she might ask herself, what the miseries of any one of them were, compared to those which she had congregated in her own person. The remedy was, indeed, in her own hands ; but, in the usual proceeding of her

ladyship's spirit, it was far more likely that its stiffness would increase, than that it would yield to any means opposed to it.—The episode of her acquaintance with the Countess Forestieri, had so deranged the plan on which she hoped to have conducted her epic to its conclusion, that she was at a distracting loss. She had caught a mouse, of which she meant to have made a play-thing, or something more useful; and it had run away with the bait, and cleared its neck of the trap: she knew that to have been brought about, without her intervention, which she flattered herself she could have sold at the price fixed by herself; and she was, to her stunning astonishment, aware, that she had contributed, without the right of challenging gratitude, to the union of her greatest enemy with her confidential friend. The consequence of this, she could not but anticipate, as similar to that which her early studies brought to her recollection, as attending the formation of a destroying monster,—

‘Serpens, nisi serpentem comederit, non fit draco.’

‘And,’ said she, ‘this *serpent*, Maximilian, will, indeed, under the influence of that *she-serpent*, Madame de Faiville, become an inveterate *dragon* to me—and, by their united force, they will *devour* me—but not without a struggle—

of *that* they may assure themselves, on *my* word.'

Resolved on the conflict, she next considered the place on which she would meet it, and the preparations necessary for it. And now, tiring under those very pleasures which she had adopted as substitutes for peace of mind, she turned her thoughts towards England; and regarding her voluntary exile as a tame resignation, and as subjecting her to tacit ejectment from her fair inheritance, she contemplated, with artificial excitement, her return to St. Emeril's, which rumour informed her, would soon be at her disposal; and the enthusiasm with which her tenantry would hail her arrival, attracted her pride. The advantage she might there make of their disposition in her favour, and of her anticipated possession of the ground, was evident to her reason—and the host of difficulties which she might bring forward to annoy and beat off those who should presume to attack her there, seemed to her invincible. Something, too, she trusted, might be gained by early application to the assistance of the law: she still hoped that, even if her father *had* the power thus to distress her, some informality—some error—some omission might serve her;—and well aware, that for all this, time was necessary, she fixed the period for her return.

The known want of funds to support the claim of her opponent, was great encouragement to her hopes; and the detention of Mr. Broderaye a still greater. And now, discontinuing all reckoning on the time for which the minority would last, she felt a sort of odd ambition to make the question hold out, till Mr. Broderaye's authority should end.—In short, every thing was in favour of her project of returning to England, now the vicar was out of it; and on her first notice, that the Vaseneys no longer occupied her house, she prepared to appear there in her own person. Not choosing that any reports, conjectures, or discussions should anticipate her, it was her intention to betake herself thither immediately, and—having once ascertained her reception, and secured to herself popularity,—to make a journey to London, to learn, from professional information, and under the secrecy demanded from professors, what were her chances of success. In this, she knew she could rely on the good offices and fidelity of her banker;—and to him she meant to reveal the necessity that reduced her to seek them.

Having made her intentions of quitting the country known, she found, amongst her friends, those facilitations which were requisite, at that time, for an undisturbed progress through the

French dominions, and, with her usual good fortune, which seemed

‘ To lead to bewilder, and dazzle to blind,’ .

she, when thousands of English were bemoaning their want of power to move, got forward without hinderance, and fancied herself happy in passing very close to the spot which held nearly the whole population of her personal attachments,—without crossing upon one of those whom she loved. Landing from Havre at Southampton, as most convenient to her views, she hastened westward, and was under the portico of what was, at present, her own mansion, with a blunted recollection of the very short time that might be allowed her to call it so. Her ladyship’s journey was performed at so critical a point of time, that had she, to avoid those of her friends most interested in her happiness, and whom she most wished to see,—made her way by another route, and coming through Holland, landed at Yarmouth, she might, in crossing her native island diagonally, have arrived at Oxford just at the point of time when General and Lady Mary Vasey stopt there in their way to Cheltenham—and might, in some lobby or passage of the Star-inn there, have met Miss Monterne, in time to have wished her a plea-

sant journey on setting off next morning—but this did not occur.

The baroness's reception in the west, was every thing that she could promise herself. Queen Elizabeth at Tilbury was not a greater personage. Engrossed by attention to the equipoise demanded of her, under the frailty of tenure which she had superadded to that of mortality, she thought not of 'dear Meryon'—of the silently-delusive Wanstons—of the interesting old count—or his elegantly-minded son, but heard, with invidious feelings, her return congratulated on the false appreciation obtained by comparison with—*the Vase-neys!*

Sent into the world, certainly with few good instincts to direct her—too haughty to seek to supply the want of them by borrowing from others—ill directed and worse governed—still, still, the moral sense—the power of appeal to an existing perception of right and wrong, was not annihilated in her bosom; and with the air she was now inhaling, she seemed to recover the relish for it. —When condescending, in a few hours after her arrival, to recollect, in talking to one of her menial servants, that even *him*, and lower than him, she must strive to please, and make her friend and partizan, her very soul disdained the meanness; and she felt that she could almost as willingly

crouch to the helpless creature whom she had been at so much trouble in avoiding. She found she had pledged herself for a character which she could not sustain ;—and something, in the face of every one who came to address her, or with expectations of being addressed by her, told her, that ‘ all was false and hollow.’

Most of all, was her indignation raised by the visit of Mr. Broderaye’s curate: she could not avoid him—she had no alternative—she *must* be civil—for *he* might be as important to her, as any one, or as any *ten*, if he resembled his principal.—But he did not ; and anew her spleen was called forth by the comparison, which left her nothing to remark on, but his *presumption* in having been nominated to his present charge.—The poor young man was not to blame, in this, nor was he blameworthy in other respects—he was not, indeed, Maximilian Hermont de Broderaye—the finished man—the elegant, the cogent, the energetic preacher of righteousness ; but he was a good plain conscientious country-curate, who, setting out honestly and industriously, would have obtained the approbation and respect of even Mr. Broderaye, as he advanced in practice, and gained experience.

Well ! here at her principal home, which, in due and consistent perverseness, she now tried to love and value more than ever, her ladyship set

herself down, to get it into such order as should be a pledge for her returning, when her urgent affairs should call her to London;—and here, then, we may leave her, and look after those who were on their way to Cheltenham.

There may be persons in the world who will, through mere ignorance of what is passing in it, not see as clearly as they should do, the merit of the restricted economy under which the Berkeley-square party travelled. Instead of having the post-chariot and four horses for the two ladies, his own tandem or curricie—so delightful after the rain!—and a chaise of the road with four more horses, for the lady's maid, housemaid, and luggage,—with two horses, one for the butler-valet, or valet-butler, and the other for the footman—General Vaseney contented himself with stowing the ladies within the carriage, himself condescended to ride with the lady's maid on the driving-seat, put the two men behind, and sent the housemaid, who was to act as cook, by the stage-coach. Now, though all this, in common phrase, 'came to money,' still, as it is not above one-third of what is done every week, by one or other of those persons whom poor homely Dutch Vanderryck had called by such hard names in describing them to his grand-daughter, there is nothing to be said.

The carriage was soon off the pavement, and had proceeded a little way on the smooth road, the air refreshed by the hard rain of the preceding day, and every care seemingly left behind—when Lady Mary, finding the sun inconvenient, or her eyes uneasy—for indeed she was travelling in a direction that left the sun *at her back*—pulled down the green curtain of the window before her. She advised her companion to do the same; but Miss Monterne, not being sensible to any annoyance, and perhaps amused with looking about her, declined the indulgence;—till, perceiving the frequent support which General Vaseney's consideration for the weaker sex, induced him to give to the partner of his elevation, when any thing like a jolt occurred, or the carriage was not perfectly level, she too found the light too strong, and made the same movement as Lady Mary.

Things thus adjusted and accommodated, her ladyship, after a thoughtful pause, said, ‘I want very much, my dear Carry, to have some serious talk with you—and this is the best opportunity I may have.—But I wish they would not drive so fast:—I am sure we have time enough to get to Oxford in good time; and we are to go no further to-night.—Do, dear general, tell them not to go so fast—they throw the dirt up all against the win-

dows, and they make my head ache—I shall be quite ill—make them go slower.’

Her husband seemed not to understand the commission—but Carilis’s quick ear heard him ask the partner of his throne, if they went too fast for *her*;—and the reply, which was, that they could not go too fast for *her*—was still more distinctly audible:—it was concluded by a *piano*, ‘Never mind her’—and they proceeded—poor Carry, in common compassion, glancing her eye at her protectress, whom she now regarded as pitiable.

Lady Mary had retreated further into the corner of the carriage, as if hoping to endure better there, what she could not prevent. Carilis offered to try to make the general hear:—she was answered in the indignant tone that she might, if she had known a little more of society, have expected, ‘O no, thank you, my dear, there’s no occasion to trouble yourself—if *I* cannot make the general hear, I am sure nobody can—he is so used to my voice!—but I was thinking, the other day, that he grew a little deaf—it is time, indeed, for us both—he is not a boy now—but I think he looks vastly well for his age—he had always a very fine person.—There now, my dear, thank you; they go very nicely—and it is a charming morning for our expedition—I knew he would take care, when he found I did not quite like it.’

If there had been any alteration in pace, it was in favour of speed.—The post-boys might hear the waiting-maid's reply, and draw just conclusions.

The subject on which Lady Mary Vaseney wished to speak, declared its importance, and the necessity of despatching it, 'at the first blush;' for she began to prelude it, when, notwithstanding her tight insertion into the corner of the carriage, and the fancied obedience to her wish of going slower, she found it necessary to hold fast by the loops, and, even with this support, could not control the audible rapping of her jaws.—To the pavement of Colnbrook she was forced, with other mortals, to give way; but this cleared, she began, and the topic was prolific enough to serve, at proper intervals, for the *délassement* of the journey of that day.—Important it was, confessedly, to her ladyship; and a bold guesser might have conjectured it painfully so to a mother—but this admitted of qualification. Her conscientious object was to secure her dear charge—under the intimation received from Colonel Vaseney, of his intention to visit his parents at Cheltenham—against the delusions which might, in such a situation, endanger her welfare;—and 'listening,' as she said, 'to nothing but her maternal feeling towards her dear charge,' she adopted the generosity of a disinter-

ested friend, and might, poor woman! fancy she was deserving still higher credit, in imitating the only Object of rational worship, when sparing not her own son. She might have quoted this authority as justifiably as any of us, when, in defence of our voluntary association with the splendidly immoral, we tell ourselves or others, that we are only acting like God himself, ‘who maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust.’—There is no possibility of carping at such references, or objecting to such allusions as profane—we should not be heard:—but for our *private* use, it may be well to recollect, that there is some small existing difference between the omniscience of our Maker and our blind judgment, as well as between our views of advancing our own paltry interests in this nether world, and his of subduing to his everlasting dominion, the whole universe of worlds.

To guard her young friend against dangers, which she represented as of large extent, of ruinous consequence, and of imminent approximation, Lady Mary revealed the whole conduct of the colonel with regard to his divorced wife.—It is impossible to follow the meanderings of her style, without deciding on an additional volume—it would be to go to Windsor by the Thames, instead of the high road—often coming back nearly to the

point cleared. It will be enough to say, that Mrs. Vaseney came from under the pencil or chisel of her mother-in-law, a most interesting, sacrificed, ill-used, broken-hearted, excusably-culpable example of every thing amiable; and that the colonel, who must take up with that which this outline spared him, had little claim allowed him to love, confidence, or respect.

To have withheld belief from so elaborate, so minute a system of circumstantialities, would have been the most presumptuous imprudence in any auditor; and in Carilis, it would have merited an appellation still less merciful. If the smallest disposition to refer to her own pre-conceived opinion of the colonel, now rebelled against conviction, it was called up solely by the deep 'maternal interest' with which Lady Mary did all this violence to her feelings—which, instead of contributing to the weight that she was putting into one scale, had rather a tendency to increase the counterbalance.—'Who told you that?'—and, 'How came you to know that?' are questions which, very often, the propounder might answer, when the self-treachery of biassed interests or affections exposes to view that which we supposed hidden in the dark recess of our own hearts.

A sense of obligation might have blunted the edge of Carilis's sagacity in any imagined affront

to herself; but it had neither influence on, nor relation to, the concern of another. She could not but recollect her grandfather's just sentiments on Lady Mary's bitterness towards her two eldest daughters, Mrs. Penrowney and her sister who had, by withdrawing with her, relieved her family of the burden of her maintenance.—Of the son at sea, little was said; and the younger girls, when once safe in a foreign place of education, seemed, if not adopted into other protection, dismissed from that under which they were born; and their trust-worthy governess, Miss Sims, had been severely censured for their natural defects. Making these circumstances a back-ground for the portrait Lady Mary had now drawn, Carilis was forced to pause, and ask herself whether, instead of rendering its colours more striking, and sending it forward to the eye, they did not blend their tints with it, to a degree that made the true boundary of the outline a little questionable.

This private suspension of decision did not, however, interfere with any reply which the revelation seemed to call for. As the whole of her ladyship's oratorical exertion had, for its basis, the persuasion that Colonel Vaseney followed them to Cheltenham for the sake of neither father nor mother, nothing was more easy, than for Carilis to be duly grateful for this friendly care—to accept,

as increased obligation, Lady Mary's uneradicable persuasion of her great prospects on attaining her majority ; and to assure her—without making or admitting the least interposition of any other name, (or title, for which she now knew that name to be exchanged)—that, if such a thing were possible as Colonel Vaseney's thinking on her in any other light than that in which he had hitherto accepted her, nothing could be more certain than the reply she must make to any avowal. She trusted—considering how important it was to her present existence that she should not alienate the kindness of the family—she trusted that Lady Mary herself would prevent such a crisis, by an unreserved expression of her gratitude and respect, accompanied by a firm refusal, on her part, to listen to any overture.

‘ Right woman ! ’—the colonel himself would have said, had he been within ear-shot, when his mother replied by rather a taunting recapitulation of his still-remaining pretensions, to that answer which Carilis fancied she wished to obtain.—Her pride would not digest the under-valuation of her son, yet meaning to retain Carilis always her friend, and at this juncture smarting under every wheel that his sarcasms had made on her memory during the last few days, she would have felt severely mortified by any co-alition between

them. Let nobody condemn Lady Mary Vaseney as an incredibly unfeeling parent, or even as acting inconsistently with that indulgence which had formed or *de*-formed the character of her offspring. She had been a passionately-fond mother in the first scenes of that most interesting character, as she had been a passionately-fond wife in the early years of matrimony—but the passion for her husband had certainly ‘the benefit of survivorship,’—that for her children gave way as they approached to a level with herself;—and when reaping only the fruits of her own mis-conduct in rearing them, she could, on every occasion of excited jealousy, questioned power or mortified feeling, set their actions in a light as little softened by her proximity of situation to them, as if she had been the pie-making step-mother of ‘the Lady Isabella,’ in the old ballad.

CHAPTER XI.

CHELTENHAM was entered 'in good style,' and under a sky peculiarly favourable to its beauties. Carilis was astonished, she gazed with sensations, not yet called forth by any other place, at the union of its various recommendations. London had overwhelmed her: Oxford had claimed her reverential admiration—but Cheltenham challenged its own appropriate feeling; and she did not stint it in its measure. Lady Mary entered into all the joy of giving an agreeable surprise; and, perhaps, the general sought the same gratification, when he asked *his* companion if it was not a fine street;—but *she* had the advantage of Miss Monterne in experience—and the manner of her reply showed that the place was not new to her, and that its *agréments* were counterbalanced by the necessity of resuming her employments.

There cannot be too much said in praise of cheerfulness, or of the value of good spirits.—The one is the burnish of politeness—the other, the native soil in which alone the virtues of some minds can preserve themselves in existence. Arrived and settled at the famous Plough—the ge-

neral and Lady Mary felt a comparative influx of satisfaction amounting to joy, perhaps not much inferior to that which travellers of a different description, have experienced on gaining the convent of the Great St. Bernard, after the toilsome journey that must win its kindness. Though the lodgment was made only for the night—‘positively for that night only,’—there was, as Lady Mary observed, ‘such comfort in knowing what they were about!—they should just look round at the shops, and for a house—just the least nut-shell in the place—any thing would hold *them*—but it must, as the dear general said, “have a rose-tree before it,”—so, dear Carry must look sharp for a rose-tree—and, if it was a little way out of the place—not exactly on the Tewkesbury side, indeed—but towards Presbury or Charlton-Kings, just about where the road divides—and where there was a sweet little villa which she should prefer to any thing—she would have *that*, if it was to be had for money!’

The walk before dinner had only served to distract by variety of objects seemingly presented for choice—and to disappoint by the discovery that no one was to be had;—for the heat, like the inundation of a flat country, had compelled all within its focus to act in the same way, and the sameness of taste and views prevailing in artificial

life, had sent a very large proportion of the fugitives from that of London to the same place.—The party came back to their inn to dine and consider while they dined,—and the result of their considerations not being summed up, till it was too late to seek again with any spirit, it was resolved, just to breakfast where they were next day, and then to sally forth, not to return, as the general said, *re infectâ*—and remarking to Carilis, for his own comfort, that ‘he had not left his Latin in Berkeley-square.’

The arrival of the housemaid by the stage-coach, completed the expectations of the day—there was room, even for *her*, at the Plough; and General Vaseney had only nine bipeds and five quadrupeds, omitting his four-wheeled carriage—standing at livery at one of the gayest hotels in Christendom.

One whole day’s indulgence where they were, the general next proposed, and his lady consented, to give themselves:—the colonel would be down on the Wednesday—it was then Monday night; and the difference would be little of one night’s lodging: they could look about at more leisure, and make a more prudent choice, by taking the whole of Tuesday; whoever they took a house of, would certainly let the housemaid come in:—she might have breakfast ready for them on Wednes-

day morning.—Frederick would be down by the mail, and all this would do cleverly—so cleverly !’

Tuesday’s search was very propitious—they took down the address of every house that was vacant, and which had any of the proper attractions, promising to call again on it ; but fashionable people arriving, like herrings, it so happened, that, before they made their second visit, every thing was occupied, or so raised in price, that it might as well have been occupied, for any power that it left *them* to bid for it.

The colonel arrived, as he had promised ; and the five minutes usually spent in greetings between friends newly come together after absence, were bestowed by him in expressions of wonder at finding his parents where they were. His mother now having, in her pleasant sensations, forgotten the smart of his lashing tongue, tried to stroke and coax him down to hearing their reasons ; but he was not to be stroked and coaxed. He demanded imperiously the reason of this imprudence, and what they could be thinking on when they set themselves down there for so many *hours*.

The general looked small and silly before his son’s tribunal of common sense.—At last, driven to reply, he answered, ‘ Why, it was so convenient !—faith ! it is a nice house here—and we could not just bit on any thing that would suit—for, you see,

all together, now we come to consider, we want rather a largish house.—We are three ourselves, and six servants, beside the carriage and the horses.—But,’ continued he, while his son’s well-calculated stare seemed to defy him to pause, ‘Lady Mary was pleased, and Miss Monterne was so delighted!—as is natural, you know, to a young person who has not seen much—that I really thought it a pity to move the ladies—but, I suppose, we may as well now decide on something:—I didn’t, indeed, know how to move, when we were once in, till you came.’

‘No, I believe, verily, you could not, by *this* time,’ said his son—‘but I shall see you out presently, my Don Sebastian, or I know the consequence.’

Miss Monterne was in the room with the general and Lady Mary when the colonel joined them.—Her ladyship had withdrawn, perhaps, to avoid what she might guess she should hear.—Carilis had remained, ready to officiate at breakfast; but even while engaged in preparation, she had heard her name used in excuse for that in which she had no will: she remonstrated; and to convince the gentlemen that the procrastination did not rest with her,—or even with her protectress, she finished what she urged in their exculpation, by saying that, however caught she herself

might be with the novelty of the scene, and however agreeable it might be to Lady Mary at first, she could answer for them both, that they should be most heartily glad to quit it, and remove to a quieter situation.—Lady Mary entered at the moment; and poor Carry expected her, on her repeating to her what she had avouched, to corroborate it.

Her inexperience had again mis-led her—Lady Mary failed her; and, under a horse-laugh from her husband—which was *not* joined by the colonel,—she, in a plaintive tone, said, ‘And *are* we then to go?—And where?—dear! dear! I shall have all the trouble of the house again—I thought we were going on so quietly and well!—no necessity for money yet.’

‘No, faith,’ said the general, turning aside—‘none till the bill is to be paid.’

‘Why, Frederick,’ said she, ‘what do *you* say?—you *are* a judge—Don’t you think, if I send the two maids back to the Berkeley-square house till it is let, and when it *is* let, put them on board-wages with their friends, that it would be as cheap to remain here as to take a house?—I dare say, we shall pay twelve or fifteen guineas a week for any thing tolerable.—We are so late!’

‘You had better pay *thirty* than remain here,’ said the colonel!—‘Why? don’t you consider, that

the owner of such a house must be paid on an immense scale of profit?—You would not be pleased if you had not all the *agrémens* of an elegant residence.—You have your couches and ottomans; and, I dare say, your beds are of the first class; and, I am sure, Don Sebastian would not like his dinner without his silver-forks and silver-tureens, and silver-dishes; and for all this you *must* pay, because the owner *must* pay and *live*.—If you want to live cheap, go to a cheap place—don't come to Cheltenham.—Go to Hereford; and *there* three of ye may dine decently for half a guinea—don't come here; for here you *must live in style*; and, you know yourselves, you come for *that*; and, consequently, here you *must* pay; and if you kept the house yourself, Mrs. Mummy, you would make others do so too; and I question whether more mercifully.'

It was impossible to controvert this reasoning; but still Lady Mary fought against the retreat—'there would be expense in getting their luggage removed; and she never knew a ready-furnished house that did not need 20*l.* laid out in the first week in necessaries—and then the broken crockery-ware, and the things lost at the end of the time, came to a frightful sum of money.'

This debate was ended by the general's 'Come, come, Lady Mary,'—and by the colonel's pious

exhortation to his mother, ‘only just not to be a goose.’

Breakfast over, the party set out, all together and afresh, under the better escort of the colonel, in quest of this habitation, which was to be every thing to them and nothing in the eye of the proprietor. Lady Mary’s movements on the arm of the general, told him when she thought herself drawn too far from any eligible situation, so that their choice was much smaller than their labour. Lady Mary’s calculations and *set-against*s puzzled even her son into confessing, that some houses, against which he had protested, were, *after all*, cheaper than others of less price ;—for, be it known to the young beginners in prudence, nothing is so easy as to prove, in any way that is agreeable or necessary, that which depends on verbal calculation.

Fatigue required a pause—and while this was filling up with a very moderate nooning at the Plough, re-views of houses rejected were contemplated, and parts less eligible were brought under consideration ; and, in the mean time, a report arriving of a projected visit from some part of the royal family, an embargo was laid on every thing ; and to give time for taking it off, dinner was ordered for four.

Leaving the gentlemen at their wine, Carilis retired with Lady Mary to her room, and feeling

herself in some measure made a party to their transactions, by the general's quoting her as an obstacle to his prudent remove, she, in a very respectful, but very earnest manner, besought her protectress to consider, before it was too late, the expense into which every thing seemed leading, and the uneasiness it might produce.

‘Miss Monterne!’ said her ladyship, holding off as if she had before seen her in too short a focus—‘pray, is it any concern of yours? May not General Vaseney take what house he likes, without asking your leave? Are *you* to pay the rent?’

‘I wish, with all my heart, I *were* to do it, and *could* do it,’ replied poor Carry, insensible to the novelty of this taunt under the superior impulse of affectionate interest.

Unless bodily irritability is to be pleaded as an excuse for every departure from truth, and justice, and mercy, and there is to be a licensed state of insanity to which all are to bow, as to the idols of some eastern countries, it is highly necessary to mark, as almost unpardonable, Lady Mary's intemperate reply.—She shall have every allowance made to her—but still it was unpardonable to reply to one so much at her mercy, and of whose good intention in the present instance, and integrity in all instances, she could not doubt—‘*You*

pay it? Miss Monterne—you had better pay your debts—pay *them* first.'

Carilis had been standing—she could stand no longer.—She could not draw her breath—she was suffocating.—Sinking down on a chair behind Lady Mary, she tried to overcome the spasm in her throat; but the struggle could not be concealed. It caught the colonel's attention as he was passing the room.—Lady Mary, cool and unalarmed, said it was 'nervous.' There was a chymist's opposite: the colonel skipped across the street, and returning with a glass of camphor-julep, gave her the power of tears.—Lady Mary told herself and the by-standers, that it was 'all nerves,' and that the young lady was subject to such attacks.—Carilis had as little power as inclination to contradict: she suffered Lady Mary to lead her again to the drawing-room, and did not betray her shaken confidence in the justice of her protectress, when, with a superfluity of kindness, she tried to interest her in their success, in having had their *ultimatum* accepted for a house which they might have had for two-thirds of the rent now asked, on the preceding Monday; but which they then spurned.—Carilis could get the better of her *feeling*; but the *cause* was a lesson.

The transfer of persons and property was next to be thought on.—The question, whether to sleep

first, or move first, was debated. The colonel interposed a hint of prudence not to be condemned, in advising a sight of the bill previous to the decision.—It was now scarcely dusk—and there was leisure in abundance.

The bill, or *account*, as more politely termed, was ordered—and, in a reasonable time, brought.—It was perused and thrown on the table by the last peruser.—The general had placed himself like the Colossus at Rhodes, backing on the chimney—and, perhaps—for he was in a state of considerable abstraction, fancying that he warmed himself. His countenance must pass undescribed.

Lady Mary was talking away her share in the monstrosity of the charges.—She had, over and over, desired only to have very small dishes of made-things—she would not have turtle-soup because of the expense: she had no rush-light in her chamber, though she always burnt a *wax* watch-light at home—and Miss Monterne had no light in hers; and the charge for ‘teas’ was enormous, because Miss Monterne never drank any; and yet it was all the same—and the servants, she was sure, ‘had never had half that was set down.’—Her son advised her not to repeat these words.

All this could not pass without action, and vehement increase of heat of countenance, and some disturbance of features.—The colonel, mean-

while, had his glass up at his eye, and was standing at the window, secretly exulting in the realization of his expectations, however inconvenient to the party, and ultimately expensive to himself: he had a tune in his head, a tooth-pick between his teeth; and while he listened triumphantly to his mother's discussion of items, contemplated the still-discernible ankles of the pedestrian nymphs opposite the house, and gave an occasional glance towards poor Carry, who still looked very pale, and who compelled herself to remain where she was, lest, relaxing restraint by quitting observation, she might indulge her bitter feelings to the diminution of her usefulness.

Lady Mary, turning towards her as if she wanted advice from one whose zeal for her she had so lately repressed—asked; ‘What is to be done now?—here’s a bill three times what we had calculated for—and who is to pay it, I am sure, I do not know—I had no idea of any thing like this—Frederick, what *is* to be done?—do, God bless you, speak, and don’t stand there surveying the shameless creatures in this odious street, and singing like Mad Bess, when you must know your father and I are in such distress.—How are we to get on?’

‘How are ye to get *off*?—you had better ask, mother.—If Dad has no money for the *Plough*, I

am afraid he will make but a bad *harvesting* in Cheltenham——’

‘Pooh! money I *have*,’ said the general; ‘but if I pay away what I have, what have we to get on with?—the bill’s enormous—I have a great mind to send it up to my lawyer.’

‘That’s a good one, faith,’ said the colonel, turning aside, and looking at his mother as if appealing to *her* superior discretion.—‘If you want to treble your expense, Sir,’ said he, ‘I don’t know that I can put you in a better way, and I would do it, if I were you.—Now, do; pray do.—Get the matter tried at next assizes, and you will then know whether the law can redress you.’

The waiter came in, to know the decision of the party, as the room was wanted, if they gave it up.

‘Do you then decide on sleeping here, general?’ said Lady Mary.

‘Faith, I don’t know what to decide,’ he answered despondingly—‘I don’t know what I am doing—I was almost thinking.—We’ll ring, waiter, when we want you——’

‘I was thinking,’ resumed he, when the door was closed—‘I was thinking, if we could not be off this devilish house—I dare say, that fellow—that house-agent, has done nothing with ours yet:—if he had, I should have heard from him.—And

whether, Lady Mary, it would not be better at once to go back again—you can't call it hot now; for I could bear a fire.'

Lady Mary had the good sense and prudence to acquiesce in this. If they could but get off the bargain for the house!

A note was written, dictated by the general, and committed to paper by his son, who, alternately scrawling and shouting, at length accomplished it, in these terms: 'Maj^r Gen^l Vaseney is *extremely* sorry to be under the necessity of declining the house for which he was treating; but, being recalled to town by *very particular* business, he is obliged to quit Cheltenham immediately.'

The groom was despatched with the exculpatory billet. Lady Mary had, indeed, *sotto voce*, asked 'if Frederick had not better take it,'—but Frederick was grown up, rather beyond the age of being deputed in this facile way: he heard; but he would not come forward with any tender. His father shook his head, as saying, 'Don't venture to ask him,' and desired the bell to be rung.—Lady Mary repeated,—'Do, Frederick, ring the bell—you are close to it—you will do *that*, I suppose.'—As he had not stirred, but continued most elaborately mending all the pens in the ink-stand, Carilis rose to do what was wanted. He stepped

before her : the man was summoned, and had his orders.

‘ He is the fittest person to go,’ said General Vaseney, as if now answering his lady’s proposal of her son for the office ; ‘ he cannot be asked any questions.’

‘ There is one,’ said the colonel, as if on purpose contradicting his father, ‘ which he may answer, perhaps, better than I could.’

‘ What’s that ?’

‘ Oh ! I don’t pretend to state the query, but I know what the answer would be.—He will “ only just,” as you and Toddy say, tell the woman that he knows no reason for your going to London, where there is nobody that you can want, or who wants you, but because you have no money to stay here,—and then, ‘ Ti, tiddle tum dee, where shall we be ?’

This wit neither called for, nor had, any reply. —‘ Carry,’ said the colonel, ‘ look at me—I will play you a “ Proverbe,” my child—don’t look so grave ; —never mind ’em,—I don’t, you see—now look.’

He then set himself in an attitude of strutting, and began to stride about the room with such violent long steps, at the same time placing his arms like an archer in action, that Carilis must have lost all power of being amused, if she had not smiled, and all power of application, if she

had not distinctly seen, in his ludicrous gesticulation, the general trusting much to his consequence to assist him—transgressing the bounds of propriety—and sacrificing truth to his convenience, ‘on the spur of the occasion.’—He went about singing, ‘Mr. Strongbow and General Longbow’—but two of the party *cared* not, and the third *dared* not to heed him.

With some anxiety, but by which of two evils most excited, it was hard to say, the report of the messenger was awaited. But the owner of the house, who was a female, choosing neither to commit her sentiments to paper, nor to the memory of a servant, brought her reply herself, and being admitted, soon convinced her new tenant, that he had not the option he was endeavouring to use. The ladies retreated on her entrance; and the colonel betook himself to the lobby for the moment, as if to give the combatants room. Three minutes decided the matter, and Lady Mary was summoned, on the retreat of the victor, to hear that, ‘at any rate,’ they must stand to the bargain. Submission to necessity is not always painful: it was not in this instance; though it called forth the shrugs, and sighs, and various indescribable contortions that elucidate feelings of a bitter kind, and for which there was no occasion in the present case, when the audience and spectators were only

the two actors themselves—but verily there are people in the world, who could make grimaces before a looking-glass, and fancy they were imposing on some living being.

The house was to be looked at, finally, after breakfast next day, and entered on at noon; and Lady Mary, now again in spirits and politeness, did all in her power to restore the wounded cheerfulness of poor Carry, by interesting her in their agreeable settlement;—but she had gone a little too far—so much too far, that she must go a little farther in the contrary direction than she, perhaps, intended or wished.—It was an awkward situation; but she *must* get out—her ladyship might again have quoted the habituated ‘eels.’—‘Come, come, my dear Carry,’ said she, with something that in a person of no rank might have been called *effrontery*, ‘do not let us make something out of nothing:—I see I have hurt your nerves by what I said—you should not be so tiffish—I did not mean to do it—I am sorry for it; but, to tell you the truth, my heart was set upon the house, and I did not, just then, like to be thwarted. I thought you would be so comfortable in it!—You must make allowances for my perpetual uneasinesses—I am worried out of my life by one thing and another,—and I fear there are more troubles for *me* than I know of. My dear general is the best creature in the world

—but he has his faults;—I hope Frederick will think of his father—for the house we *must* have, now—we have no choice—and it is such a nice place! my dear Carry—a nice bed-room and *boudoir* for you, my dear girl.’

Dear Carry could not quite let pass the occasion of assisting herself and providing against future suffering.—She did not, indeed, dwell on the mixture of falsehood in what she had just heard—nor did she give any heed to the bribery with which it was seasoned; but she expressed her hope and confidence, that Lady Mary would never again suffer such a reproach to escape from her lips:—she recognised her debts with contrition—she declared her anxiety to discharge them; even by the labour of her hands—she begged her protectress to consider how very wounding was even that which did not appear harsh, to those who were already oppressed by obligation;—and she concluded with intimating, not timidly, but in a very decorous manner, that, on a repetition of the grievance which she was now desirous to forget, she had her resource in resorting to the protection of her grandfather, till she could ‘do something for a livelihood.’—The plainness of these expressions seemed to throw Lady Mary out: had Carilis talked in the veiling cant of humbled pride, of ‘her talents,’ and ‘her studies,’ and ‘a situation,’

and ‘engaging with some lady of fashion,’ and ‘superintending;’—or had she used *any* of the language of the day, her noble friend could have met her ideas, and might have convinced her that she knew nothing to any purpose;—but when she came down to ‘doing something for a livelihood,’ there was nothing to be said by one who had so tried what she could do, unless her ladyship could deny her own experience.

The next morning settled every thing—even the bill at the hotel, which was now ‘just run over again,’ and, ‘considering all things,’ thought not so very unreasonable: the great consideration, perhaps, was, that the colonel had consented to discharge it,—at the same time, however, protesting, by his immortality, that he would do no more.—‘Seven hundred within a week was,’ as he observed, ‘rather too bad:—he could not stand it—no, that he could not, upon his ——: no man could, unless he had a money-tree that flowered all the year round—so Cæsar and his Calphurnia might go whistle—Tum-ti.’

There was quiet and comfort in the new house. Carilis was not perpetually under the feet of her friends—they had their apartments—she had hers;—and she was pleased with the liberty they could now use of discussing their affairs—and, as to herself, sensibly relieved by not being forced to listen

to their discussions. She had a few agreeable acquaintances, and perfect liberty.

The colonel was not in the house; but when there, always amusing, and often betraying such kind-heartedness, such warm feeling, such a love for what he thought right, and such incontrovertible good sense, that she had more confidence in him than in either of his parents. She could not like 'his style' to them; it was rough *badinage*, but seemed understood between them: his actions did not at all correspond with it; for if he could oblige his mother by any little present, he never let slip the opportunity; and if, through Miss Monterne, he knew how to assist her, though he did it in his own way, he did it. Towards Carilis he never presumed in any way; they might have passed for relations who had a mutual esteem for each other, and whose deportment was regulated by perfect easy good-breeding.

The general and his lady were now much together; and it excited in their *protegée* no ill humour when she perceived, on entering the room where they were—and whither she went only lest she might seem remiss in attentions—that she stopped their serious conversation.—The house afforded a sorry piano-forte, which she was allowed to take to herself.—A pencil and a sheet of paper she possessed; and Lady Mary was so very polite,

as to make her subscription to the library suit 'dear Carry's' reading--therefore, with the help of her own necessities, she could find abundant employment. She entered into amusements quite as much as she wished, and saw what is called the best society: her solitary hours were not without their painful thoughts; but there were assuaging recollections, and her time of life was hopeful.

Whatever might be the catastrophe of the Cheltenham *séjour*, it was pleasant to any one, partaking of it, to observe its beneficial effects on the general and Lady Mary. He declared himself re-juvenized; and even the colonel confessed that Toddy had 'been to the mill.' The High-street sufficed for two-thirds of the day, and the *ruralities*, as the general called them, for the other;—and though the Berkeley-square house did *not* let, and the horses were nearly useless, yet, as the one did *not* eat, and the others *must* eat, 'this must be put up with: 'at any rate,' they were gaining health, and 'any thing was better than paying the apothecary.'—'You agree with me, my dear Carry,' said the general, 'that it is better to wear out shoes than sheets.—Ah! I knew you would say, "Yes."—I always thought you a clever girl.'

It was fairly to be inferred, from the great change observable in Lady Mary's mode of speaking of the colonel, that he had rendered his father

some very signal service in his exigencies. He was in high favour with both when present, and, even in his absences, he was characterized in very approving terms: his younger brother was wished like him; and, in short, a perfectly new edition of Colonel Vasey came out from the press of—it was fair to conclude—his parents' necessities.

CHAPTER XII.

THE Vaseneys had now got on to the centre-point of August in this way ; when the joyful news arrived, that the Berkeley-square house was let for an indefinite time ; and, though at a rent so low as not to promise to make good the injury it might sustain, yet, as putting an end to the expense of keeping a person in it, the event was accepted ‘ with every demonstration of joy ’—the general and Lady Mary finished their decanter of Madeira to the health of the new tenant in all convivial jocularities. A piece of silk was laid on her ladyship’s dressing-table, inscribed, ‘ From an affectionate husband to an amiable wife. A. V.’ Carilis found a pretty sapphire-broche in her work-bag ; and there now seemed no lack of comfort or money, any more than of kindness, amongst the party.—The evenings indeed were beginning to ‘ draw in,’ as it is called—the general was regularly engaged—the colonel was very much away—and Lady Mary again courted the society of dear Carry, who, with proper consideration, accommodated her employ to the liberty of speech necessary to make her presence useful.

In this apparent improvement and obvious

change of habits, it however soon struck Carilia that there was a deeper alteration than she had suspected. Lady Mary had now taken up, respecting the important event of Miss Monterne's majority, ideas totally at variance with those which she had so manifested at St. Emeril's, and which seemed only suspended by imposed silence while in London. Mr. Vanderryck's wisdom was quoted, on every occasion, as displayed in that which, really, he had never made so very certain, his disbelief of any advantage likely to result to his grand-daughter from Baroness Lynford's forfeiture:—every sentiment that Miss Monterne had uttered, and which testified to her intention of doing more than merely equitably, was now recollected and presented to her memory, as if to gain repetition, and in a way that made her cautious, lest, in declaring that to which she still, firmly as ever, meant to adhere, she might be foregoing her right to do the act herself. This, she could see, was in no wise her duty; and as little was it her prudence;—she did not mean to retain for herself the odium of having created alarm and imposed anxiety, and then to suffer any person who might surreptitiously get at her sentiments, to smuggle the knowledge of them into the baroness's possession.

She had read and thought, sufficiently to adjust in her own mind, this regard for herself; and no-

thing that she could recollect from Mr. Broderaye's maxims, militated against it. On the contrary, she could call to mind his apposite application of what he read with 'dear Frank' and herself, to the common purposes of life; and even the fables of Æsop taught her, with other invaluable lessons of adaptable prudence, the waste of providential goodness incurred by those who let fair opportunities of benefit pass by them unimproved. She, therefore, was less unreserved than heretofore in her expressions of decided renunciation—and did not see, that, in this very caution, she was entrapping herself.

Another subject—by compact long suffered to sleep in silence—was now—it must be supposed in dearth of conversation—brought forward again;—and she was highly commended for her good sense in the large allowance she made for the change in Lord Astham's situation. She felt it—at least by its effect on her cheeks—rather indelicate in her kind friend to mention any thing so deeply interesting in so unprefaced a manner.—Had the praise been called forth by her prudence in giving up the purchase of an expensive article of dress, or in foregoing any tempting invitation, it could not have made its appearance less clothed—and Carilis felt offended; till, recollecting that the error lay more in the manner than in the intention

of the speaker, she turned the head of her feeling by the bridle of her candour, and was silent.

What came next?—Nothing more at this moment—and nothing for two or three days, during which, the general and Lady Mary, now relaxing a little under the comfort of having hired an incomparable cook, having a capital eating-parlour, and, to all appearance, being flush of money—were engaged, and she with them.—But the next time the ladies sate down together, the still-increasing eulogy of the colonel was explained by such a departure from consistency as precluded all possibility of subsequent wonder at any that want might excuse or shamelessness attempt to justify.

She was asked, point-blank—for Lady Mary was no engineer—if she did not think she could bring herself to like, and to think seriously of accepting—the colonel!! the sentence was ended with—‘He is so good!’

Sure never, never did any body stare as stared poor Carry.

A simple girl educated in the country, wanting as much of that period which is denominated by the word discretion, as did Carilis, could not, on an occasion that so took her by surprise—which so flattered her—and promised so fair to end all solicitude for herself—and to put it as much within the limits of common prudence as it was of un-

common conscientiousness, to forego the great advantage given her by Lady Lynford's default—such a girl could not be expected to behave on this emergency, as a regularly-trained daughter of society. It may be pleaded also in her behalf, that she was, by nature, timid—that she was under the greatest obligations to the general and Lady Mary Vaseney—that she was still entirely dependent on them—that it might have forfeited her guardian's favour, had she presumed to offend them—that she had no reason to suppose Mr. Broderaye would sanction the neglect of such an opportunity of settling herself, and of relieving him from a burden—and that she knew not what might be the consequence to herself, of mortifying a mother thus employed.

What she had remaining of the five pounds which she had received from Mr. Vanderryck, would, indeed, convey her to him ; but what was she to do when she reached him ; and with what face, or what hopes, could she throw herself on him for protection and maintenance ?

If, therefore, she behaved improperly, or irregularly, or indecorously—if she forgot what was due to the rank and respectability of Lady Mary, in her eager concern for her own interests—if she forgot that, as a minor, she had no right to act for herself—or if, in this great question, the com-

panion of her infancy, and the possessor of her first affections, never once came to her thoughts, she is to be pardoned.—She certainly consulted no rule of conduct in the *impromptu* of her excitation—she forgot every thing and every body, in the high feeling of the moment.

And how did it show itself?—In rising from her chair, with a grace that belonged to her figure, and a dignity that resulted from her mind:—in looking Lady Mary full in the face—in blushing for her—in a silence of a few moments, and then saying—‘Of all the moments of my life this is the most distressing!—my dearest Lady Mary, the colonel ought to know what you thought it your duty to say to me in coming hither—and then—and then only, can he judge of the affection of his mother—it has proved itself superior to your regard to——I cannot speak it. If the colonel has any thing to say—he shall have his answer——from ME.’

She quitted the room, and left Lady Mary putting on her spectacles the wrong way, in her endeavour to recover her composure and her knitting.—She was soon recalled to make tea, which she perceived had been accelerated. The general was rapping the table in quick time, previous to his evening-engagement:—Lady Mary was unemployed.—‘Have you been walking to-day?’ the

small-trump question of an unfurnished mind! opened conversation.

Well trained in that distinctness of feeling which prevents beating the cat because the dog has offended, she did not suffer the previous provocation received from Lady Mary, to make her uncivil to the general; and even when her ladyship spoke, she could, lest she might betray the weakness of the wife to the disapprobation of the husband, put aside her own affairs, so far as to preserve a deportment of no character. But, most scrupulously, she avoided every thing that could give her ladyship the smallest encouragement to think that she regarded as a small matter, the conference forced on her: her tone rather said, or seemed to say, 'Beware of a second offence.'

The general had scarcely shut the door, when Lady Mary began to apologize, to excuse herself, to deplore herself, to lament her miseries, to describe herself as a slave, and to cluck.

She might expect Carilis, in her recollection of her own situation, to meet her, at least, half-way, and in all trepidation at seeing to what one, so much her superior, condescended, to endeavour to stop her.—If she did, she was disappointed:—it is as much the discretion of a well-regulated temper in some cases *to do*, as it is its duty in others *to forbear to do*:—retreat is not the only step to be

made with safety ; and, had Carilis made it, every one must have wished her wiser.—She answered the most answerable of Lady Mary's detachment of sentences—which was an undignified request for forgiveness—by granting it ;—but, in the very grant, she recognised the request ;—and not submitting to seek her own freedom from solicitation, by obtaining a promise of better conduct, she showed how she meant to receive any application from the colonel, in a way that intimidated his mother by the fear, lest what she had said in the journey, might be repeated to him.

Carilis felt secure from any farther trouble at this time ; and was not insensible to the advantage which her protectress had conferred upon her, and which she saw it was her highest prudence to keep, against any future occasion.—But alone, she thought more painfully on the subject :—the cloud was indeed dispersed ; but she was sorry and alarmed to see her atmosphere assuming the character of cloudiness :—she had fought her way thus far—could she answer for her own powers in any subsequent conflict ?—It was very sad to feel unprotected under such protection—an insulated being in such a crowd—a child amongst persons thus armed at all points—a scholar in rules which those from whom she should have learnt, were transgressing ;—but there was no alternative. As

to forming *systems*, none were in her power.—She must remember and practise what she had been taught—she must ‘do justice ;’ she must ‘love mercy ;’ she must ‘walk humbly’—she knew in Whom she trusted—and if, after all, she erred, she knew Where she must look for pardon, consolation, and support—but it was very hard—and so she told herself many times before she could close her eyes that night.

It is one very great advantage which people, or rather *ladies*, who are called ‘of the world,’ have over those *not* of it, that they can, in divers cases, ‘be as though they had never been.’ A lady ‘of the world’ may, to-day, say and do fifty things that deserve the title of ‘abominable,’ and to-morrow, especially if she apprehends having brought on herself any consequence not quite pleasant, she may be all smiles and politeness, and give out as large a measure of fulsome flattery as she gave before of presuming insolence: in the dance, she will be affronting—at the card-table, taunting—and in intercourse of no character, she will indulge any sort of humour that comes uppermost—and the next morning will invite you to walk, come to inquire after your never-had cold, offer you bargains, and tell you how you may accomplish any known or supposed wish. This facility Lady Mary possessed; and it was all ex-

hibited the next morning, till she had talked herself into the belief that Miss Monterne retained no resentment of what had passed ; after which, her solicitude became neutralized, and was quiet. If she felt as she ought, she must have been grateful for the exertion made by her young friend to veil the state of her spirits from the general, whenever he joined them ; and for this, she might well be content to bear the little pull-up of Miss Monterne's manner to her.

But now ensued another order of things. A very grand subscription-ball was given at the rooms by a small number of men of fashion. General Vaseney was one ; and, of course, his lady and her *protégée* must be there :—no expense beyond that which the general must bear, whether they went or not, was incurred : Lady Mary was in mourning, and Carilis's London-finery sufficed ; the thing was therefore unobjectionable and tempting.

Not now half so well satisfied with the protection she was under, as she had been, poor Carry felt that she had no choice, but that which it would be very improper to adopt. The colonel came from a distance, for the purpose, at the last moment, and it was soon evident to her, that both he and herself were peculiarly objects of attention to the company. After what had passed, it required

no great sagacity to infer that the views of Lady Mary had not been confined to her own wishes; but, as nothing in the behaviour of Colonel Vase-ney contributed to distress her, she saw she had only to endure in quietness, what any endeavour on her part would only have made worse. It was not pleasant to be whispered at and stared at; but it was not uncivil whispering and staring; and with only the sacrifice of the whole pleasure of the evening, she got through it.

Fatigue overcame this new uneasiness of mind. The colonel had a bed at his father's, and was in the breakfast-room next morning before her, though she was early. His behaviour was, at all times, so perfectly easy, that he was never either fettering or troublesome to her—she took up a book, and expected him to do the same.

‘Don't, Carry,’ said he, ‘read now.—Have you not got some of your stitching to do?—I want to talk to you.—Now don't run to see if I have locked the door, or fancy I am going to kiss you, or put you up the chimney. You may set the door open, if you please—I shall only speak lower.’

She made no answer, but sought for her work.

‘We were at the ball last night,’ said he—‘and certainly had our share of the polite attention of the good people then and there assembled.’

She was not taken by surprise ; her steadiness was perfect.—Whether what she apprehended, were his subject or not, she had no occasion to alter her deportment.—She waited. She collected herself.

‘ If you love pop’larity, Carry,’ said he, I think you may live to be gratified—but, for myself, I do not think it worth much trouble ;—therefore I want to speak to you, to know how I can manage for you.’

‘ I hardly know what *it* means or what *you* mean,’ she replied.—‘ If popularity means, indeed, being talked at, or even stared at, as I was last night, I certainly can say that I have the greatest possible aversion to it—so great, that if we remain here ever so long, I have no wish—or rather, I should say, I wish *not*, to go to another ball.’

‘ So I supposed—but now, hear me ; and perhaps I can help to screen you—I want you only to answer me a question or two.’

‘ Ask, and I will answer.’

‘ And not run away?’

‘ No ; upon my word. Why should I run away ?—I have the most perfect confidence in you :—you would not ask any thing that I could not answer—I am sure you would not—and I am really too much obliged to you to—to be rude to you.’

‘ Well ! that is uncommonly civil—for a lady :

—for, I assure you, Carry, it is not the fashion with you girls to be civil ; and, *entre nous*, that is the very reason why you have cause to complain, as I know you all do, of us :—if you treated us as gentlemen, we *must* treat you as ladies—but who, do you think, is to treat you as ladies, when one comes up with a slap, and another with some rude speech—and one stares us out of countenance, and another—does things that make us stare?—Lord bless us all!’ said he, ridiculously holding up his hands, ‘ I see you ladies do things in parties, that make *me* blush—and, after all, Carry, what for? Is it to keep us off?—well then—it is done ; but if it is to attract—who are those who are most attractive?—the quietest, believe me.—But, do you know, Carry, that I am, just now—a very unusual thing with me—but I am, just now, a very great fool—and I am saying all this, which is nevertheless perfectly true, because I want to say something that I cannot get out.—But I must.—Well then!—here it comes.—As you are, Carry, in an excellent house for calculation—can you calculate on the possibility of living on about 2500*l.* a year?’

‘ I should suppose it very possible—but you must explain your plan :—if you want more than that income would allow, you cannot :—if you can be content with less than it affords, you may do it,

and may be rich—but don't come to Cheltenham, —nor,' said she smiling, 'live in Berkeley-square.'

'No, no; a country-gentleman and his wife—going to town for three months—travelling occasionally—farming—I don't mean fancy-farming—living rationally—and being hospitable, as far as might be prudent.'

'I am no judge, indeed—but, I suppose, it might be done by people who did not set their hearts upon trifles.—My guardian would tell you exactly, and, I dare say, would say, "Yes," and that there was abundance—but then—there are few such men as he is.'

'Now, one question more, Carry: could you do it?'

'If you mean, could I *manage* such an income—I say, No; because I have neither knowledge nor experience.'

'I do not mean just that—could you *accept* such an income, well managed for you,—and hope it would prove sufficient?'

'I could—because, if it did not prove sufficient, I would, at the moment when I found that out, give up whatever occasioned the deficiency.—What I have seen here, and before we came here, has been such a lesson to me!'

'Well: I will not tease you with any more questions, if you will answer me this one.—Could you live with *me* on that plan?'

‘ Now,’ said she, ‘ you distress me—not that I am at any loss to answer you, but that I regret the answer I must give.—I *could* live on that plan—but, I am afraid, not with you, on those comfortable terms that you have a right to expect, and, I am sure, deserve to find a wife inclined to accept.—I do, from my heart, regret, colonel, that you have asked me ; though your doing so is a great compliment—but, after the kindness I have received from your family, and, I may say, the friendship I have met in you—it is vexatious to me to be placed in a situation where I may give offence, and may lose the advantage of your good-sense. — You should consider, that I am not at all like other young women, whose characters have been formed in the world—mine is in its natural roughness—I *feel* naturally—I *act* naturally—because I do not know how to do otherwise:—I can only, in a case ever so important, or requiring ever so much management, ask myself what appears to *me* to be right, according to what I have learnt *is* right—and how I should like any body to behave to me in an exchange of circumstances:—then, I always think of what I have heard Mr. Broderaye say:—I may, therefore, appear to you, acting very strangely, when I talk in this cool way to you—and you may not believe me:—in this, you would be wrong ; for, however awkwardly I may behave,

I am quite decided.—Lady Mary ought to have saved me from this—but——’

‘ Lady Mary!’ he replied; ‘ why, she helped you into it, Carry—but don’t be alarmed—you shall have no more trouble from me—shake hands : —I only just asked the question to know the truth : —I wish you better disposed of, with all my soul ; —for I have never yet seen any man deserving of you—even when I have been shaving myself.—But never mind, Carry—take care of yourself—geese are, *I* think, rather worse to live with than heroes. Lord help those who live with one of each sort !—Something has occurred—I cannot tell you what,—that has whirligigged the opinions, whims, and ideas of the Royal Dane and his Gertrude.—Perhaps, it is this sudden return of your friend, Lady Lynford, to St. Emeril’s.’

‘ Return ! — Lady Lynford !—St. Emeril’s ?’ repeated Carilis.

‘ Yes, to St. Emeril’s,’ he answered; ‘ she has been there, I believe, nearly as long as you have been here; but I imagine, to tell the truth, it was not known here, till within these few days—some money-settlement, I fancy, brought it out—But if you have not heard of it—there is something *more*, that I cannot understand.

‘ Oh, how I wish I could see her!’ said Carilis, with the utmost seriousness.

‘ See her !—Nothing upon earth to do, Carry, but to set off—will you have my purse?—here it is :—or will you foot it, like the valorous Siberian Elizabeth?—I suppose I must not offer *my* company. ’

She shook her head.

‘ No no, my dear girl,’ said he—‘ do not think of seeing her—I know your situation. ’

‘ Do you ? ’

‘ Yes, and your good intentions—and I respect them—and—now mind ; I do not mean this as a bribe, or to make you re-consider your verdict—but had it been your pleasure, Carry, to accept me, I would not have stood in the way of your noble generosity—I have been told of that, too—and I have adored it—and not a word would I ever have said against it.—I would have dug and ploughed for you, before you should have wounded your delicate conscience—but be quiet, and don’t expose yourself to influence unnecessarily and prematurely ;—you are now, I suppose, about eighteen—your champion, old Brodee-dodee, will be out of limbo, I hope, before you are one-and-twenty.—Keep firm to your resolution, as you hope to go to heaven,—because, now that you have, I know, reasoned on it, and thought on it, and convinced yourself of the path you ought to pursue, your departing from your principle of action

would be culpable—and you would, I can see, never be happy.’

He had just time to give his promise that he would not repeat his overture, or divulge any part of what had passed:—he advised her to silence on his having spoken to her; and again bidding her take care of herself, was ready to give his mother good-morrow in his own frolicking way.—If confidence was increased—it was not in those whom Carilis most wished entitled to it;—but she determined to bear and forbear.

She saw, this day, less than usual of the general and his lady, but much more of their son, who designed to make it his last in Cheltenham: he professed himself weary of it, and took great pains to represent to his father and mother, the house of the friends whom he had left, as particularly attractive: but the whimsicality of his spirit led him to conceal carefully who these friends were:—he described them, with the most tantalizing eulogium, by names of his own invention—such as no human beings ever bore before them;—and he, point-blank, refused to give any others;—and so important seemed the concealment, that no attempts to get information, even from his groom, who was very much attached to him, availed. Neither of his parents seemed satisfied or pleased—they looked puzzled, and tried to repress his

rattling ; but he would not be repressed : at the time of fashionable promenade, he ordered Carry to go and show herself in the market, as he termed the High-street, but refused to go thither himself. He would not suffer her to accompany Lady Mary in a very quiet gossiping engagement for the evening, because he thought she looked fatigued ; but he stayed within, and sate down with her himself, and talked admirable good sense, blended with the eccentricities of his character.

It gave his conversation rather too serious an aspect, when he told her that this would be their last *tête-à-tête* at this time—‘ and, pérhaps,’ said he, ‘ at any time—for I fancy the bears and the eagles, and our lion too, see the necessity of doing something to a purpose against this same boa-serpent of an emperor ; and their exigencies may be so great, as to make little Frederick Vaseney, my august father’s eldest son, useful—and I may have the honour of wearing a cannon-ball for half a second, in lieu of my head—*n’importe*—it is matter of perfect indifference to Fred. whether he “ stately tread ” the earth, or the earth treads upon him. If we set out in the world with the wrong foot foremost, my dear girl, our paces are so spoiled, that there is no going easy to ourselves nor, perhaps, to those we carry.—Heigh ho !

‘ Now, Carry,’ continued he — ‘ I shan’t go

quite happy, unless you promise me that what has passed between us to-day shall not make us the worse friends—I thought it right to try it, after what my simple mother had said—just to please she.’

‘ Will you let me ask you,’ said Carilis, stopping him, ‘ since we are so confidential on this awkward business, which I wish, indeed, I had never heard of ;—but, since you are so good—can it be possible that Lady Mary interested herself about *me*?’

‘ Certain sure,’ he replied—‘ I won’t lie for any body, Carry :—she set me on,’ said he, affecting to blubber like a punished child—‘ she did, indeed—and I told her she was a goose—but that is a point deadly hard of belief with Lady Mary Vaseney, though it is as plain as the sun at three o’clock in the dog-days, in Berkeley-square. But, Carry,’ said he, in a different tone, ‘ don’t you trust to people’s being geese, for your goose is not always a simple drug—your goose is sometimes of the composite order—not the Roman—but still composite.—Well ! I am almost tired of my mad life, or *bad* life, as my old snuffy uncle would have called it—so I wish I had sped better.—I should have liked, for a bit or so, to have tried regularity—but I don’t know that I should altogether have liked it ; and if I had not, Lord a’ mercy

upon the drawing-horse of the two ; so it may be as well—especially if my head is to go off. But now let me tell you my mind—I am not going to hang, drown, or shoot myself—If I am shot, I will have a man to do it for me ;—I would as soon black my own shoes, as shoot my own brains out :—wait upon myself indeed ?—not I.—Neither am I going to write an elegy upon my own fate—there's one somewhere upon a mad dog, ready written.—You are not, upon the whole, a girl to lead a man into being a fool—but I could almost envy a man who was *not* a fool, and who might happen to please you. That old parson-guardian of yours, must have done you a monstrous deal of good :—I have often thought, if parsons took girl-pupils, as they do boy-whelps, the women would be better than they are :—I wonder what my blessed sisters will be—only think of my wise parents sending them off to Nova-Scotia, just when they most wanted a mother's care and a father's credit!—building a house of cards and knocking it down for somebody to build it again—to as little purpose, perhaps.—Now, good by'e,' said he ; ' I shall keep out of sight, for a few days, at least—and whether I may or may not come back, I cannot tell ;—but not to torment you. Do you talk of my going abroad—never mind father or mother—it won't hurt *their* feelings, for they never believe

any thing I say; but it will save you from pop'larity :—but mind, I tell you, I think some people mean to *get credit* by you—so take care, and don't help cut your own throat. Do as you like, about knowing Lady Lynford is come back.'

So saying, he skipped away, and presented himself at a private ball in the place, from which his family were absent, and thence, only coming to his father's to change his dress, he set off for the house of the friend whom he was visiting, trusting to the sleep he might get in his conveyance thither.

Miss Monterne's rumination might have been very unquiet after this scampering farewell, had not Lady Mary, on her return home, annihilated all power of ruminating, by opening a parcel sent, as the gleanings of the Berkeley-square house, by the coach, which had just arrived — and finding, amongst various billets, thanks for inquiries, invitations, and visiting-tickets, and some things not of a nature to wait as quietly for acknowledgment, a note directed for Miss Monterne, and which had found its way from St. Emertil's at leisure, and waited patiently in town, till, the house being let to persons of common sense, the collection was forwarded as the best mean of preservation.

' Oh ! from Mr. Broderaye ! from my guar-

dian! my dear Lady Mary—thank you! thank you! a thousand times.—But, my dear madam, how astonished I am to hear that Lady Lynford is come back!’

Lady Mary was occupied with her own concerns:—she read, “Your ladyship will excuse the liberty I take—your ladyship’s little account—pressed to make up a sum.”—‘Aye, that’s always the excuse.—Miss Monterne, don’t you remember my paying this bill for the rout-cakes?’

‘You paid *one*, I know, ma’am.’

‘Well, this, I’m sure, I thought I had paid—certainly I did.’

‘Perhaps the receipt is in your writing-desk.’

‘No; I remember I did not take a receipt at the time.—I bid them remember I had paid it;—but, I’m sure I paid it—I’m positive of it—I got you to call by yourself, Carry; it was one Tuesday, and I told you, that if they crossed it out of their books, it was enough.—My dear, you *should* have seen it crossed out, when I so particularly desired you.’

A short time previous to this, Carry might have begged pardon, and excused her inattention;—but she was grown a head taller in courage of late; and calling off her attention from decyphering her guardian’s cautious note, to the care of her attacked integrity, she said, in a reasoning tone,

‘ Lady Mary,—if you are so certain of having sent me to pay this bill, and of the orders you gave me, you must be able to make me recollect it.—If you will, from your account-book, tell me on what Tuesday it was paid, I will, from my journal, tell you whether I *did* pay it.’

Her ladyship referred to the date of the *bill*—It must have been on a Tuesday which she specified; and she was right, because it was the only one that intervened between incurring the debt and leaving London.—She remembered, perfectly well, every circumstance of Carilis’s undertaking the commission—even the weather, and her coming to ask her, when going out, if she could do any thing for her by the way;—and she had her new bonnet on that day; and she asked Lady Mary if she did not think it too large, and Lady Mary said, ‘ Not for the fashion.’

‘ I will look in my journal what I did on that day,’ said Carilis, ‘ if your ladyship will be so good as to look in your account-book; because you must have given me the money—I had not enough of my own.’

The ladies went on their different quests. Carilis was determined to listen before she spoke.

Lady Mary clucked—‘ It always happened that if one forgot to put down any one article—if it was only once in seven years—and she thought

she was as exact as any body—that article—that very article was sure to be charged again—she had always found it so:—it served her quite right—she deserved it—but she was confident she had paid it. It was not likely that Miss Monterne would set down in her journal such an article as calling at the confectioner's.'

Indeed the chances were very much in her ladyship's favour; and Miss Monterne would never have enrolled such a deed in the archives of her family—but she had registered the whole nominal forenoon of that day, from eight in the morning to six in the afternoon, as of intense heat, which in itself might have rendered doubtful her walking out—and, moreover, as given up to a review on Ashford common, for which she certainly had worn her new bonnet; and in wearing it, had certainly asked Lady Mary's opinion as to the size.

Now, would not any body have supposed Lady Mary Vaseney must have felt and looked rather foolish?

Some persons might;—and Carilis might, when at St. Emeril's, have turned aside in *impromptu* avoidance of the sight of her humiliation;—but there was no longer any cause for such scrupulosity.—Her ladyship clung to the bonnet and the correctness of her memory about the bonnet:

—and as for the rout-cakes, she swallowed them in silence.

When facts similar to this, can be brought forward, *mutatis mutandis*, is it too much to say, that to spend beyond an income, is to set up to sale every particle of human integrity?—Carilis left off blushing for her protectress—this would have been a movement of her veins to no purpose; but she would not suffer any, even involuntary gesticulation, to insult her—this was all she could do;—unless forming a resolution to take good care of her own accounts, and to make her journal still more minute, was doing any thing.

She was at full liberty to proceed with decyphering her note—it excited no interest in her friend; and she was herself a little too indignant to obtrude it on her attention. It would have been a gratification to have shared its agreeable contents with one who could have rejoiced with her; but the pleasure it brought was sufficient in itself. It was not subscribed, nor was it dated; but it told her, that ‘no one dear to her was suffering any evil worse than separation from her’—that ‘her papa had found a friend and a mamma for her’—that ‘*Fanny* had a good prospect from her windows, and would sketch it at the first opportunity.’—She was charged ‘to be good, and to keep up her courage.’—All this she could com-

prehend—it convinced her that the party were together and in health; and it corroborated the report of Mr. Broderaye's marriage.—By Fanny she understood Lord Astham; and she was in ecstasies of joy, which she found, however, she should do well to keep to herself, now that Lady Mary's budget had revealed all its contents. The clouds had collected very heavily on her ladyship's brow, when she took leave for the night; and had her *protégée* had any thing to fear for, she might have apprehended the effect of their breaking upon her.

CHAPTER XIII.

EVERY thing seemed to be against the public peace the next morning.—The rout-cake account had not come alone—the general had some of its relations—the coachman came in with the breakfast, to describe how one of the horses had lamed himself the evening before, and to propose taking advantage of his inability, to get some repairs done to the carriage. There was no veiling of any of these misfortunes, from each other, between the husband and wife; but they excited no part of the usual feeling in them. The general shook hands with Lady Mary on the similarity of their despatches:—the coachman was ordered to apply to the farrier, whom the general would meet at the stables, and to send the coachmaker to him, when he had made a survey and estimate of the expense;—all this was done in a manner that indicated its very little importance; and Carilis might have felt relieved from anxiety for her friends, by the indication of improved circumstances, if, in seeing the men-servants meet in the hall, she had not observed them wink at each other, and use gesticulations which, under the information

of the colonel's habit of playing '*Proverbs*,' gave her the idea that they meant to say that the dice-box and a pack of cards had been—in their favour.—Whether right or wrong, the suspicion that this was meant, was not pleasant—it took away a little more confidence ; and whatever it took away, was, of course, instantly transmuted into anxiety for herself.

To attempt interesting the general in her views, required a posture of mind very different from hers. Whatever his politeness might dictate, that Mr. Broderaye was no favourite with him, was an unquestionable point. Two such men could not be cordial friends.

A second attempt to introduce the subject of Lady Lynford's return, failed ;—and the manner in which it was passed over, served, not only to decrease confidence but to induce suspicion—suspicion most painful in its origin, and destructive to all repose in its progress.

Cheerfulness—if it were not rather the appearance of it—had continued to predominate in the countenance of General Vaseney for some days, and was reflected in that of his observant wife.—But again his forehead was cloudy, and hers wrinkled—still this must be the effect of some trifling cause, as it did not make them relinquish the intention of performing what he called a duty

of society, and which her ladyship acquiesced in, either under that tempting denomination for a pleasure, or in consistency with her professional obedience.

This conscientious performance was the donation of a ball and supper, *to* which no persuasion could attract the colonel,—*in* which Miss Monterne was brought infinitely forwarder than was in any way agreeable to her—*from* which she retreated to her chamber, less satisfied than ever with the protection she was under—*after* which she was looked at askance by some of her own sex—*ear-wigged* in fashionable phrase—*distressed*, in phrase never in or out of fashion—by men whom she wished to shun—and *by* which she was too well convinced that there was not a circumstance respecting her real, or probable, or possible situation,—except, perhaps, her resolution and her superiority to influence, that was not published in Cheltenham.—Who, after this, could have any peace or quiet of mind?—or what, under such failures, might she not apprehend?—But what could she do? Nothing.

Gentle persuasions now came, in the form of encomium—tendernesses reported—wishes from fathers that sons might be acceptable, or, at least, be permitted to make their bow; and Carilis began to look round as if she had lost her party in a

d and wanted the aid of a conductor to them.—She could not repent her sincerity to the colonel; but she heartily wished him with her.—She thought on her grandfather.—Poor soul! how could she ask for *his* half-loaf?—She thought on Lady Lynford—she might be spurned from her gate. There were, indeed, persons of worth and consideration in the place, and whom she knew, and towards whom she felt inclined to draw, in case of necessity—two or three were regular inhabitants—and she comforted herself that she could, in exigency, open her heart to one of these;—but, at present, it was necessary to be circumspect, and she could only keep herself in readiness for any proceeding that she might feel requisite.—It was impossible, under such circumstances, not to wish herself with her friends the *détenus*.

She had, one morning, when left alone, by dint of thought, deduction, and comparison, convinced herself that General Vaseney had set his wife on to bring about an union between the colonel and herself to serve interested purposes, which would have precluded her renunciation;—she had, on stripping the matter of all its extraneous adjuncts, concluded that the colonel had been told that the offer would be agreeable to her—and she had felt grateful for the description of man who made it—she had begun to be certain that these contrarieties

in the conduct of the general and Lady Mary, were under the influence of that which neither he nor she could manage—and she had burst into tears on regarding her not only forlorn, but perilous situation,—when the more than usually obstreperous arrival of Colonel Vaseney, brought joy and comfort to her.

General Vaseney and his lady had, a few minutes before, returned home: they received him; but, quitting them instantly, he called aloud, as a merry-hearted brother would have done to a sister like Miss Monterne, and desired her to come to the drawing-room where they were. She obeyed him, with some anxiety lest the state of her spirits should be betrayed by her countenance.—Nobody but he, was at leisure to make observation—he looked at her, and saying, as she tried to smile—‘A rainbow, I see,’—he quitted her hand, and prepared to answer questions which he might well expect would be put to him.

‘I suppose,’ said Lady Mary, ‘we must not presume to ask where you come from—these *friends*, I suppose——’

‘Oh yes—you may ask,’ he said.—‘You may ask me any thing—and so may my father—or Carry, if she pleases—I am no dumb oracle to-day—I am quite in the speaking mood;—but you may hear more than you like,’ he added, as he was ad-

justing the disturbed carpet under the foot of his chair.

‘ Well then,’—said his mother, who had not heard the last words, ‘ where do you come from ?’

‘ Last ?—do you mean.’

‘ Yes ; or at any time, if you will give us the history of your travels.’

‘ Oh yes ; you shall have them—and the name of my companion too ? Good Lord ! how close it is !—I shall never get this glove of mine off,’ said he, tugging at his left-hand glove.

‘ Your mother asks where you come from, and who you came with, Frederick,’ said the general, rather peevishly.

‘ She don’t,’ said he, boorishly—‘ she don’t ask any such thing, fayther—that ’s just one of your——’

‘ Oh, I do though,’ said her ladyship.

‘ Well then—Lawk-a-daisy !—it grows hotter ; —doesn’t it, Carry ? Why, I come *from* the Penrowneys, and *with* Penrowney—and they are all coming in just now.’

‘ Who ?’ said father and mother at once.

‘ The Penrowneys,’—he bawled out, loud enough to be heard throughout the house—‘ Don’t you know who *they* are ?—If you don’t, I’ll tell you.’

‘ Impossible,’ said Lady Mary—‘ it’s one of

your foolish jokes, Fred.—You can't have seen *them*, of course——'

'No, of course, I never should have seen *them*; but I went out of the course;—I bolted though—for, by Jupiter! what I tell you is perfectly veracious—veridical—the solemn truth.—Now, don't look so—for you look downright ugly:—look at Carry, how pretty *she* looks!—and Papa too—he looks as nice as ninepence—a dear man!'

The general rose in indignation, and was very near striking his son; but the colonel parried his arm gently.

'Surely,' said Lady Mary, 'we might have been consulted—we *are*, at all events, and, after all, your parents.'

'Consult a fiddlestick!'—he answered, taking up his hat, which was near him, and throwing it to a distance, and saying, as it passed Miss Monterne, 'Oh! I beg your pardon, Carry; I did not mean my hat to hit you or frighten you—I hope I have not made you prick your fingers—but really, these people do drive one almost out of one's wits and good manners.'

'Well, but, Frederick,' said his mother.

'Well, but, Frederick,' he repeated, in a mimicking tone—'what now?'

'Why, surely, you should have told your father and I.'

‘ Yes, mummy, I know I should have told I—but, perhaps, I by itself I—or I *not* by itself I, would have said something that *me* would not have liked.—*You* would have clucked your poor heart out—and to no purpose ; for you could not have clucked mine out—and the great Cæsar, “who conquered the world with a row-dow-dow,” would just, for the relief of his feelings—I know you love the word *just*—he would just, perhaps, have cursed and swore a little in the cause of mankind, and me no like to be cursed and sworn.—*He* might, indeed, when he came to himself, have bid me go and fetch his daughter—and then, there would have been cryings and kissings, which I hate as much.—As for you, mither of mine—there was no danger of *your* being too merciful.’

‘ Fie, fie ! Frederick,’ said the general, cooling on a sudden. ‘ How do you know what your mother would do ?—a mother’s feelings——’

The colonel grew angry :—he repeated, “ A mother’s feelings ! ”—‘ I speak only, Sir, from what I myself have seen and experienced.—We were all spoiled and ruined as children—kissed, and lapped, and fondled, and crammed—then, the first thing we did wrong was heinous, and never to be forgotten—and our faults were case-hardened into the minds of your acquaintance, by my mother’s exposing them.—A warm anger will forgive

—a cool one never does—mother will remember till Doomsday, every one of our faults.—I don't want to offend you or affront my mother,' said he, more seriously, 'but, I *do* say this, that, in your system of management, which, I confess, you and she have a right to choose for yourselves, you make yourselves responsible for the faults of your children, and leave them no opportunity of behaving better than I do.'

The general had nothing to reply. Carilis, in new distress, was preparing to quit the room, but was stopped by Lady Mary, who had, indeed, begun to cluck and sob; but who, now, with that happy elasticity and dis-jointed inconsistency of some minds, which it is to the credit of others that they cannot believe possible, desired her to remain—not to afford her support or consolation, but, because she wanted her services under her own especial direction.—'Do not go,'—said she, still conflicting with her sobs—'Do not go—for you *must* put that trimming on my bonnet, before I wear it again; and you cannot do it as I wish, unless I am by you.'—To adopt Lessing's admirable mode of applying *his* fables—it may obtain attention to the possibilities of weak minds, to give a verbal fact.—'Do not grieve or distress yourself so,' said a friend to the mistress of a family, under a very heavy misfortune—'things

wear a better aspect now—your fears are subsiding.’—‘True,’ she replied, ‘but, it is so hard, that I am made to deny myself, and must not let any company in.’—Now is Lady Mary Vaseney more extravagant than this?

Carilis was desired to fetch the bonnet, and look to the bonnet :—she obeyed.

When she returned, the colonel had fairly introduced the subject of the Penrowney-interests—he had introduced it indeed ; but it was by forcible entry ;—and it was the bent of his humour to make his father and mother suppose Mr. Penrowney in a critical situation that called for assistance.

Lady Mary could not command herself. She almost justified her son’s severity, by showing herself afraid that the general should feel for his daughter.

When he had led on, as far as he thought fit in this direction, he changed his tack, and told the blazing truth, that, except in point of family, his sister could not be better married. ‘Penrowney,’ said he, ‘began the world with nothing but a good head, a good heart, and industrious hands ; and, perhaps, I should be as angry as you can be, at his stealing one of *my sisters*, if I did not consider the notions, for principles I cannot call them, which you put into their heads. I have heard you,

Sir, say, a hundred times—not, indeed, in the hearing of Penrowney, for you did not know him—but before fellows not as respectable—“My girls mustn’t expect fortunes—I have nothing to give ’em—they may all marry as they like—and thanks to any men who will take them! When my bones are turned into cabbages, they may have a dividend of eighteen pence; but nothing more can I promise.” Why, you put your girls by this, in the very power not only of the men *at your table*, but the men *behind your chair*; and if your groom or your coachman met with any showy fellow, a little better than themselves, who wanted to rise in the world on a good connexion, they had only to say, “There are *our* girls for you—I dare say, you may have one of them.”’

‘And what style are the Penrowneys in?’ said the general, passing over ‘the style’ of his son, which Carilis could hardly with all her respect for truth, and her conviction that what he had said was too true, digest—‘what style do they move in?’

‘The last new style, to be sure,’ said the colonel.

‘Are they visited?—Are they received?’

‘My sisters are—for Louisa is with them and very comfortable—they are noticed now, of course; and this will introduce Penrowney himself, in time;—they come here by way of half-way house

to London.—He is making an immensity of money in the mercantile way—and he spends it freely and prudently. Mother, you had better leave your tickets for your daughters—I am sure Carry will.’

‘I am sure, Carry will not,’ replied Carilis, happy, even under all her ill-treatment, in a fair opportunity of a little shielding parents so hard run by the license of their son’s half-jest and half-earnest censure. She felt herself drawn away as a novice in society is by profligate wit—the piquancy amused her; and the unquestionable justice of his strictures prevented her deciding against him as he uttered them;—but, when what he had said was summed up, and its force collected—when every allowance was made for his provocation, and all possible respect paid to his good sense, there yet remained too much to be blamed in his manner to leave her satisfied with his licentious assumption of authority; and, instead of feeling any longer that she had a guide and a support in Colonel Vaseney, it was added to her painful convictions, that, with so little recollection of the duty of *a son*, she could hardly call upon him with any propriety or hope of increased safety, to perform the offices of *a friend*. She could not think herself competent to represent this to him; but it showed her, that, even with *him*, she must be cautious, lest she lost any sense of what was fit in her own situation.

He was near concluding his visit, when hearing more than usual movement in the street, he looked out and said, 'There they go,'—and, nodding to the carriage passing, answered the natural question, 'Who?' put to him by both parents at once, by saying, 'The Penrowneys, to be sure.'

'What? not that dashing equipage—you do not mean those four bright bays with the switch tails and two out-riders—postillions in blue jackets!!'

'Yes, general,' he replied coolly—'that very elegant set-out.'

'What? the landau?—and the women in lace veils?' said Lady Mary.

'Yes, mamma,'—he answered—'do not your bowels yearn?'

'Carilis had no longer patience.—She cried out, 'Oh! colonel—too much, indeed—too much;—you talk of propriety of conduct between gentlemen and ladies—you say, if we young women treated *you* civilly, you should treat *us* respectfully;—surely—surely you should set a pattern yourself—I know you can.'

'Your argument will not hold water, Miss Monterne,' said he—'papas and mammas should set the pattern; and then we will follow.—But, come, come—a truce——'

'Oh,' said Lady Mary, as usual, taking part

against any one who would have taken her part, 'Frederick never means any harm;—I could always trust to him much better than to his brother—Fred. has a heart—haven't you, Fred.?'

What did Lady Mary expect her son to say, 'Yes, at her service?'—He said nothing.—He went away, and bowed more distantly than before, to Carilis, who saw she had lost, or was losing him, for a friend and a reliance.

And now, every day he visited; and every day Mrs. Penrowney went by in her insulting style, and looked up, as if having gained an advantage in knowing where to brave her parents. Mr. Penrowney and the general could not long be personal strangers to each other; but the young man always, with the most perfect propriety, withdrew, whenever they met; and, as General Vaseney had morning as well as evening-engagements, not at all in the track of a prudent young merchant, they were not much under each other's feet.

But with all that Mr. Penrowney could do to avoid giving offence himself—for over his wife, while urged by her brother, he had no control—it was evident that Cheltenham had now lost much of its fascination on the senses of the general and his lady: they began to talk with regret of the engagement of the Berkeley-square house, though the weather was hot, and the town worse than unattrac-

tive to persons of fashion : they discussed other places, and seemed to think any would be eligible ; but all ended in shakes of the head, and hints that such liberty of movement could not be theirs.— Lady Mary had been near running over a little family of lovely children in a shop ; and, retaining her nursery-feelings in all their warmth, caressed them, and inquired who was so happy as to have such a family.—The answer being, that ‘ they were Squire Penrowney’s,’—they seemed changed into serpents:—she almost screamed, and grew shy of shopping.

This blistering might have proceeded for some time longer, had not an event occurred which was announced to Miss Monterne by her accidentally encountering Lady Mary on the stairs, and seeing her in very distressing emotion.

Perhaps the cavalier treatment which these inexcusably-erroneous parents were receiving from their son, might excite more compassion than Carilis could have felt for persons so imperfectly discharging their trust to her—but, having obviated most of the inconvenience to which they had exposed her, by very willingly retreating from the public gaze, she did not accumulate to herself revived sensations ; and seeing them now growing what she could not but call aged, and by their own want of common discretion absolutely re-

ducing themselves to circumstances that called for pity, she beheld Lady Mary, at this moment of rencontre, with compassion that made her forget all injuries; and, leading her into the nearest room, she tried to console her at random, not daring to question her.

There was no occasion for questioning. Her ladyship, with those signs for silence, that gave Carilis a notion that the general must be—though at an odd time of day—dozing, told her explicitly that ‘he had been unfortunate,’—and that, strong as was their inclination to retreat from ‘this horrid place,’ they had not the means—‘and—and—and’—and that she had been obliged—‘to—to—to—to consent to see—see—see—see—the Pen—pen—pen—pen—Penrowneys.’—Carilis was not old enough to remember Mrs. Mattocks in Sophy Pendragon—or she must have called her distresses to mind—in the *blare*—as a Suffolk-provincialist would have called it—of Lady Mary Vaseney.

The arrangement made, was, that the general should not be seen all that day, not even by his family—he was to dine alone and admit only Lady Mary in the evening; and the next day, at three o’clock—the ‘Pen—pen—pen—Penrowneys’ were to make their promised call—and, how it was all to end—her ladyship’s *piety* told her there was but One Intellect that could foresee.

The interview afforded one of those odious scenes in the drama of *this* life, which make those who look beyond it, rejoice that it is not the only one promised. The parents were left to make all the advances to their daughters, who seemed drawing back till the advance had come up to the line of their insolent expectation. Yet Lady Mary brooked it all, and tried to prevent pauses in the conversation, as if the sound of her own voice drummed down the clamour of her wounded feelings.

Blunt questions from Mrs. Penrowney and her sister, served to fill up the space of non-information since their withdrawing:—the questions were put and the answers received with an indifference calculated to provoke; but Lady Mary was all submission; and an uninteresting visit of half an hour was concluded with cold kisses and measured civilities. Of Carilis, the sisters had taken little notice but by staring, and rough observations on her growth; but all this was in some measure abated in its wounding power, by the propriety of Mr. Penrowney's conduct: he was a large showy young man, desirous, as was evident, of raising himself to the height on which his precursor Fortune seemed to design to place him. He was quite ready to be a gentleman; and, perhaps, it was in some measure his wish for this

instruction, that induced him to meet the overture of his wife's relations as readily as he had done.

The visit seemed to have a good effect on the general's spirits:—he dined with his family; and the colonel was made the messenger of an invitation to the Penrowneys, to dinner, for the following day. It was accepted; but Carilis, having promised to name an early day to dine with a family who had shewn her great civilities, obtained leave of absence, which was readily granted and most gladly accepted.

During three or four successive days, Mr. Penrowney was much closeted with his newly-discovered father-in-law, who spoke well of him in his absence, and received from him all the external tokens of acknowledged inferiority, and of proper respect for his elevated situation in the world, and relation to his wife, that could be fairly expected. The two families seemed without exertion to fall into intimacy; the children were brought to be seen and kissed. Mamma came herself, as fine as money and milliners could make her; and her darlings were in all the lavish *costume* of new wealth.—Miss Vaseney talked to Carilis of the things which she best knew most out of her reach—of horses, grooms, open carriages, and men of the various denominations of the army—discussed helmets, *sabre-tasches*, and

boots, and turned away 'in the proper style'—on discovering that she had little interest in the proceedings of army-tailors or the movements of gentlemen on whom she had no designs.

The general was, after this interview, far from cheerful: he was grave and uneasy; much more at home than heretofore, and not inclined to admit visitors. His son, who had at least brought about this skinned-over state of family wounds, visited him daily, and gave Carilis a hint explanatory of circumstances, by saying, when his father was fretting under some controlled inclination, 'Fayther only wants to suck—but we can't let him do that:—if we have got him out of his jeopardy, he mustn't get in again, but I'll lay my life he runs into that or some other:—the man can't be quiet, for the soul of him;—he is always in some mischief or other;—and Penrowney can't be expected to come down with another sum:—besides, Dad has nothing more to carry to market—the Penrowneys are afloat now—the grandees have left their tickets at my sister's door, and Penrowney himself has been seen arm in arm with his lawless father—so they are off the perch; and they have as much need of Daddy-di-do-du, to sell them rain and sunshine, as to sell them reception now; and Pen is not the man to go to market for moonshine.'

After a few days of this sort of pause, and

after a long conference between the general, his son, and son-in-law, Carilis, in returning home from a walk with Lady Mary, saw, to her astonishment, a bill on the parlour-window, signifying that the house was to be let.—She pointed it out to her ladyship, supposing she would be nearly equally surprised; but she was not: she only said, with a sigh, that she believed she was glad of it.

It was impossible to enter the house without some curiosity to know what the family were to do next. Nothing had been decided on but their departure. London did not yet seem thought on; and words dropped gave an idea that it was to be thought on no more. Miss Monterne was not now of the cabinet-council—the general took his wife into another room to confer,—and nothing but the sum-totals of their deliberations was suffered to appear: the horses were evidently sold—the coachman, groom, and capital cook dismissed; and Lady Mary, saying, almost in plain terms, and in her hearing, that Miss Monterne could do what she wanted of personal attendance, very generously offered to part with her woman;—but the general was too affectionate a husband to subject a wife to his privations: he protested against this sacrifice, and stopped little short of saying, that he would rather part with the substitute proposed.

CHAPTER XIV.

AT length, poor Tunbridge was named as the place of retreat—not by the general, but by those who might be considered as his trustees; and words that escaped during the deliberation, indicated, that it was selected as affording no encouragement to expense, or the adventurous means of defraying it; but on this mis-use of a lovely place, there was no decision.

Fortune favoured these *beginners to be prudent*. The Cheltenham-house exactly suited the views and wishes of the Penrowneys; the advantage of succeeding General and Lady Mary Vase-ney in it, atoned for three in a bed in the nursery; and, at the equinox, the new system of things was to be established. But before this day of balance came, and while Carilis was lending all her assistance in the service of those who so ill requited her concern for them, Colonel Vase-ney, as if to convince her of her injustice in not having uniformly been his partizan, gave her a hint which tended in its effect almost to incapacitate her from farther exertion; he privately bade her take an opportunity, when she was not seen, to go into the

general's dressing-room, where there yet had been no fire made, and to look into the stove-grate. —‘ Don't dirty your fingers,’ said he, ‘ when you have found the thing I mean—there is nothing farther, I assure you ; for I have myself looked carefully—it is only a slip of card-paper, as wide as two of your fingers—or rather mine, perhaps—but you will find it ; and then, perhaps, you will say, that *my* notions of certain persons are more correct than your prejudices in their favour.—You made me so angry, that I had resolved not to let this out ; but I see you are more weak than wicked—so I have compassion for you—or at least I am determined you shall know how you are mistaken, if you think any thing but the very worst.—Mum, I charge you.’

With no small impatience, did poor Carry wait for an opportunity of doing as she was directed: she had some hours to endure, but, at length, she got to the spot pointed out, and, searching in a very uninviting heap, and, to an extension of patience that required all her confidence in her informer, she found, folded and crushed, but still legible, a visiting-ticket, such as the colonel had described, on which was written, with a pen, the words, ‘ Viscount Astham,’ with an almost obliterated addition in pencil, ‘ will write in a very few days.’

She read—and did not know at the moment that she felt any thing—she heard herself say, ‘Perfidious!’—She put the card, soiled as it was, within the bosom of her dress, went to her chamber, locked herself in, and felt herself grow faint, without the power even to wish she might revive.

How long she lay thus, she had no reckoning to go by; but when the struggle of returning animation was deciding in her favour, she saw a door which she had not locked, standing open, and Lady Mary on one side of her, and the housemaid on the other, the one with a vial of harts-horn, and the other with a wine-glass of it diluted, which she drank, saying, ‘Thank you, I am better.’—Lady Mary had been, in tremulous vociferation, calling ‘Miss Monterne—Caroline—Carry—Child—Lord bless me!—what shall we do?—I dare say we must send for somebody to bleed her—and there, I suppose, will be half a guinea—for these places are all so dear!’—The maid had replied, ‘Oh! no, my lady, miss will come-to—she will do very well—there, there, Lord love your sweet face and your pretty hair!—come then; lay your head, there’s a dear miss—lay your head on my bosom—it’s only Susan—come, come, you know *me*.’—

The danger which Lady Mary’s natural imbecility of judgment magnified, being over, Carilis

roused, in excellent time to hear her say, ' People always choose the most inconvenient time for being ill—I never knew it otherwise—if one is going to move, some of the servants, or somebody else, always fall sick—I believe they do it on purpose.'—Susan had not time to resent this—Miss Monterne was herself again—and the house-business called away the best of her two friends.

Her first anxiety, when alone, was for the safety of that which had caused the confusion : it had not been removed or seen.—Susan was, indeed, almost in the act of unpinning and untying ; but her lady stopped her, saying, it would do no good, and perhaps it would require somebody to dress her again ; and she was sure there was nobody to be spared now ; so the dirty manuscript remained secure in its cordial repository.

Civilly dismissing her ladyship from all further attendance—and desired ' to come down as soon as she could ; for nobody could wait on her, and she might be wanted ; ' she took the liberty, however, to sit down for a few minutes, and to ask herself what she could do in this case of hardship.—She received the too-frequently-repeated answer—' Nothing, poor Carry.'

One experiment, notwithstanding the discouragement, she ventured to make, and boldly too, without asking the advice of any one :—at the first

fair opportunity—which was at dinner-time—she asked the men-servants if no letter had come for her within a short time. She had no correspondents—Mr. Vanderryck did not write—the note from Mr. Broderaye had travelled in company under an envelope—therefore, the fact was very ascertainable—the under-servant immediately professed ignorance, and it could not be doubted—the upper-servant muttered something, as if offended by the question, and turned to his glasses—but Carilis was confident that he had a glance from the general, who, at that moment, called for the fish-sauce—Lady Mary looked considerably silly, and was in doubt whether what she had on her plate was quite sweet—‘she was so particular!—nobody had such a nice nose as she had.’

All this was permission to Carilis to be quiet, unless she meant to provoke to those desperate acts of resentment which would have turned her houseless upon the world. Yet she could not forbear—foolish girl!—from saying, ‘it was odd, because she had reason to suppose a letter had been sent to her.’ The general replied by an observation on the increase of negligence in every department of business, ever since he had known the world—and was going off in instances:—Lady Mary cut them short by observing, that they really did not keep servants to do other people’s business;

and Carry, when she had swallowed this, had a little time left to remark on the very small resemblance that was to be traced between Lady Mary Vaseney now, and what she was when she first knew her. This was not a fair remark—there was no other dissimilarity, than that which exists between a picture in the dead colour, and a picture dismissed from the easel:—both would have been going on under *some* influence, tending to what each must turn out when completed.

Family-discussions proceeded, and being still open when little more time remained than sufficed for carrying them into effect, they seemed, in their own inert tendency, to leave Tunbridge the place rather allotted than chosen for the next residence of these elegant skulkers; and to this, Carilis—though she felt every movement under such circumstances, a disgrace in which she was implicated,—could not object, as every thing she had heard of Tunbridge-Wells was in favour of the place—and in case of any arrivals from France, or even another attempt on the part of Lord Astham to write to her, she must be easily found. Colonel Vaseney, now in good humour again with her, offered to try to forward a letter to the *détenus*—an accommodation which passed an act of oblivion on his former transgressions; and she availed herself of it immediately, to write, in the

same style of caution as her guardian's. He then told her to leave her address at the post-office in the place she was quitting; and not waiting to see the party off, he joined his regiment, under orders for continental service—and—in the list of the *living*—was heard of no more!—A farewell-note from him was on Miss Monterne's dressing-table when she went to dress for dinner—one line attaching every feeling of the heart—the next calling for severe reprobation—and the whole concluding with a confidential warning against being surprised, if, instead of finding herself, at the end of her journey, at Tunbridge-Wells, she should be set down in the isle of Anglesea, or its vicinity. It was desperation to be thus fresh billeted; and it was misery to her to be thus carried out of any line of possible communication; but the intelligence had been accompanied by a strict injunction to secrecy, on which the general's personal safety was said to depend;—and, therefore, 'poor Carry' could again do nothing—but be patient and trust.

The eve of the day of departure arrived—cold—windy—cloudy and dispiriting.—Carilis had been desired to make her adieus on paper; and all was in readiness.—Stipulation had been made, by those who furnished the means of moving, that London should be avoided; and the plan of dividing the

journey, was talked of with a seriousness that made her doubt whether the colonel himself were not the dupe. But she had little time to reflect; for more than the usual proportion of occupation seemed devolved on her, by the marvellous incapacity of the lady's woman, who, in the true mulish spirit, would, on this exigency, do nothing that she could avoid. It was reasonably to be supposed, that she could not approve the exchange of Cheltenham for Tunbridge -- what fashionable lady's woman could approve it? especially in this season of equinoctial contention for victory between the wind and the rain. — But still, as moving was resolved on, it seemed as reasonable to submit to it, unless the lady could make staying behind answer her purpose better. — The matter was not quite clear — ‘she *might* have a sweetheart at Cheltenham’ — she *might*, as the general said, ‘poor thing! find the air agree with her particularly well:’ she certainly, as Lady Mary was forced to confess, did not look well while in London; and she had recovered while where they were; but her ladyship added to those concurrences in opinion, her decided and positive determination, that ‘either the maid or the general, should go within the carriage: — she could then,’ as she observed, ‘carry Susan, and that would save a little.’ — The two men were to go behind, and one pair of post-horses must suf-

fice:—‘ the carriage was not a heavy one—it had only the drag-chain and staff for the hills, more than it had in town—and the baggage would not be much—and they were only seven, beside the post-boy:—it could all very well be done—for it *must* be done.’

All was in order ; and the party went to bed early, to be in early readiness for the morning.

It was not yet time to rise, even with all this lark-like business, when Susan came to the door of Miss Monterne—calling, in a hissing whisper, ‘ Miss, miss — Miss Monterne—Miss Carilis—Miss——’

‘ What’s the matter, Susan—time for me to get up?—Thank you.’

‘ No, miss, no ; but, God bless you, get up, and do go to my lady ; for I’m sure I can’t ; and do tell her, that they are absolutely gone off together.—We did suspect it ; but we dare not say—for fear.’

‘ Gone off, Susan? — But who? — Who is gone off?’

‘ Why, master and—— ; do let me in, miss, and I will tell you—the general—my master—miss, —and——’

Carilis opened the door, and admitted the woman.—She then had to learn, that the general,

having risen earlier than any body, except his lady's woman, who had lain down in her clothes to be ready for the morning's expedition, whatever it might be, had been seen going out at a back-door, and had been traced by the footman till sheltered with her, in a stage-coach going to London.

Now, who was to tell this? The butler would not—the footman could not—Susan was scarcely able to support herself.—Must Carilis undertake this also?—She turned her thoughts to the Penrowneys—but they were not near enough to be with her quickly.—Could the matter be in any way kept from Lady Mary? No, it was impossible.

None of the service so dreaded was called for. The general had recollected a letter which must be answered before he started; and Lady Mary was not lethargic:—the stairs went very near the head of her bed; and she had tried to persuade herself that her maid was making up, by the alacrity of the morning, for the ill-humour of the previous day: she thought 'she might as well rise and see what they were all about.'—She put her head out at her chamber-door; and seeing Miss Monterne in her night-cap and dressing-gown, and Susan very imperfectly drest, she inquired what had happened, and, taking the poor girl by sur-

prise, heard from her, without circumlocution or concealment, very much the same as she had communicated to Miss Monterne. Violent hysterics succeeded, which lasted beyond the time fixed for setting out:—the carriage came to the door to be packed: Carilis was compelled to decide, and therefore sent it away. She next despatched the footman for the apothecary, and the butler for Mr. Penrowney, and was thus self-constituted mistress of the house.

Mr. Penrowney came with all expedition: Lady Mary had sunk into calm sorrow; and Carilis was relieved from some part of her painful responsibility. As a man of business and understanding, he was ready in expedient: he adhered to the plan originally projected of taking to the house himself, and handsomely offered Lady Mary a residence in it, at any inconvenience to his family—accompanying his offer with an invitation to Miss Monterne to remain where she was. In the best spirit of doing service in an exigency, and, perhaps, perceiving that he was feeding poor Lady Mary with food very hard of digestion, he altered his scheme by proposing to keep his family back for a few days.—This made all easy; Lady Mary was not insensible to the delicacy of this attention—her spirits were relieved by tears—she was sure the dear general was only

led away for an instant, by that wicked wretch ; and she consented to be obliged.

The extreme dulness in which these occurrences left her ladyship and her *protégée*, contributed to the recovery of their tranquillity, and was, in the appreciation of Carilis, preferable to the miserable anxiety which she had undergone.—Freed from the influence of her husband, Lady Mary reverted to the good in her own composition ; and Carilis had a satisfaction in rendering her the respect due from a daughter, which would have served every purpose of more vivid pleasure, for a much longer period than that during which it was permitted to exist.

On the fourth day, and when Lady Mary was beginning, with great propriety, to consider what she ought to do, in consideration of Mr. Penrowney's attention to her, and for the convenience of his family, the post did actually bring a letter for Miss Monterne!—O the ecstasy!—It must be the letter she had expected:—how unjust she was to suppose that either carelessness or design had robbed her of it!—her heart begged pardon of those whom she could not openly accuse or propitiate.

Not so fast, Carry—it is no such thing:—the letter is from one who dearly loves you—but not

from Lord Viscount Astham:—it is a miserable business, as to personal appearance and idiom—not transcribable:—it must be decyphered—though it does *not* come from the land of tyranny.

It was a piteous statement from her poor old grandfather, that he ‘was sick and weak, and,’ he thought, ‘like to die,’ and that he wished much to see her, and, probably, should not be willing to part from her again.

Had it been only a wish for her presence, and for her remaining with him, whatever had been his means of providing for her—any thing on the better side of want, it would at this moment have been accepted by Carry as relief from the deprecated misery of being cast with Lady Mary on the benevolence of Mrs. Penrowney:—but that he was sick and sad was an abatement of even this little lot of comfort.

Still there were feelings and difficulties to be overcome and consulted on her proceedings: it was painful to do any thing that had the smallest appearance of deserting Lady Mary in her distress; and some consideration was requisite on the means of accomplishing her grandfather’s wish.—She was not helpless, but she was not accustomed to rough undertakings; and there was, in her mind, that natural shyness of exposure to the vulgar gaze, which it is little glory to a female of an upper class to

have subdued. The first thing, however, that required attention, was the communication to Lady Mary of the predicament in which she stood ;—and one cause of anxiety was much abated, when she found that it rather appeared to bring relief than regret : she had then only to think on the minor subject—herself.

Mr. Penrowney came daily to offer his services in the civilest way, and to see that Lady Mary suffered as little inconvenience as possible : he was, of course, told of Miss Monterne's call to town ;—and, good-naturedly interested in such an undertaking, when to be accomplished by a female, he inquired as to the state of her preparations. She had then made none : sufficient time had not elapsed since she had obtained Lady Mary's concurrence.

Whether he had, or only feigned, business that would take him to London, in a day or two, Mr. Penrowney accommodated himself to the exigency, by saying that he could, with the most perfect ease and convenience, escort her the next day, if she would put herself under his protection : she could not feel this too gratefully, though her feeling was almost overpowering. Expecting to be offered the conveyance of the stage-coach, she asked at what hour she was to be ready for it, and was answered, with due decorum, that she must

condescend to his style of a common hack-chaise. He left her to make the most of her time ; and between what it was absolutely necessary to do, and the obligation to listen to poor Lady Mary's wailings, it was not more than sufficient.

The parting between the protectress and the *protégée* might have been bitter, had it not been rendered palatable to the former, by the convenience of the privation ; and this so operated on the latter, that she could not suffer herself to feel too deeply what was little felt. What might be her own fate, she knew not—not absolute poverty, as Mr. Broderaye had allotted her a quarterly receipt from his income, sufficient for her small expenses ; —and, with her grandfather, she must find a home. But she saw the necessity of the utmost prudence in every step, and of all the forethought she could use.

At the last adieu, she easily prevailed on Lady Mary, to suffer her to leave in her hands, the sapphire-broche which the general had obtruded on her as a present : she had more motives than one, for this unfelt sacrifice ; and she had no ambition to share his favours with his lady's woman. Her ladyship's last words were expressions of confidence in his affectionate return to her, and of exasperation against the wicked wretch who had seduced him away. Her spirit still revolting

against association with her daughter Penrowney, she looked forward to the time when she might be allowed to share some preferable, though far worse appointed, retreat with her husband;—and in this point of character, Carilis could not but admire her; and, perhaps, not the less for the contrast which it formed to the general tendency of her natural disposition.

She could not depart till she had obtained Lady Mary's promise to write to her whenever writing was not painful—sooner she would not urge it. Nor even under all the variety of unpleasant occurrences, resulting, as far as they respected her weak protectress, from her assiduous observance of her husband's supposed interests, and the want of clearness in her judgment—could Carilis suspend the feeling of what she owed to the protection she had found, and the benefits she had derived from her friendship.—In her expressions of this due sense, she left no possibility of reproaching her with ingratitude; and she trusted to her future opportunities, to speak for her a still more unquestionable language.

In a morning of autumnal chilliness, and with skies that threatened more than they could find the heart to perform, she quitted Cheltenham, very, very thankful to be spared the inconveniences to which, but for Mr. Penrowney's liberal kindness,

she must have been exposed, and endeavouring to keep out of her recollection, sufficiently to be at liberty to be attentive, the painful scene to which she might be approaching, and other recollections nearly as obtrusive.—She had not been able to leave any address at the post-office, as she knew not whither she might be carried by Mr. Vander-ryck;—but Mr. Penrowney promised to supply this deficiency, if informed of her movements; and the day giving very good opportunity of becoming better acquainted with him, she could not but hope she had made a friend, in whom she could, if destitute, place some degree of confidence.—He was cordial in his expressions, extremely respectful in his deportment, humble in his appreciation of himself, and very intelligent in the business of the world: he showed himself by no means deficient in principle: he seemed to be working hard, in the hope of quiet enjoyment, and elegant ‘leisure to be good;’ and, in short, unless industry be disgraceful, and to rise in the world worth no man’s trouble, he was—and so he appeared to the comprehension of his fellow-traveller—eminently meritorious.

But it was easy to perceive, that, even in his seeming prosperity, there was that alloy which, however shaped or wherever situated, must form part of the currency of this world’s good. He said little

of Mrs. Penrowney—nothing that could be construed into unkind feeling, or want of that which was kind—yet it was evident that he was not happy with her, and that he accepted what he passed over in silence, as the necessary consequence of the terms on which they had met. In talking of his children, he showed all the father; but he dwelt on his resolution to enforce obedience to him while he cultivated their love, in a way that proved he had seen, if not smarted under, some deficiency of this sort. Some observations which escaped him, conveyed an idea that he was not acting entirely according to his own judgment, in bringing his family to Cheltenham: he described the situation from which he came to it, as far better suited to the real comfort of *his* life, and expressed himself impatient to get home; but he seemed to admit the necessity of consideration to the inclinations of ‘the ladies;’ and it might be inferred that they had been urgent. He concluded speaking on this subject, by saying, but without the smallest ill-humour, ‘What could I do?—I had, at the usual rate of proceeding, two to one against me; and the colonel, I dare say *you* know, is himself an host in argument. He is a most extraordinary being—completely a finished gentleman at one moment—a downright unformed boy at the next—so right in what he thinks, that

one takes him to one's heart as an inestimable treasure of integrity—and such he is;—but so wrong in his manner of using what he thinks, that you are frightened for him whenever he opens his lips: he always puts me in mind of a man practising to perfection a sword-exercise, yet never caring whose cheeks he gashes of those who look at him. I am perpetually going to say, “Take care, take care!”—but that he would not like from *me*.—You may judge, when I had him in the house, and he joined opinion with the ladies, what chance *I* stood. But he did me very kind service, in inducing the general to overlook every thing, and give me his hand: it removed my uneasiness about Mrs. Penrowney's reception, and obtained for her what *I* could *not* have obtained, and what it hurt me to see her deprived of by marrying below herself. But now we shall do better, though I am sorry to lose the colonel—but he certainly turned us a little topsy-turvy. One great objection to public places is, that they make home appear flat.—We have every thing that the world can give us at our place; but if I let the ladies stay here too long, they will lose their taste for that which, till now, they were satisfied with. It will soon be time to go back; and then we must come down to quiet ways; and *I* must be master:—we must not have any of these

dashing doings—they have answered their purpose—but we must lay them aside now they have done so :—I can, thank God ! by working hard—and mine is a great concern—I can allow my family every possible comfort—but I hate nonsense and presumption. I mean my girls to marry country-gentlemen, or professional men, and my boys to serve God and their country, in the best way their talents admit of. They shall all be as well educated as I have the power to educate them, if things go well—but we must not expect the everlasting continuance of such times as these, when Britain has the key of every store in Europe in her own hand ;—we shall fancy ourselves ruined whenever we have peace, depend upon it, because we shall see others open their shops again. Therefore, my dear madam, as I think I can discover *your* taste, I trust, if ever you honour us with a visit in our usual state of circulation, I trust you will not expect to see us in a watering-place fever, but quiet healthy-minded people. I shall take Mrs. Penrowney to town in the spring, to establish her in her rightful connexions ; and then she *must*, and I hope *will*, be content to remain at home, with the proper relief of society and occasional absences.’

The travellers reached London at an early hour in the evening. Carilis found her grandfather

under the hospitable roof of his good friend Shelly, who had attracted him into his own *surveillance* in the first stage of his illness, which his ancient Molly's marriage to a boy had rendered more distressing. Vanderryck was now slowly recovering: Mr. Penrowney saw Miss Monterne fairly into his aged arms, and asking permission to inquire after her the next morning, with great good manners, and her heartfelt gratitude, retired.

CHAPTER XV.

LADY Lynford's first step in her own affairs, had been an application to her banker, distantly mentioning her need of his confidential services, and endeavouring to arrange the manner in which she could best receive them. He discouraged her from taking the journey to London, and requested her patience till he could quit business, avail himself of his own connexions in her county, and at St. Emeril's hear what she had to say. To this she had assented : it gave her time to confirm her credit where she was :—time to *think*, she did not indeed wish for. Had some persons known what was passing in her mind, they might have expected to see her castellating her mansion against the siege which she looked for, and which she was determined to resist.

She was still a majestic oak : her foliage was full and vivid ; not a limb, not a branch, was impaired—every twig was in its perfect maturity ; but the circulating sap, that had hitherto produced its exuberant luxuriance, was beginning to feel a little check on its late transplanting. In a foreign country, she had compared herself with herself

in a foreign country; but, returned from that country, the comparison was carried on with what she had left herself when quitting her own; and, infinitely above all that despicable predilection for her own individuality, which can see no blemish and mark no progress, she, on returning to her native land and habitation, to trees which she remembered saplings, to space which she had thought immense, and fabrics which she had supposed everlasting, saw, far more clearly than could have been pointed out to her, the changes wrought by time, and felt them still more perceptibly in her own mind;—yet still it was her own mind—and while it continued such, little was to be done for her permanent peace.

Feeling, under the waiting to which she was doomed, the absolute impossibility of turning her eyes from those retrospections which led back to the sources of her disquiet—seeing, in various situations, those long since united with their parent-earth, and almost replying to their fancied voices, she was forced to give up the conflict with obtruding reflection, and to submit, if not to commune with herself, to be communed with *by* herself. From these communings she would, even now, rise with tears of which she could assign no specific cause, and under impressions the origin of which she could not trace.

She was still waiting, when, under the influence of a hot summer, the woods, even of the humid west, were assuming the character of ‘sear;’ and looking on them no longer with the indifference of childhood, the youthful love of change, or even the soothing confidence of an adult age, she regarded them as admonishing her that *her* autumn was approaching, and that it might resign its reaping-hook and its coulter into the hand of a successor, who might spurn weapons that subjugated only the soil. She saw the injuries her house and its decorations had sustained from its degradation into the class of ‘tenanted,’—and she asked herself, whether it might not at least amuse her, to restore it to its accustomed propriety of appearance;—but though still firm—and even to inveterate obstinacy—she almost sickened whilst bending her energies to the improvement of that which might be contested, and of which she must make herself the acknowledged mistress, before she could feel the gratifications resulting from such an undertaking.

The same difficulty which she had so often been forced to consider, and never had yet fairly surmounted, presented itself, as on former occasions of her irregular abidings in her proper place. What was she to do with the neighbourhood?—It was the season of the most respectable populousness of her

county. Little people, getting money in little ways, had had their holyday-tour, in turn with the various members of 'the firm,' and were gone home again—far happier, probably, than those whose grandeurs had tempted them from it:—the long robe and its train were thinking of halls and courts—physicians had laid in their calculated stock of renewed vigour for the use of their chariot-wheels:—the servants of the church—the artist and the great proprietor remained in their infeasible rights;—and a mind in order, and with the capacities of Heraline baroness Lynford, would have greeted the choice repose in which she might enjoy existence; but her spirit knew no repose—it was sent from the hand of the great Artificer, a bright mirror, capable of the truest reflection—but she had dashed it on the ground; and it now lay in fragments that did not afford 'a sheard' for any useful purpose, but which in their wounding nature were perpetually calling on her to decide upon her path, and be circumspect.

In the elevated moment of her return, when playing Elizabeth at Tilbury, she had told herself, and she had let it escape her as her intention, that to rally the neighbourhood around her, was one point of her peculiar prudence; and she did not alter her opinion;—but when, in consequence of the *alacritous* publication of this intelligence, she

found she had drawn on herself the necessity of facing her equals, whom she considered as now to be made her judges, or at least her jury, *her* courage was not on a foundation that would enable it to keep its footing; and she would have wished, instead of seeking popularity on her own domain, to be allowed to sink into the inane *étiquette* of a metropolis.

To halt between the questions of passiveness or activity, is for the moment to decide in favour of the former; and while she was making up her resolution to what she *should* do, she was establishing a precedent that, till she could break through it by some new act, must be a law to herself, and one to which she must submit, whatever its acceptability or detriment.

The question of reception of visits came to its instant of decision; and in the hurry which it might have brought with it, even had it postponed its arrival somewhat longer, she settled her future proceeding in this way, by the hasty order implied in 'Not at home,' when the first equipage was leading round to the portico, and her ladyship had, in fact, been espied at a very *reachable* distance from the house. She was mortified, vexed, angry with herself, and repentant, as soon as the three words had escaped her:—she felt them pronounced against her,—and saw their bearing on

the whole character of her rustication—but *Lady Lynford* could not call people back again! The non-reception was reported in the first more fortunate attempt of the ‘rejected addressers:’—the point was settled that ‘the baroness meant to be as odd as ever,’—visiting-tickets were shoved into the porter’s hand without inquiring for her ladyship,—and she thus secured to herself as perfect a solitude as she could have wished for.

Inappetency, restlessness, the drag of time, the contrivances of air and exercise, feeble curiosity, sickening as soon as it saw its food, misanthropy, discontent;—something not far off envy, when she saw a child in quest of flowers, or heard the ploughman’s whistle, were becoming the constituent features of her mind’s disease. Her munificence was still unbounded—she acted as if she thought, with the man of yore, that it was only that part of her wealth which she gave away, that she could claim as her own. Little farmers thrived under her generous advance of ready money, and did not know that they cut her to the heart, when they represented the peace and comfort in which ‘her goodness’ had enabled them to sit down with the object of a laudable affection.—Village maidens, portioned by her, wished her as happy as she had made them with Thomas or William—the best husbands that ever women were blest

with, and against whom no one could ever say a word! Children were brought to her with pride, as if offered to her from a stock that she might peculiarly claim as her 'serfs;' and, perhaps, with a view in some to receive future favours, she was overwhelmed with gratitude for that which she had *not* done. She felt that she had to bear with fortitude, what others considered as their best encouragement, and that standing almost in 'sovereign misery,' she must listen to adulation which sounded like mockery, and incur the self-reproach of hypocrisy, while she forbore to disclaim praise.

Whatever interest had attended her warm friendship for Mr. Broderaye, it had been long since mortified down into feelings that left no disposition to court intimacy. Love had been so spoilt in her first wear of it, that it could never be made of a regular form for future use, when she once laid it aside; and like a person from whose breast the quest of gain expels a softer feeling, or, like the starving victim of famine, who will give all for a loaf, she could have seen without jealousy him, for whom, at one time, she could have made great sacrifices, in any situation that would have rendered him her defender against the tide of evil that was setting in against her.

Such were her feelings, when her banker found leisure to visit her at St. Emeril's; and in addition

to her many subjects of painful meditation, she had to meditate on the least painful means of imparting to him her situation, its dangers, and her own determination to brave them.

He arrived, was hospitably lodged, and nobly entertained; and having bespoken his favourable attention in every way, she saw the hour arrived when she must speak out, if she would be assisted.

This he spared her—but it was by a substitution little less revolting than the acknowledgment:—he told her the predicament in which she stood was but too well known in London: the harvest which it promised to the professors of the law, was in prospect too abundant to be out of mind; and while the time afforded gave leisure for contemplating the probable issue, the hasty wearing away of that period, whetted ingenuity, and contributed to ripen talent. He ‘hoped, however, to spare all hostile contest:—he had in his possession a written document, which he would venture to place in her ladyship’s hands, in perfect confidence that it would have its weight with her;—had he accepted her offer of taking the trouble to come to town, he should not have had it to produce: he could then only have urged the consideration of *herself*: it had come to him recently, and but for the solicitude shown by the writer,

which had occasioned the use of her ladyship's name on the outside, to assist in finding the person to whom it was addressed, it might never have come round to him :—it had had the good fortune to get through France to Geneva, after various delays, and mis-sendings, and detentions; and from her bankers there, he had received it.'

Lady Lynford took the paper: it was a letter directed to Mr. Broderaye—it was a letter written in the very house in which it was now opened :—the seal had been broken, perhaps more than once;—and it was now in so worn a state, that the usual entrance was almost the least convenient way to its contents.

It was nothing of any real consequence—it was only poor Carry's letter, which it had cost her so much to justify to herself when she had written it;—her letter to her guardian on the first revelation to her of any interest in Lady Lynford's forfeiture :—it was a mere girl's letter—and the letter of a girl not used to writing letters.—The language was not, indeed, incorrect; for Carilis had not been allowed to attain what was positively wrong; but the sentences were short—disjointed—not in any way arranged,—repetitions abounded;—and colloquial forms came in, together with phrases of better choice. The last sentence was in these words—' Pray do not suppose that I think

myself to be praised for what I have said to you—I remember how often you have told us that you pitied any second son in a family whose elder brother had been dis-inherited, if what his brother lost, came to him :—you said, indeed, that great wickedness might be a good reason for this ; or his being too foolish to know how to use money might make it right, but that to take it from a person neither wicked nor foolish, would hurt you and make you unhappy. Now, dear Mr. Broderaye, what has your Carry to guide her but the Bible and you? The Bible and you say the same things:—even before people knew exactly what they ought to do, I do not think such a thing would have been thought right; and He who, we are told, was greater than Moses and the prophets, I am sure means that we should never take the least advantage of one another—so I must beg you to say this for me, if you are thinking about any affairs of mine. And pray tell Lady Lynford that indeed it is not pride or goodness in me; but that I am afraid, and that I should be miserable, and ashamed too—but get for me, pray do, the five hundred pounds a year, because then I can keep myself from being an expense to you—only think how rich we shall then be! You will let me have a horse then, and a book-case, and a harp, will you?’

Lady Lynford was not a lady to be smitten into doing right by a stroke from a harlequin's sword, or even intimidated into holiness, by a flash of lightning:—she read the letter patiently: and she tried only to smile at its simplicity—and her friend could not flatter himself with any decided good produced by the communication of it. He entered into the fullest discussion of the whole affair, and convinced the baroness that all trouble before the time of explosion arrived, would be thrown away. No case was ever more clear—compromise was her only chance—and he advised her most earnestly to seek out Miss Monterne, and make her her own—‘not,’ said he, ‘by assumed kindness, but merely giving fair play to the contents of that letter, as they must operate on a mind like yours, when in its natural state of judgment.’ She could not bring herself to confess that, with only the exception of the use he was making of the letter, her adviser was urging her on the same ground as that on which Mr. Broderaye had more than urged—for he had *implored* her.—He made her read the letter a second time:—he asked her to read it aloud—she despised the implied defiance:—she got on so far, that her accomplishing it could not be questioned—her lips at length quivered;—and she hid her face in her handkerchief.

The visit of a man of business, stealing a holyday, could not be long—he would not yield to any entreaties to lengthen it beyond the next day; and, in that time, he almost refused to hear more on the subject :—he knew human nature—and he knew baroness Lynford ;—he left her and went his way, professing the proper degree of zeal in her service—and offering her his best endeavours, whenever she would communicate her wishes ;—but his manner showed what he expected from her head and her heart, from her prudence and her justice, her care for herself and her consideration of another ;—and she could not flatter herself that she had made much advantage of that on which she had relied, and for which she had so long waited.—She might have asked herself, in all the despondency with which poor Carry had sometimes moved the question, ‘ What can I do ? ’—The answer would have been as little encouraging—‘ Nothing.’ Let her think—while poor Carry’s proceedings are noticed.

Carilis’s part of the conversation on the road had been—not an artful, but a prudent preparation of Mr. Penrowney’s mind for the sight of her grandfather. What her companion had given out of his own sentiments and principles, had removed all

fear of his having calculated for that which should pay his vanity for the personal trouble he had taken in doing a kindness of infinite value; and having herself no solicitude for her own appreciation, she had only to portray the Dutch difficulties that might retard mutual understanding in an interview. She could not doubt, with regard to herself, that her conductor was acquainted with her peculiar circumstances—there was a pointedness in his repetition of his offers of service, that indicated his foreseeing that the experience of some one might be useful to her: she did not enter into the subject; but she accepted all he said gratefully; and when he quitted her, she left him no doubt whether his calling on her in the morning would be agreeable.—Mr. and Mrs. Shelly, now old folk, had, with unassuming good manners, received her;—and they joined their best invitations to her cordial acknowledgments.—A room was prepared for her, at perhaps more inconvenience than was suffered to appear to her, or acknowledged to be felt by those so kindly considerate: a daughter, of modest manners, was charged with the care of her personal comfort; and her grandfather's weak state, and her own weariness, admitting of little conversation that evening, they separated early, and she retired to rest, with all his blessings on her head.

She could not sleep, though very weary; but the change of posture was relief, and she could console herself with the comfort of finding the old man less 'sick and like to die,' than she had expected, and he still thought himself.—His Molly's foolish marriage had very much disturbed him:—in the short conference of the evening, it had come up to his recollection at every ten words; and he showed that he had been employed in calculating the exact amount of the profit and loss she had incurred. The money which had exposed her to temptation, and allured the swain, had been gotten in her master's service; and there was a jealousy of this use of it, which Carilis saw must produce complete alienation, and leave herself, either entire mistress, or as entirely the servant, of her grandfather's house, wherever it might be found. But this was not the most vivid of the objects which, in mingled confusion and indiscriminate succession, passed before her organs of perception, as the whirl of her journey and the mechanical action of her mind on her nerves, subsided under warmth and rest.—Young and healthy, and much improved in vigour of mind by the calls lately made on its exertions, she had power to detach her thoughts from their proximate images; and had they had any resting-place where they were,—had they found themselves at St. Emeril's

Court, or its vicarage-house,—Cheltenham, and even Berkeley-square, would have appeared to her the residences of her dreams, rather than of her person.

To think for the future with no more light than her grandfather had thrown on his intentions, was superfluous.—Poor Lady Mary had her place in her devout recommendations of her benefactors to the care of Heaven; but her thoughts seemed repelled from the worst feature of her misery;—and they took their range between the fancied situation of her guardian, and that, still less to be fancied, of him who had shared with her, his parental care.—How it could have occurred, that Mr. Broderaye could have married where he was;—what sort of a woman the new Mrs. Broderaye must be—whether it was a connexion which would ultimately unite him with the country in which he was prisoner—were things considered, with a sigh given to the uncertainty of his emancipation.

Next to, or indeed *with* these questions, came those as unanswerable wonderings, which the most vexatious accident of her existence called forth:—Lord Astham — Viscount Astham! — formerly Frank Newson—and *dear* Frank Newson—had his due rank and place.—‘Will you be so good as to let me look at a Peerage?’ she had said, on first setting her foot within a circulating-library. The

little bustle of polite compliance, hindered her hearing an elderly gentleman's gallant side-speech. 'At a peerage, and to a peerage she may look :— what a lovely creature !—who is she ?—born to make some man's heart ache, I dare say !'

Now, at this hour of leisure, she could wonder at will.—'How he must be grown by this time !—I wonder whether I should like him as well.—And he must be altered in his dress :—who hems his black cravat now ? I wonder ;—and if he has money, I am sure he will be so generous !—I hope he will not be idle or dissipated.—I wonder how he employs himself, and for what he is come to England—and if he ever thinks of "poor Carry," as he used to call me.—Heigh ho !—what a sad thing it is to be so unsettled ! I must try to sleep, or I shall be good for nothing all day—and Mr. Penrowney may be here soon—and nobody may like to wake me if they see me fast asleep, when I ought to be up.—Pray God keep and bless us all while we sleep, and guide us in thought, word, and deed, when we awake and rise.—Amen !'

She fell asleep, and dreamed that she was at St. Emeril's, and saw Lady Lynford.—Disappointed on waking, her thoughts naturally rested on the imaginary scene from which she seemed to herself to have come, and it occurred to her, that if her grandfather, as she understood from Miss

Shelly, wished to pass the winter by the sea-side, St. Emeril might be a place more convenient than any other—he knew it—had enjoyed it—had felt it an atmosphere congenial to his constitution; and as to the distance, she thought he would in a few days be equal to it;—and this, she now persuaded herself, must be his spontaneous intention, though Miss Shelly might not have heard of it—she wondered it had not occurred to herself, when she heard the sea named—how fortunate she was! her guardian had often adduced cases of great good arising from great evil—but this was a most particular instance. She should now go home;—perhaps Mr. Broderaye's curate could accommodate her grandfather and herself in the house, and that would be very convenient—she could pay a little;—for clothes she should not want, and St. Emeril was not at all like London or Cheltenham. If she could but disencumber herself of what she did not need—her large trunk really she *could* not want—it was very troublesome, and what it was filled with could be of no use to her now. She would speak to Miss Shelly about it. She should like to *give* it all away; but *that* she had no right to do, when she must be obliged to others for a maintenance—at all events, she would leave it behind her.—Mrs. Shelly would, she did not doubt, give it house-room.—And then, if they *did* go to

St. Emeril, they might accidentally meet Lady Lynford walking; and she might ask who that old gentleman was—for Mr. Broderaye had spoken much of her politeness, and then she might ask him to the house.—‘But what,’ added she, with a sinking at her very heart, ‘what will she say to me?—She will know who I am. Well, then! we must not go near the house—I dare say I can persuade my grandfather to keep away, or the hill itself may prevent him.’

Now, if Carry had thought like the most sage thinker of antiquity, her thinkings, when stripped, must have come down to this language,—embellishment would be useless.

Full of these ideas,—anticipating an interview with Lady Lynford—and feeling no cause existing in *herself* to shrink from it, she rose, accepted the assisting civilities of Miss Shelly, and found that she had very good employment for her thoughts, even should she have half an hour’s solitude.

On looking out, she found herself in a neat quiet street, where the houses were not modern, but roomy and substantial. The furniture was old-fashioned, but well kept; and there was an air of consistent propriety in every thing, that, to her apprehension, carried great respectability with it. Hearing a piano-forte very imperfectly sounded in the next room, she opened the door, saw a

little girl practising, asked her who she was—learnt that she was grandpapa's Martha—put the young practitioner's trembling fingers in the way to do what she was attempting, and hearing Mr. Vanderryck's cough approaching, she flew to him, and had the pleasure to find him, even in his own opinion, better—and as he said, 'de bedder vor your goming, my Garliz. Shelly,' continued he, 'is ver goot do me—he always wass goot; an I do zay, "Dank you, Shelly, an bless you, Shelly"—bud now we muss dink, my shile—wen we av ad de breagvasd.'

In due delicacy, when the family had paid their morning-respects, their first meal was prepared for Mr. Vanderryck and Carilis alone;—and this young projector's castles in the air fell to the ground, when informed, that Folkstone was the place to which her grandfather meant to retreat for the winter. Somebody had told him it was cheap—and 'it wass vine air—vine jurdge—sdand ver high, an vine—an he would go do de jurdge on Zundays an brayers—vor he liked id now—he wass use do id—where he wass wid Molly, de jurdge wass negs door, an he use do go in, and like do hear aboud de dings dere.'

This too was better than it might have been. At Folkstone she should be near the French coast.—Oh! that her guardian had been at Boulogne!

but still, the possibility of getting to him, if as far on her way as Folkstone, was increased ; and persons going over, might convey letters at opportunities—she knew there was, at least, contraband intercourse. On the whole, then, Folkstone was better than St. Emeril. She thought herself fortunate, and was disposed to believe these were better arrangements than any that *she* could devise.

Mr. Penrowney came, as much at leisure to listen, as he was disposed to act. He won the heart of the Dutchman in three minutes, by talking of business, expressing his detestation of idleness, and venturing some favourable surmises on probable events. Certainly old Vanderryck's dancing eyes, as he swallowed the merchant's details, said, or seemed to say, that if he had not untowardly—as he had just learned—been a married man, he would have made exactly the husband he could have wished for 'his dear Garliz.' A shake of the head which followed, said, as expressively, that he had no longer 'de halv-million' to offer *her*, or to induce *him*.

For four days more, it was necessary to encroach on the hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Shelly,—just the time, Mr. Penrowney said, which he must be kept in London ; and even then, he could not immediately get back to his family, as he had business which might carry him to Dover, if he

was unlucky—so that, as he observed, they should be travelling almost to the same place on the same day, and might fall in with one another.

Carilis thought her grandfather might be imposed on by this—she herself was not—she saw the kind intention, and feared to endanger it by any endeavour to ascertain it to herself:—her eyes and a small motion of her hands, spoke for her, and were answered, not by the ill-bred nod of subsequent time, but by a slight bow and a pleasant smile, which said more than any professions could have done.

But neither was the Dutchman asleep, or particularly dull of apprehension that morning. He, after a few moments of consideration, replied, ‘Do Dover?—why dad is nod var off vrom Volgsdone—gan we nod go togeder?—One chaise would den hold uz—I could bay de halv, and Garliz dake ver littel room.’—He could laugh, even now, in obeying the habitual bias of his mind towards a good bargain.—It was his habit to laugh when he did a mean action—and to cry when he did any thing generous. Liberal Penrowney had laid out for the challenge:—he accepted it—and the old man was quite gay.—This purpose accomplished, the man of business declined an invitation to dinner, and promised to see his travelling companions—elect again at the same hour the next morning.—

He was then going into the city, to Doctors' Commons, to see the will of the deceased earl, his wife's uncle.

The word 'will,' was a *tocsin* in the ear of Carilis; she detained him to ask a few questions about the mode of doing that for which he was going; and Mr. Vanderryck was interested in his stating the question which he hoped to solve by this inspection. Penrowney divided himself good-humouredly between his two auditors, answering the old gentleman with, 'Now the will, I understand, says so and so—and if so, I hope there might be some personal benefit to Lady Mary;—if otherwise, it comes to my wife; and in Lady Mary's situation, I would rather have to *yield* it, than to *offer* it.'—To a previous question put by Miss Monterne, he next replied, 'Why, you must go to such and such a place, and say so and so.'

Flint and steel never made a more sudden collision than Mr. Penrowney's words on the mind of Carilis.—She had seen the disinterested character of his reply to Mr. Vanderryck, and the gentlemanly delicacy which exalted it into a still higher class of virtues; but on this she could ruminate at leisure. She was now wholly occupied by a desire superior to any she had ever felt—to accompany Mr. Penrowney to Doctors' Commons—and she exclaimed—'Oh, if I could but go with you!'

The wish passed with her grandfather for curiosity. 'She wand do loog about her,' said he,—'gan you dake her wid you?—she is not droublezome.' The accommodating friend readily consented to wait while she equipped—the streets were dried by a brisk wind, sufficiently for a Devonshire pedestrian, even of the female sex. Miss Shelly very civilly was offered, and offered herself, as the young lady's attendant, in case Mr. Penrowney should be called away from her; and they got out of the house before she had been obliged to declare her real purpose.

'I suppose,' said Penrowney, in a low voice, which made Miss Shelly retreat to a civil distance—'I suppose that, in fact and truth, you really have a curiosity to see this will of Lord Lynford's, in which you have so great an interest.'

'Yes indeed—you are quite right;—I suppose I am not doing an improper thing; but I would not be known, for the world.'

'You shall not—I will put you in the way—and do every thing for you—and even,' added he, smiling, 'pay the shilling for you!'

They went;—he performed his promise exactly; and having placed her on a seat, would have retired while she read. She begged him to remain close to her, and to look over, as she must not make memorandums. He obeyed her for some

time, shortening her labour by passing his finger over immaterial parts ; and she read on with devouring attention.

It was the first will she had ever seen !—and the character of the instrument—the solemnity of the circumstances under which it must have been framed, and the purpose of it, impressed her young mind with awe.

She feared she was trying his patience, when she found him draw aside and go towards Miss Shelly, who had placed herself out of the way—but his countenance relieved her : he said, on her expressing this fear, ‘ O no—no—I assure you—I was more afraid for *you*.’

He had something in his hand—he had asked Miss Shelly for her smelling-salts.

‘ You are ill,’ said Carilis to him—‘ Pray let us go.’

She again saw she was wrong.—He replied, ‘ Indeed I am not ; but the air of this place might overcome you who are not used to it—it overcomes *some* ladies.’

She came down to the direful prohibition—the ‘ between the four seas,’ which had been so dinned in her ears.—

‘ Oh ! here are these words !’ said she ; ‘ but, Mr. Penrowney, do look—I do not quite understand them—“ between four seas ? ”—I do not quite comprehend this.’

‘Why *that*,’ said he, gravely, ‘is a point—we must speak on—only, at present, fix your eye on the words—you see them—how they are written—do not let them escape your memory, or leave any uncertainty or doubt.—You are not short-sighted, are you?—Where is your glass?’

‘No,’ she said, ‘I see them clearly:—but do tell me, pray, what you mean?’

‘When we get out into the air, I will.’

‘No, no; now—this minute—or I shall want to look again.’

‘Is what I have heard the colonel say of your generous intention, true or not?’

‘What you have heard from him *must* be true—that I do not mean——’

‘Well then! *I may* tell you—are you apt to faint?’

‘No; tell me, tell me.’

‘That prohibition is not worth a rush.—The writer, not aware of the importance of precise formality, has vitiated its whole purpose:—it stands, you see, “between four seas”—not “*the* four seas.”—Any man is born within four seas, if he does but know how to count them:—people should not, on important occasions, make use of phrases understood only by acceptance.—This has been done by somebody not competent to the business.—But come, come—I shall not let you stay here—I can come again another day on *my* errand. You have

behaved extremely well.—Will you rest any where before you go home?—I pity you, from my soul;—it is a great trial one way or the other—but remember, Miss Monterne, you have, if you will allow me to say so, a brother in me:—here, take my arm—come away—I will put you into a coach.—Miss Shelly, we are a little overcome—these will-examinations are trying things to young people.’

Saying this, her kind conductors took her into the air—the struggle was soon over—and she could walk home.—Mr. Penrowney left her at the door, encouraging her, with all the judicious kindness that good sense and right feeling could offer, and desiring—if she had any wish to see him—that she would send for him, and that, if she had any thing particular to say to him the next morning, she would put it on paper. She could just entreat his promise to keep what he had discovered entirely to himself, till they could deliberate; and she received such a reply as satisfied her. Returning, he asked her to see him in the evening after Mr. Vanderryck had retired, which he knew was at an early hour.—She met the offer gladly, and was happy when she got in, to find her grandfather so engaged in the laborious construction of the newspaper, and so interested in its contents, that he could not wish for her. She there-

fore had two hours for solitary meditation, if she chose solitude.

On entering her own apartment, extending her arms, she looked at herself, as she stood, and said, 'What *now* am I?—a creature totally altered as to situation'—I can see, little as I know of this business, that my concern in what Lady Lynford may have done, is all over—I have not even a claim on the smaller income,—which, I thought, she might have given up to me in return. Well! I have my head and my hands—and good kind friends—if they were but at liberty!—But, even here, I dare say, I have a friend in Mr. Penrowney; and, for the present, I must depend on my poor grandfather. He *wants* me—therefore, I am not bound to relieve him from my maintenance.—I am thankful that there is a home for me, at present.—If he dies, I must go back to St. Emertil, and try if what I have from Mr. Broderaye will just maintain me—if not, I can do something—and at all events I shall be there, when he comes back.'

'But now, how happy it is for me that I was so persuaded I never should have this property, and that I had provided in my own mind for giving it up!—This secret, which Mr. Penrowney seems the first person to have discovered, will be known as soon as my coming of age.—I must

take care that I am not put in a situation to seem outwitted and defeated in an unjust claim ; for that would be very disagreeable.—I hardly dare write it, at a risque, to my guardian ; nor should I like to tell my grandfather—though he was an advocate for my behaving as I wished ; yet I fear that, did he know I have no *choice* in my behaviour, his pride might be hurt—he might too, after all, feel more mortification than he thinks he should ;—for I begin to find that we know very little, at one end of a week, what we may feel at the other.—He cannot live till I am of age, I fear ; for he is sadly altered and shaken—but of this I shall be better able to judge when we are settled—I can then do as I see good.—But now, what shall I do about Lady Lynford ?—If I knew her, or had ever received any kindness from her, I would, under Mr. Penrowney's direction, tell her that she has no cause to be uneasy ; for, I am sure, she must have suffered dreadfully, under the apprehension ; but I must not act for myself, unless any thing sudden obliges me.—I can do nothing, I perceive, till I can hear from Mr. Broderaye. All I know of myself is, that, here I am, Caroline-Leslie Monterne—an absolute beggar—in debt—and, at the present moment, obliged to strangers for my daily bread !—'tis sad and terrible.—My head is all confusion—but I can submit ; and happy, happy for

me is it that I have been taught to do so!—Oh! how beautiful seem now to me, things I have overlooked!—I am glad I learnt the Psalms—they will be very useful—if I feel myself anxious, I shall repeat those that give us courage—and I shall recollect a great many things that will help—I shall thank the writers of useful books, as my grandfather does:—it is very good of those who *can* write, to write for the comfort of any body in distress:—but I am not—and yet I can feel this.’—She concluded her soliloquy by some fragments of poetry; and hearing ‘Garliz, Garliz,’ called, when the two hours on which she had reckoned, wanted not much of their fulfilment, she put aside all that she could dismiss of her new thoughts, and betook herself to more active duty.

Her grandfather’s plans remained unaltered; and in conformity with them, she consulted Mrs. Shelly on freeing herself from her superfluous wardrobe. With that useful promptitude, which persons of the subordinate classes are best practised in, and which is not to be overlooked in necessity, she put her in the way to accomplish her intention—took upon herself all that was unpleasant—and in the event, brought her a little sum of money, far beyond the expectation of the principal, and exceeding the calculation of the agent.

Mr. Penrowney fulfilled every promise he had

made, and allowed her the comfort of thinking she had in him a confidential friend.—That she might have every satisfaction, and be furnished with all the information that she could want in corresponding with her guardian, he engaged his brother, a solicitor of high character, and to whom Mr. Shelly was not a stranger, to draw out for her such a statement of the invalidity of the prohibition, and of the operation of it on the interests of all whom it could affect, as relieved her memory and prevented misapprehension.—She could not enter into the technicality of law-proceedings, or carry in her mind the contingencies which might make an heir at law, or the crown, the gainer by the omission of a word.—It was enough that she knew facts and their necessary consequences; and these she was made to comprehend.

The most inviolable secrecy was pledged to her, that she might have time to consider on the best use she could make of the discovery; and she was exhorted, both by Mr. Penrowney and his brother, not to forego any fair compensation for her integrity.—Her legal adviser was in London, and professed himself ready to act for her, in any way consistent with her minority. Money was offered her liberally; and she had excited an interest not likely to fail her. The only point on which she could immediately decide, was that of writing

to Mr. Broderaye, at a hazard, making use of the information she had received, and the conclusions drawn from it by persons who might be supposed capable of judging, to give him notice of the change in her prospects, and to beg his immediate attempt to send her an authority by which she might be guided ; and this she was advised to repeat by every channel that afforded the smallest hope—the Penrowneys themselves assisting her by all their connexions.

CHAPTER XVI.

AND now came what the kindness even of a few days made a painful parting. A carriage engaged for the journey, conveyed Mr. Vanderryck, still weak, but impatiently confident of his recovery at the seaside, his grand-daughter, and their efficient friend, to Folkstone, where, most unwillingly, Mr. Penrowney left them, at not the best inn the place afforded—but he saw the Dutchman did not wish to act under observation, either in this choice or that of his ultimate abode; and, therefore, repeating his offers of service, and giving what support he could, to the sinking spirits of Carilis, he took his leave, and proceeded by a cold rainy moon to Dover.

The scene was now misery; and poor Carry seemed left, worse than alone, to sustain it: her grandfather, extremely fatigued, required her to prepare his bed-room, and to lead him into it; and, with no small anxiety for his passing the night, she quitted him, to seek her own comforts where she could find them. He had charged her, at parting, to ‘gonzider de money, and wad big-bogged blazes all inns wass:’ he had taken no-

thing himself on his arrival, consequently, she had no refreshment, nor dared she ask for any: he had indeed, as if conscious that he should be ill-looked on, intimated to the landlady, that they should be very hungry in the morning, and need a large breakfast; but as breakfasts on the road are charged, rather on the average-calculation, than according to individual consumption, this was no compensation for the chicken, and tart, and pint of Port, that might have been had for ordering. Carilis, however, duly weighing the matter, and considering the calls that might be made on her powers, ventured to ask for two poached eggs; and professing, with the air of an experienced traveller, always to pay her bill every night, kept her extravagance out of view.

Her spirits were not sufficiently tranquil to admit of going to bed at nine o'clock, untempting as was the prospect of a solitary musing in an humble inn of the ancient town of Folkstone, in an autumnal evening of that small rain which seems settled for the period of a whole moon—but it must be endured; and she must protest against the want of a fire, though shivering. She had subjects to amuse her thoughts, in abundance:—the prospect of her grandfather's being ill and dying in this situation—the perfect liberty into which she seemed gradually sinking, of choosing

means of subsistence—the tantalizing recollection of the narrow channel which separated her from her guardian—her total ignorance respecting Lord Astham—painful recollection of poor good Lady Mary's many troubles, and the recent loss of Mr. Penrowney's assistance and support!—Regret, connected with the pleasures of London and Cheltenham, she did not feel.—In her present realities, it would have appeared to her as reasonable to cry at the catastrophe of Punch, or to have lamented for the overthrow of an opera-fortification.

At length, tired of herself, and seeing her candles lengthening their shadows, she went to bed, hoping she was sufficiently wearied to sleep: her hope was not disappointed—youth and health befriended her: the rain lulled her, and she awoke the next morning at a reasonable hour, refreshed in spirits, though in anxiety that seemed to be increased rather than diminished by reflection.

Mr. Vanderryck's horror of the expense of an English inn, had made him inconsiderate of his own weakness when he decided on performing the journey in one day; and he was so fatigued by it, as to be incapable of beginning his search for a lodging till rather late in the forenoon of this;—but looking with right views, and in the right quarter, he was accommodated, before it was quite dark, and was promised admission to sleep. He and

his 'Garliz' had therefore only to sit together in the little parlour of their present abode; and he nodding, and she doing something that called out her energies very little more, they got through, till the clock told them they might, at least, change their place, when, with a candle and lantern and guide, they made their remove.

They had not enjoyed much prospect, where they had been; but, in the place to which they were going, they were promised by their new landlady, who was half French half English in manners and appearance, 'a grand prospect of the sea, as soon as the weather should clear, which, she was sure, it would now immediately, since she had the good fortune to let her lodgings to so amiable a young lady and so charming a grandpapa.'

It was what is called, in the language of lamenters, 'a most deplorable evening!'—not cold or sufficiently wet to make procrastination, that 'thief of' money in an inn, desirable even to Mr. Vanderryck and his 'gough,' as he, of course, called his troublesome, but, to all seeming, firmly-attached companion:—but the wind blew rudely; and all the sounds, within hearing, were dismal. Every neighbour who wished another 'Good night,' added the prophecy of a rough one; and, as if individuals might have a short allowance of concern, should they have none but for themselves,

probable peril at sea was detailed, till it became almost matter of fact. Carilis was forced to order her ears to close themselves, or, in the street of Folkstone, she and her aged grandfather might have exhibited, in that posture which is not unfrequent with the ponies and still more humble bearers of ladies, who come into it for its temptations and amusements.

With caution the contrasted pair wound down towards the house, which each was to consider as home. 'Are you sure we are going right?' was a question Carilis soon put to their guide, under some apprehension, from the increased audibility of that which she thought, even at their setting out, sufficiently appalling—that they were going to sup 'Full fathom five' below where they stood, and with those whose 'pearl-eyes' and 'coral-bones' would be lost upon her, in her present disregard of decoration.—She had no taste for the horribly-sublime, at best, and less than ever at the present moment;—she was therefore well pleased to be assured that they were in their right path, though what it could lead to, or why they had come this way, rather than that by which they gained the same house before, she could not guess:—she was confident that they had water on each hand, though it was *terra* more than *firma* under their feet; for it was what, in whatever guise constructed, must be denominated pavement.

Her grandfather had restored himself to the *costume* in which he had taken possession of St. Emeril's Court, when released from the higler's cart which deposited him there :—his hat was kept on with a handkerchief—round his neck was tied a knit-worsted ' comforter,' a present from the handy-works of Lady Mary;—and with these fortifications against hearing—the thumping of his brass-ferruled stick—the sound returned from each foot, well shod with a thickness of leather intended to serve him while shoes were necessary—and the occasional broken sentences of his cough, he had less chance for knowing the true state of things than his companion. Yet recollecting, probably, the incompetency of women to judge ' in situations of great latitude,' he checked Carry when he heard her express her doubt more forcibly, and bade her ' be guied,' for ' de boys always knows besd.'

They proceeded a little way farther.—A cart met them—it was now nearly dark ; and the lantern having lost ' half a horn,' was mended with a patch that had not a translucent property :—the cart-wheels were of such delicacy of tread, that they gave little warning—*they* certainly came un-shod : the boy turned the dark side of the lantern outward — there was a particular mode of salutation between him and the driver, which, in the

street of a town of the importance of Folkstone, and a member of the Cinque Ports ! was only disagreeable—had it occurred in a forest, more might have been supposed. Carilis felt the breath of the horse's nostrils in her face, and then found out the necessity of retreating, which she might have done to an extreme, had not the trusty guide called out, 'Take care, don't run that way, Miss.—My eye ! if we be not upon the pier. Why, I must ha' mistaked, after all.—Didn't I turn to my left ? I thought as I did.—Why this *is* my left hand, to be sure.—No, by George, now I know it's the right, for now there's the tear in my sleeve, and, I knows, Tom told me to say

The sleeve that's not tight—

No—wasn't it

The sleeve that *is* tight

Belongs to the right ?—

Well, I don't know—but please ye, gentleman and lady, we must turn about—don't go a bit farder.—Pooh !—there's the light out.—Now, what shall we do ?—Why, I must go back ;—for you may get your feet down them there crivices in going back—here, come here,' he continued, ' sit down on them great stones—there's good room for your feet all round—only, don't go *too* near the edge, either on that side or the two others ; for if you do, you'll be in the water ; and I hears the tide

coming in very fast.'—So saying, he made back towards the houses, many of which, Carilis now perceived, had lights in them, and having placed her grandfather as well as she could, and standing close to him, they waited the return of the boy;—Mr. Vanderryck giving it as his opinion, and his grand-daughter concurring with him—but in silence—that the whole fabric of the pier on which they were reposing, and which forms an arm of defence incessantly battling with a heavy irresistible sea, moved under them.

The light arriving, they were soon at the point where their guide had been puzzled by the question as easily solved by a head without ideas, as that of the amount of two and two—so proverbially referred to!—and there could be no comparison between the comfort and security of the street which they had now gained, and the lack of both, in the situation from which they were just released.

A stable would have been a palace at this moment, in the estimation of Carry; therefore she saw with very well-disposed eyes, the arrangements of three neat rooms, which she and her grandfather were to call their own. The weather was still very bad; and they both had suffered from the wind and damp, not a little assisted by the sea-spray, which would have answered every good

purpose of a refrigeratory in summer. Mr. Vander-ryck had no objection to a fire;—to supper he demurred—at last, he consented to take some milk; and his grand-daughter, on this precedent, resorted again to the expedient of the evening before, when she had seen him to his room.

Having put all her small domain in as much order, and in as ready convenience for her grandfather, as time allowed, she had her choice of her bed or chair. In this pause, her hearing was quick; and she fancied the sea was following her, instead of conflicting with the pile of stones commissioned to oppose it. This, she told herself, rather pettishly, could be only the effect of the impression her mind had received;—she tried to dismiss it; and, to end the altercation, went to bed. By this she gained little: her chamber had the same aspect as that which she had quitted, and was a floor higher—she could not rest satisfied—the moon one instant gave light—at the next, increased the appearance of darkness by withdrawing. She took courage to see the worst, rose, and put up the sash, which required alternate compulsion on each side to make it move:—glad would she have been to get it down again—she was wetted all over, completely, in the first instant, and what fell on her lips, told her it was not with the dew of heaven, but with the brine of the

ocean, which now, at the turn of tide, not measuring its steps by tens, but making every wave a tenth in magnitude, was playing over the house, and leaving the windows to do as they pleased, in the question of letting in or keeping out what it sent them.

She was learning to estimate by comparison—it was comparative good when she could shut the window again:—she was, indeed, only where she had been, when this was accomplished; but it was better than what the last move had produced.

Apprehension was awake till daylight—daylight was long in coming;—and curiosity rose with it—curiosity, not so much to see ‘the grand prospect’ promised her, as to learn how far she was from it:—this satisfied, she might try to sleep for the little remainder of the time allotted to her bed.

She had been accustomed, from her earliest infancy, to the sea; but it was a sea separated from the land, in the spot where she had known it, by a line as tender, and at times as indefinible, as the grassy margin of the Thames at Richmond.—What did she now see?—She had been promised a prospect; and the situation of the house was called a street:—the former feature of the promise required space—the latter gave the idea of contraction; and, but for the information

conveyed in the spray, she must have expected to see neighbours opposed to her.

At least, she got satisfaction, when she looked now:—she saw the church high above her head, on the acute angle of a cliff abruptly cut off, as if to make the harbour;—and the venerable edifice—the last of a family of five once existing in Folkstone!—so forward in the path to destruction, that the smallest infringement of compact between the element that was its friend, and that which now scowled at it in deadly enmity, must, to all appearance, be fatal to its foundation.—She discovered the hazy prospect; but, in its present character, it sickened her heart.—For the explanation of the term ‘street,’ she was obliged to wait the arrival of the maid of the house, who told her that it was a street, but that the houses opposite had been, one night, washed away, and it was supposed, by people as knew, that ‘these here would go next.’—‘*Some people,*’ she added, ‘wondered they had stood it so long.’

To try to sleep, even before she received this last consolation, was needless waste of endeavour. To apprehension, curiosity and its satisfaction, succeeded impatience to rise—not that rising promised her any thing, but that she should then feel more at liberty to fly—for stay, she thought she could not; and she was confident of hearing her grandfather say he would not.

But the old man had slept in a snug back room, towards the fields: his 'gough' had been 'guied;' and he felt 'de goot of de goundry;' and the place reminded him of some one remembered in early days:—and when he met his 'Garliz' at her little breakfast-table, he, to whose first apprehensions a sea kept out by force, was familiar, laughed at her terror of a high tide.

An interview with the lady of the house, whose name, in her own pronunciation, sounded very plausibly as Maig, but was, in reality, Meggs, did much towards settlement. Carilis had no cause to be displeased with her: she represented her husband as absent in the way of his business, which certain dashes — breaks — non-replies — and evasions— might leave to be conjectured—smuggling—if that art, mystery, and profession, had ever been practised in Folkstone; but, on this point, Carry was no critic: she, fortunately, liked Mrs. Meggs on their first acquaintance, sufficiently to tolerate her as something above a servant; and they set out well together.

The good lady, who might be about fifty years of age, though of a younger appearance when improved by dress, was not deficient in useful properties or agreeable manners. In the course of the day, Carilis knew that she was, as she had supposed, by birth French, but had come early

into England. She had seen foreign countries, to a great extent,—knew London perfectly,—had travelled much in England. Compared with *her* variety of knowledge, Carilis must have been pronounced ignorant; for, excepting the topography of that part of Devonshire contiguous to St. Emertil, Mrs. Meggs seemed to know every thing better than she could pretend to do. Of this, indeed, she was wholly ignorant; and a map was necessary to show her where the little village lay; but the curiosity it excited, was—or her Gallic politeness made it seem, more than commensurate with the importance of the place:—and this Carilis benignly ascribed to a kind-heartedness which made Mrs. Meggs take an interest in the only spot in which *she* had any that she acknowledged.

The connexion went on well: Mrs. Meggs was indefatigably assiduous in making her inmates comfortable—the art of doing which, she understood and practised, to a perfection that could not have been expected from her country, or demanded on the contract; and Carilis, with little to cheer or employ her, was not sorry to have in her landlady a conversable companion, when her grandfather ‘toddled out’ upon the pier, or, as was now very much his habit, dozed away his time when his eyes were tired with his book.

The weather had moderated its temper, and

was improving into that of a rich autumn. The objects from the windows became less overwhelming in their scale, as the eye accustomed itself to their dimensions; the one-sided street had as yet no fresh warning; and Mrs. Meggs, not having herself known it when it had two sides, had no horrors to detail, or to deprecate on experience. She was cheerful-minded and lively; and, after the fashion of her country, bringing whatever presented itself to her mind, to the test of '*joli*'—'*aimable*' '*charmant*'—or their contraries—she, in the present claims on her feelings, showed a prettiness of good will, suited to the declining age of the old man, and the inexperienced time of life of the young woman. And either her integrity, or her acquaintance with the world, most fortunately inducing her to make the best of that which Miss Monterne had to endure, the patient sufferer was not rendered more unhappy by any contrast that Mrs. Meggs could sketch.—She took her snuff—brushed its scatterings from her black silk apron, and summed up a succession of shrewd observations, by declaring that, had she her life to pass over again, it should be in peace and quiet, in retirement from a world she knew but too well, and in an endeavour to serve '*le bon Dieu*,' and her fellow-creatures.

In aid of this consoling philosophy, came Ca-

rilis's own perceptions, and that balance of good and evil which forms a sound judgment. She could not contemplate, without taking an interest in it which might have been set fairly against some degree of vivid pleasure, the important advantage which her grandfather was making of *his* retirement from the world.—His friend Shelly, indeed, sent him a daily paper; and his eye went first to the price of 'sdocs'—and next to the list of 'bangdrubts,' before it set in for 'voreign avvairs;' but no regret for his excision from active participation, no hankering after wealth, was excited in his mind by these renewals of acquaintance;—he turned from them to his brayer-book—his 'New Desdamend'—his Brewer-man's book, and a little treatise or two, which he had picked up at Shelly's, and had conferred an obligation by begging. To the church he had not yet been able to climb; but his mind had risen so far as to entertain the wish and hope to do it, and he wondered that 'all de idel beoble did nod go do de jurdge.'

His placidity of good-humour, which seemed founded in his sense of exemption from care and anxiety, made him very benign to Mrs. Meggs:—she was, as he observed, 'bedder den Molly; for she could *do* and *dalk*,'—and Mrs. Meggs, propitiated even by a Dutchman's praise, returned the

growing attachment. When she had described Mr. Meggs as very much engaged in business, Vanderryck's reprobation of idleness was ready; and he asked no question as to the species of traffic.

Nor was Mrs. Meggs wanting in her contributory amenity; she must soon have discovered, that the younger of her inmates had a very limited range of that information that makes gossip; but she never suffered weariness of repetition to appear in her reception of Miss Monterne's descriptions, and could sit and hear of St. Emeril's Court, and its beauties—of Lady Lynford, as she had been represented to the narrator—of Mr. Broderaye, as the best of all men—and of the Vaseney family, as tenants of St. Emeril's, with a patience that was rare, and with an endeavour to pronounce names, which want of custom seemed to have left of great difficulty to her,—that spoke well for her, in more points than one.

To say that, under such circumstances, the mind of 'poor Carry' was at ease, would be to promise the reward that is to be awaited in the world of retribution and recompense, as the encouragement or the bribe in this.—She could not look round without seeing cause for anxiety on every side—it was only the individual moment that she could trust, but she was wise enough to

be thankful for this ; and she had computation enough to perceive, that if only every individual moment of life were to be trusted, years might pass in peace, and the precept of Him who best knew the world, would be converted into permission to rely, and to ‘ take no thought for the morrow.’

Equally erroneous and not less presuming would it be to say, in taking up the cause, and portraying the humble merits of Carilis, that she had, even in her present situation, a larger measure of happiness than was bestowed on Baroness Lynford. It would be to say, that high rank and great possessions are trifles, and that every thing the world can give, is of no value when compared with a peculiar mode of thinking. This it is not allowable to hold out, when it is only the mis-use of blessings that is their deterioration.— But under this mis-use, or rather the imperfect use of the rare blessings allotted her, the baroness was certainly less happy than was Carry, under her present afflictions. Her ladyship had so managed matters, as to be reduced almost to the trying severity of solitary confinement:—she had repelled the neighbourhood, till they finally gave her up, under the idea that she was, however contrary the language which her good actions spoke—insane.— She had lost the influence, or fancied influence, of

foreign climate—she had no witnesses of her great powers, no adorers of her distinguishing talents—she had not even the honeyed flattery of Annette to support her under mortification, or her calculated poutings to consult;—all was silence, and perfection of repose, in the midst of blessing—and like the fermenting of that which is excessively sweet, into that which is excessively sour, life was, with her, passing through an ordeal, the event of which must be awaited, to know whether it could remain of any worth.

In this state of mind, any occupation, though necessary to enduring it, was painful exertion; and while Carilis, by purchasing a skain of silk to make a purse for her guardian, was cultivating hope, and keeping alive in her mind ideas of future comfort, which only wanted his liberation to be realized, Lady Lynford, surrounded by superabundant means for the most elegantly-gratifying employment of a whole life, was in a state worse than that of torpor. Her habits of character and manners, had never admitted of wide association or intimate friendship. She relied too much on herself to require their support, and stood too high to be subject to their being forced on her. For ‘dear Meryon’s’ once-contemned friendship she had sighed when he could no longer offer it;—of Lord Winchmore’s she had stood in need, and

might have wished, at times, that she had secured it earlier.—Maximilian's she could have accepted with gratitude—his father's she had claimed and possessed—but neither now remained;—that of Madame de Faiville she considered as having failed her expectations. What was left her? Why, Annette's—for she corresponded with her.—To regret that which she could not bring herself to accept, would have been to descend from her pinnacle, and she had a command over herself which kept her safe from the degradation.—She therefore overlooked—every thing within her power.

But—under the silent effects of these circumstances—she wavered in her decisions against her own peace.—She began to ask not only how the present was to be endured, but how the future was to be met.

Her banker had left Miss Monterne's letter in her hands, but intimated that, for the destruction of it she was to be made accountable.—She had only to put it out of her sight.—She had a copy of her father's will—she read it through—but the error had been corrected in the transcript.

To an ardent mind, advice to be moderate, as the best security for being firm, seems inconsistent, and perhaps tantamount to the recommendation of putting out only half the power possessed, when the whole is needed in its fullest possibility of ex-

ertion. Such advice Lady Lynford never had taken, nor would she now have listened to it: on her pertinacity she could rely; and in this confidence she was justified, as that alone had not failed her:—what others might have called obstinacy, she considered as only an additional intrenchment to her firmness.

But in such a reliance, no account is taken of, nor is any preparation made against, the gentle operation of impulses not felt till the last has completed the allotted measure. A young person, shrinking from severe momentary pain, will be confident in the power to bear the tooth-ache, in preference to the extraction of the tooth, and will bear more than others can endure to see suffered—no persuasions will avail—no representation is regarded—no experience will be credited—till, at length, under no worse than has been resolutely endured—but worn down by repetition, when all entreaty has been forborne, and attention has been directed only to the support of resolution under its own decree, the desperate remedy has been resorted to with artificial fortitude, planned in secrecy, and submitted to and executed in inconvenient haste.

Lady Lynford might probably have told herself, that, in the straight course she meant to pursue, she would turn neither to the right nor the

left—let persuasion, entreaty, or even conviction, do what they might—but this is no undertaking against treading backwards—and, after some sleepless nights, and the promise of many more, did Heraline Baroness Lynford contemplate this violent inconsistency, in preference to any partial endeavour to find a better way. It is unquestionably more easy to the obstinately wrong, to be obstinately than reasonably right.—The woman who, when overturned in a stage-coach on the top of Shooter's hill, vowed she would walk on to Chatham, in preference to waiting for another conveyance, almost in sight, acted just in this manner;—and both she and Lady Lynford preferred *spitting* themselves, to having no cause for murmuring.

Fortune, however, favoured with her accustomed distinction, this her noble favourite once more—a letter came, announcing a visit from a foreign family of the highest distinction!—Her pride was gratified—her thoughts were occupied—its honours were restored to St. Emeril's—the whole country was enlivened—she was the theme of conversation!—the object of envy!—the acknowledged empress of the west!—And the expense at which this was purchased, was trifling, compared to its opportuneness. The face of things was quite altered, and most agreeably.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE face of things was, indeed, altered, and in more places than St. Emeril's Court, where festivity of the most elegant description was giving life to the county, and the occasion was taken to destroy every preconceived opinion unfavourable to its mistress, by the most extensive invitations to the neighbourhood, that the rank of the foreign guests admitted of. Nothing was wanting, but that the partakers of these offered distinctions, should swear fealty to the lady—homage they did to her—and their services might be expected;—but, unless they had vowed to defend her castle against the siege which she supposed preparing by the malice, covetousness, and envy of 'poor Carry!' there was still something wanting to her perfect advantage. This, however, was a subject not at present settled against her; therefore, to concede, was not a measure of immediate urgency.

But the alteration in the face of things respecting the said poor Carry, was of a very different description. She had just settled herself in her little lot of comfort—had furled all the small sails she had ever put out to catch a breeze of

pleasure, and thought herself at least snug for the winter—she was writing, in measured caution, to Mr. Broderaye, by every opportunity, and sighing at obtaining no return—she had received fresh assurances from Mr. Penrowney, of his brotherly solicitude and best services:—from Lady Mary, she had heard of the return of ‘the dear general,’ as she had predicted;—of the instrumentality of Mr. P. in bringing him back—and (as a fact not at all connected with it) of Mr. P.’s having found out that his wife had ‘no right’ to 5000*l.* left her by Lady Mary’s brother, and which now, therefore, came to her ladyship:—a P. S. was devoted ‘to the execration of the *wicked wretch*.’

A letter quickly following this, closed the correspondence, by saying, that ‘the dear general’ and herself were going to end their days in the Isle of Man, ‘where she heard the society was uncommonly select:’—the newspapers had announced the fall of Colonel Vaseney, in an action where the British had distinguished themselves importantly—and Carilis seemed now to have exhausted interest; when her attention was called home, in all its powers of concentration, by Mr. Vander-ryck’s increasing ailments, which threatened every thing that she could wish averted or postponed.

Whatever might be her apprehension, or however doubtful she might be, at her age, of what it

became her to do, much that would have distressed her was spared by the use which the old man had made of his leisure and his adversity. Before Carilis felt it necessary to make up her mind to this probable separation, and while Mrs. Meggs was cheering him and his grand-daughter with the hopes of what 'the approaching spring'—then to be sure not more than four months off, if it came with April—would do for his 'gough,'—he himself began to talk of meeting death; and when he first spoke on this subject to his 'Garliz,' he said, 'I woud meed id, my shile, as I woud meed a man who zed, "You owe me, Vánderryck, a douzand bound"—I woud zay, "Here is your douzand bound—an I dank you for de lend of id—I av nod misuse id, nor made id less by my volly or idelnez:—Iv you asg inderesd vor id—you shoud av sboke wen I ad dime do make id—I am zorry—but I av id nod—vorgive me."'

His books had not lost their charm of consolation, or even that of novelty:—he wondered that every body did not do like him, and learn to love 'de reading, wen dey goud love notting elz'—but he sent to London, to procure a Dutch Bible, saying, 'Id will nod do now, do be buzzing oud de meaning—dough I love de Englidge besd—begause in de Englidge I virsd learned do love reading.' Still it was great pleasure to him, to

hear his grand-daughter read, and he had his favourite chapters and stories, with listening to which he relieved his own more serious study.

But even now, character was not extinct.—One day, when he was more lively than usual, he declined the chapter which she would have read, and desired to have the story of ‘*de man an de dalends*,’ arguing on the want of thrifty prudence in the slothful servant, as he would have done in his own compting-house,—pointing out the various options of making money, as if the question had been between freighting a vessel and buying into the funds,—and reasoning almost down to the price of stocks.—And, in hearing of Solomon, under his several pre-eminences in wisdom and power, certainly nothing delighted him—when his oppressions were so far relieved as to allow of his mind’s natural recurrence—as the accounts of his commerce—and what he still called his ‘*greed zpegulazion*,’—though, for want of geographical knowledge, he considered it as carried on, if not in the moon, in a world, of which what he knew of this, was no portion.

But the appetite of his mind was not obstinate against the conviction of his understanding that his interest in ‘*de greed zpegulazion*’ was diminishing.—He would, when he had got to some distance from first principles in computation,

check himself with the question, 'Bud wad is all diss do me?—Wad is diss oorld now to Vanderryk? Iv dey did nod dell me, indeed, dad dere is anoder, I mighd zay, "I muss dink about diss,"—vor I muss dink about zomeding.'

In the chilliness of his feelings, he would bid her 'zdir de vire'—but with the caution, 'Nod doo mudge—dere, dad will do—nod doo mudge—de goals is very low, Mrs. Maig zay—dey do go very vasd.'—Yet if Carilis replied—and even not relaxing the tone of cheerfulness which she made it a point to keep up—'But, my dear sir, we must consider—the weather is now very cold—we must save the coals when it is warmer,'—he would smile and shake his head, as if *that* change he should never witness, and add, 'I do nod mean do sdarve you, my dear, bray keeb your briddy ving-ers warm.'

'Bud now, my Garliz,' said he to her, one morning when he had been settling his small disbursements—'dere is zomeding I wish do zay, bud I do nod know iv I gan zay id to *you*—I wish do oben my mind; and den you gan dell me iv you oondersdand me—just as iv I wass dalk about de businez—you muss dell me iv you do nod onder sdand me, and den, berhabs, I gan vind zomebody elz.—I av been read de Bibel a long wile, an I do like id mudge—bud I wand do know gread

deal more—bud I don'd know where;— I wass very zorry wen I read aboud dad one zad wrong in de beginning—I zed do myzelb, “Zure, dey will nod be zo voolish,”—bud dey did. Bud den I wass bleaze wid dere goot men: an I zee dey alway did well, an brosher, iv dey did bud mind dere own Got, an nod go avder dem nasdy idol-dings. An I like de sdories; an I braise de gran maxim, as you gall id—Oh! id is very vine in dem barts;—an id dell all drue about gold, an men, an de oorld. Well den! I ged drough de Bibel—an id is all zad, very zad:—vor de beoble was lefd all in a zad sdade, an I veel vor dem, as vor my own goundry—bud yed, I dink I zee a zomeding goming vrom a disdanze, do gomford dem—like as wen my own boor goundry had—had—had Brinze of Orange do sdand ub vor id.—Well! I dake my littel Bibel, as I gall id,—I zee dere—a shile indeed—a mere shile!—born vor de goot of diss obsdinade bud yed zorry—vor beoble. Now I do nod zay, “How diss?” be-gause I know dad every man is a shile ad virsd— an by myself, dad we may be high vrom low.—Well! diss shile gom ub do be a man, an I veel dad I lose de man—his agzions is all zo goot! zo briddy!—an all wad he zay is zo wise! zo brudend! zo know-de-oorld an man!—Bud diss is nod all: I zay do myself, “Diss is a man; vor he

ead, an dringd, an dalk—bud he do more dan man—he do de gread works—den I regollegd wad wass zay ov his borning, an I zay, “Aha! dere’s de ding,”—an I go on, an I zee he is nod all man—bud part Gott.—Bud, afder all his goot-do, he die shamevul death—bud nod shamevul do *im*, begause he know id virsd an zay “I will,”—an “id is vor your goot, an do make Gott your vriend, avder you av made im your—wad you gall id?”

‘Enemy you mean, my dear sir,’ said Carilis, —‘I perfectly understand you—pray go on—but do not hurry yourself. Will you take a little jelly?’

‘No, no: I do nod wand any ding.—Tiz vine ding idself do dink.—Well den! wad do diss man-Gott do de nexd?—He rise again—an vrom de die—an vrom de domb—an by is own bower—diss is gran!—diss is de gread spegulazion indeed! —Diss vine! zuberb! my Garliz. He go to de heaven in de sgie—dey zee im go—oh! wad woud I nod give, do av zee diss:—bud yed bedder nod; —vor now I gan zay—an dad is more—wad you gall id?—zivil, respesgdful, polite,—an show I do indeed drusd—I gan zay, “Zir, I do love—I do believe.”—Vor, my Garliz, de gonfidenz is all an all—I know dat, in de gread commerz—I wass in de gread commerz myzelv, and I like to have my wort daken—an I woud av killed de mandad woud zay, “I do nod drusd you, Vanderryck.”

‘Bud now de ding I av do zay, is diss. Diss our Gott-vriend, I oondersdand, did us gread vavor in gondriving dad we should nod all zuffer vor dad one gread vauld long bevor;—an very brudendly—vor de littel Bibel zays he was zenzible man—an he was avraid we should vorget im wen he wass gone;—zo he bid—is—I don’d know wad do gall dem—is egsecudors,—is it?’

‘The apostles, I believe you mean, my dear sir.’

‘O yez—de abozzles.—Now I zee you oondersdand—dad is gread gomvord do me:—where wass I?—oh! he bid de abozzles do zomeding do brevend de forget—an here I av got a littel boog about dad—id is Molly’s book, an very dirty—bud she don’d wand id any more, I zuppose, now she’s been a vool—I give her dreepenz vor id—an diss dell me about diss nod-vorget—an I should like do do de nod-vorget, iv I know ow. Do you oondersdand about id? Av you ever done de nod-vorget?’

‘O yes, my dear sir,’ she replied, ‘Frank and I were confirmed before Mr. Broderaye left us,—before, indeed, Frank went away, and the——’

‘Gonvermed? wad dad?—I zee zomeding here about id, in de brayer-boog, bud I wand do know more.’

This he was, without difficulty, made to com-

prehend, by the analogy of bonds, and release from suretyship ; and Carilis proceeded to give him all the light her information could reflect upon his willing mind.—She had been well taught, and she had learnt well ; and in her guardian she had seen an example which was an irresistible incentive to adopt his sentiments and tread in his footsteps ; nor was her subsequent experience in the world useless, when it took up the opposite side of the supposed argument, and showed her what was *not* to be done on any other plan.—But yet Carilis shrunk with awe and diffidence from making herself the spiritual guide of the venerable man ; and consequently he did not receive all the satisfaction he was seeking.

It was no part of her intention to slight his conscientious effort, or even to delay :—she only wished for a short space of time to consider ;—and, in her necessary habit of applying to Mrs. Meggs in all emergencies, she consulted her on the proposal she meant to make to her grandfather, to ask the assistance of the clergyman whom they had found in temporary charge of the parish, and resident in the place, and whose manner of performing the church-service had rather bespoken her good opinion.

Poor Carry did not know in this instance what she had done. Returning home from her half-hour's morning-walk, during which Mrs. Meggs

was very attentively her substitute, she found her grandfather in a commotion she had never before witnessed—and all quiet and comfort seemed staked on the present moment.

‘ I do nod like dad Meesdrez Maig,’ he said at the instant of Carilis’s opening the door—‘ do not led her gom any more do me.’

‘ Why? my dear sir—what can she have done?’

‘ Oh! she av dalk do me about her “ *bon Dieu* ;” —I will nod av *her* “ *bon Dieu* :” —an she dalk do me de nonsenz about her zaintz an her burgatory—and about her not-forget.—Id is all zdoff.’

Carilis now saw that Mrs. Meggs, who, *of course*, was a Catholic, had been, perhaps very conscientiously, endeavouring to render *her* best services to the old man : she could not in candour blame this—the woman was offering that which was her own resource; and half a moment’s reflection served to show, that she would have been far more open to distrust and censure, had she endeavoured to further that in which she had not confidence for her own use. Yet Vanderryck, in his very excusable misapprehension, would have thought well of her, had she owned her own opinions, and yet put him in the way to follow those which controverted them, and which the very nature of the faith she professed, called on her to controvert.

Carilis, unwilling to enter into argument, or to foster prejudice, thought it sufficient to urge, in behalf of Mrs. Meggs, that it was the latitude of construction, which, for wise purposes, no doubt, was allowed us, that occasioned many of these differences;—she forgot that ‘de zainds’ and ‘de burgadory’ made no part of this latitude. Her mind had leaped to the doctrine of transubstantiation; and had her grandfather got so far, she had been well prepared to have satisfied him; for the fact was well stamped on her memory by her guardian, that the Syriac having no verb importing ‘*to signify*,’ recourse had been had by interpreters, to the decisive *is*, which had occasioned perhaps the greater part of the error.—Mr. Broderaye had told her this simple fact, unconnected with any knowledge of verbal criticism: it needed no more support than the revelation of it; it stood on its own verity, and was just as easy of comprehension, and as little likely to be reasoned away, as any convincing restoration of sense to a corrupted passage in literature, any obvious mistake in computation, any inaccuracy in experimental philosophy, any indisputable mis-classification in the animal, vegetable, or mineral kingdom.—But thus far the question had not proceeded, nor was it likely to proceed; for Vanderryck stuck fast in an infallible prejudice, conceived against Mrs.

Meggs and her '*bon Dieu*,' founded in the traditions of his '*boor goundry*,' and carrying him back to the time of Philip the Second of Spain, and his vindictive representative in the United Provinces.—All his ails and his English were forgotten in his patriotic zeal: in a *patois* half French half Dutch—now and then indeed explained by some English word, lest his hearer should lose all interest by the impossibility of following him, he did most vehemently show what the transmission of the memory of wrongs will effect in impressing the mind of succeeding generations.—Illiterate as he was, he had the history of national outrage at his fingers' ends: the virtues of the house of Nassau—the fate of Egmont and Horn—nay, the detail of sieges, and the recapitulations of complicated heroism on one part, and treachery on the other, were all familiar to him, and he contrasted all with a question not to be answered, Whether any thing was to be conceded to persons who must betray their best interests to keep faith? 'I do not wand,' said he, 'do be guarrelling and vighting wid any beoble, but iv I know a man—a good man—av zwear do his Gott, dad he will never pay any debt, and dad man zay an dink he is righd in not paying his debt—shall I zay do dad man, wen he asg me vor money, "Yees, wid all my hardt?"

'Now deess Meesdrez Maig,' said he, 'she

dalk about her "*bon Dieu*," and wad she gall—I do nod know well wad dad mean—dying in de bale of de jurdge;—I zuppose she mean de bale, de wall, de baling—bud I will nod go do her jurdge—id is de jurdge dad hurt my boor goundry;—an my mudder's gread-gread-gread—I don'd know how gread granvader, was a zoldier at de ziege of Haerlem an Leyden—an, my Gott! wad did day nod zuffer!—Garliz, don'd led dat Mees-drez Maig dalk do you about her "*bon Dieu*."—Id was a gruel "*bon Dieu*" to my boor goundry—gruel! gruel!

It was now a fair opportunity to introduce the mention of the clergyman in the place, and Carilis did not omit it, making her recommendation stronger by hinting the authority of such a person, as precluding all possibility of good Mrs. Meggs's interference. This had its weight; but it was followed by that which she had not foreseen—a commission to go in person to the minister, to request his visit—to 'sbeag briddy do him,' and to tell him 'dad it wass a zad ignorand man' to whom he was called.—'I am nod ashamed do zay zo,' said Vanderryck—'I veel id every hour de more and de more.'

Never had the minister been so agreeably summoned: he had remarked his new hearer at church on Sundays, and occasionally on week-days; and

the curiosity which her appearance excited, had been satisfied in a way that made any acquaintance with her a gratification. The heart of a good pastor was soon interested in the claim made on his professional services; and no time was lost in making them useful.

From this day, the old man seemed as if entering into a new class of students: he was pleased with the attention paid to his wants—Mrs. Meggs's zeal for *her* '*bon Dieu*' was not, as he had supposed it would be, exasperated—she was far from being the Duchess D'Alva, in spirit, whom he had supposed her: and the only difference made, was in the relief of the mind of Miss Monterne from some part of a very heavy responsibility, and by the improvement of Mr. Vanderryck's composure in his conscientious proceedings.

For ten days this plan was pursued, Carilis always retreating when the clergyman made his visit; and, at the end of that time, her grandfather, having rather gained than lost in health, she heard him—with emotions on his part indicative of the best state of mind, and on hers, resolvable into the kindest sensibility—declare his purpose of joining the congregation of Folkstone in the most solemn duty of Christian worship.—And under the favourable influence of a mild Christmas day, and with all the furtherance that the benevolent pastor could

offer, had she the satisfaction of seeing herself engaged in the same holy ceremony with one whose sincerity could not be questioned, and whose acceptability to his Maker, under all his disadvantages, she hoped she might think certain.—It was a day of power sufficient to have made the scoffers and sneerers confess that they were of a school professing a ‘bad taste.’

Carry’s heart overflowed with quiet joy, in witnessing the good that was accomplishing ; and she felt repaid for every privation, in the persuasion that she was a comfort to the good old man, whose mind was full, and whose ideas were now in a degree of order that made the operation of thought, more than ever a feeling of indulgence to a propensity. — His gratitude for having been kept honest while he was acting on mere worldly principle, was that of the queen of yore, when she had passed the nine ploughshares ;—and his humble sense of his own want of worth—which he would have felt every where but in his compting-house, was not injured by the means he had taken to diminish the balance against him.

The clergyman treating him with the utmost medical tenderness, looked in on him in the evening, and left him as a good priest would wish to leave a well-disposed catechumen. He was in an improved state of vigour ; and it was remarked to

him for his encouragement—but to this he made no reply: he only requested Meesder Vat's is name—for he could no more recollect the name of a new friend, than of an old one—to 'remember wad he ad zed, an do be ready,'—but this he did not explain even to his Garliz.

It explained itself the next morning when he was unable to rise, and his grand-daughter was summoned to his bed-side to see the spirit of a just man 'return to Him who gave it.' It was his earnest endeavour to convince her that he was not only submissive under this call, but happy in being in any degree ready to obey it:—his sense of his ignorance—of the extent to which he had departed from right while he consulted no compass, and of his own insufficiency, was deep—the great doctrines of the religion which had so charmed him, were fixed in his faith without the smallest opposition from his reason.—'Dad Meesdrez Maig,' said he, 'dalked do me aboud faid—I don'd know wad dad gan be vor deserve.—Iv I zay, I know diss is my hand, id is no good of me—id is my hand, I know id is my hand—I veel id is my hand; and zo I veel de religion deaching.—And wen I dell myzelf how uzevul my hand as been do me drough my life, I am dankvul vor my hand; and I make my bow do Him who gave id.—Zo I zay to all diss gomvord—I zee glear dad, in dad gread

bangrupt-businez in the Bibel I should be ruin indeed, bud vor wad is in de littel Bibel.—My gread gredidor ad de righd do make is own derms.—I av vound dem easy—and I zay he wass de generous—de very generous gredidor.

‘And now, my Garliz, bevor diss goot man gom to zee me die, led me sbeak a few worts.—Don’d dink me hardt man, dad I av nod more dought of your briddy dings, or dad I av zed “Nod doo mudge,” aboud de goals.—Dere is zdill zomding on my gonscienze—an dad is money.—I did zerdainly bromise dad Mr. Vat’s is name—wad you gall your guardian, zo mudge by de year, for de keeb you—I a niver paid—now here, in diss old bogged-boog, is nodes—bang-of-Eng-land nodes! for eight hoondert an vorty poun vor de keeb you.—’Dwass all I gou’d sbare. He av made you zo briddy, dad id muss av gosd mudge—zo dake, an be zure do nod sbend id—dere is zomding in anoder blaze vor you—bud, my Garliz, do nod sbend diss.—An remember de ridge lady—and do nod make her boor—dake your righd gendly, an Gott will bless id and you. And now, dank you vor all your briddiness; and now let Meesder Vat’s is name gome in.’

It was necessary relief, to be suffered to retire from a scene so very interesting in itself, in its circumstances, and its operation on a mind not ac-

customed to the vicissitudes of mortality. Carilis was most deeply affected by it. She had, in her insulated disconnexion with her fellow-creatures, been prompt to recognise a relation. He who offered himself to her under that privilege, had not, indeed, contributed to her exaltation in the sight of the world ; but of artificial distinction she was not then sufficiently aware to be fastidious :—the old man had won his way to her esteem by his integrity—to her gratitude by his fondness—to her love by his feeling heart—and now to her veneration by his piety ; and, however burdensome the duties to which her attendance on him subjected her, he was become too dear to her, to be relinquished without feeling her heart wounded in the separation.

Considering the question of his existence as affecting himself and her, she could not decide on the event to be wished : protraction of his life afforded no alluring good to him ; but the termination of it seemed decidedly to bring evil to herself.—Utterly unable to discover what was best for her, she felt compelled to do that which was most for her ease, and to refer herself to that Will which alone is guided by unerring Wisdom.

Deliberating with herself on the question, whether she ought to divulge her altered situation, with regard to that which her grandfather supposed her future provision, she decided on

silence, as most conducive to his peace at the last ; and feeling her spirits failing her, and that she needed more support than she could make for herself, she accepted Mrs. Meggs's offered kindness, and sate down with her, waiting the termination of the clergyman's visit, and relieving the oppression of her heart by the gentle flow of tears.

The chamber-door was softly opened, and she was beckoned in. The old man could still smile, and give signs of peaceful joy—but this was all—he seemed to wish her near him, and yet not to part from the hand of his spiritual comforter : she approached the bed—yielding to his movement to place his head on her bosom ; and as she gently propped him with her arm, without any effort of resistance, he expired.

In England, whether it be merry or gloomy, there is seldom just ground for complaining of want of sympathy in misfortune.—That under which poor Carry was oppressed, called out the kindly compassion of all around her. The clergyman stood first—he was a single man in only a temporary connexion with the place, and without any female-relation near him ; therefore his power of being kind was restricted—but there were persons who had homes of various classes, and who offered them and their best services to Miss Mon-

terne, very much prepossessed in her favour even by 'the noiseless tenour' of her humble virtues.

With proper feeling and acknowledgment, she endeavoured to relieve all anxiety for her, by doing justice to the attentions which she received from Mrs. Meggs; and being spared much painful exertion, by written directions for the removal of the corpse to London, she had only to write to Mr. Shelly—and this the clergyman did for her—to procure its conveyance:—from his hospitable house, it was to find its ultimate resting-place, in the parish-church belonging to what the old man had, to the last, felt pride in styling 'de gra-douze.'

Again she wrote to her guardian, but with little hope. Mr. Penrowney was now become of inestimable importance to her, and she waited only till she could command her hand, to tell him how she was circumstanced: he was at Bath; and no doubt could be entertained of his zeal and interest; but the style of his reply, careful as were the expressions—conveyed a strong suspicion that, in offering Miss Monterne his protection from Cheltenham to London, he had done as much as his lady would permit.—There is nothing more favourable to the *luxuriance* of jealousy, than conscious demerit:—

'Oh! free for ever be his eye,
Whose heart to me is wholly true,'

might be confidently quoted by a woman who knows she deserves to possess that heart;—but not by Mrs. Penrowney. She had no good sense, but abundance of cunning: she had drawn in a young man, to what must have been his ruin, had not his useful talents and his industrious employment of them, preserved him.—She could not flatter herself that he approved her conduct as a daughter—it did not at all resemble his as a son:—nor could it escape her shrewdness, that, however tender his conduct to her as a husband, and however forbearing his language, when even the most distant appearance of censure could be implied,—yet that his correct judgment must be leading, in the course of years, to a just verdict against her. The growth of a young family rendered this more a subject of apprehension: every effort made by the father to inculcate obedience—though obedience might be equally demanded by the mother, was capable of mis-construction; and Mrs. Penrowney was, or thought herself, obliged, by the want of power to influence her husband's mind—to exercise a very unpleasant *surveillance* over his words and actions.—Having no master-key to her store-house of happiness, she was driven to the necessity of fixing a little trumpery padlock on every casket in which its various ingredients were deposited:—consequently, he

could not, on the present occasion, do as he wished.—She, however, could not oppose his offering the services of his brother—which, as *he* had no wife, were safe from being accepted.

But here Mrs. Meggs—the humble, attentive, handy Mrs. Meggs, was a supply for every thing. There was no occasion to reveal to her, the contingencies of poor Carry's situation; and they were not so delightful as to make her to whom they belonged, impatient to relieve herself from the restraint of her own secrecy. Mrs. Meggs knew, on Miss Monterne's representation, that she was waiting the release of her guardian, and that the space between the then-existing moment and that uncertain period, bounded her anxiety. All that her inmate inherited or possessed, she could guess, was not enough to produce a fund for her maintenance—even in her present situation:—still to engage herself in any other, could not be her wish, as the caprice or the contemplated degradation of the detaining power, might release the *détenus* on a sudden,

Folkstone had no remaining attraction for Carilis; but whither to betake herself at this season of the year, was a question that did not much awaken consideration. She was in all the stillness of one set of duties performed, and they had no successors to find her in occupation, when Mrs.

Meggs came to her with a proposal that most opportunely met her wants, and was little short of her wishes.

She had often, and aloud, since the death of her grandfather, wished herself, at any risque of liberty or comfort, with her guardian :—she had every reason to believe him in the *dépôt* at Fontainebleau :—Mrs. Meggs had a friend going to Paris, who would permit her to accompany her, and procure her an escort to the door of her guardian's abode !

The proposal was accepted—the closest secrecy was enjoined—and the negotiation, which would of necessity take up some days, was opened.

CHAPTER XVIII.

IT was not in human nature to repress feelings of impatience even during a short waiting, under such circumstances, and poor Carry was on the lookout for every thing in every form that could possibly bring her leave to prepare for quitting her present unpleasant state of liberty, at the hazard of being a prisoner in a foreign country.—A letter came, just when Mrs. Meggs predicted that some news *must* arrive.—Could Carilis be *mortified*, when she saw it was the hand-writing of one not at all concerned in the pending negotiation—and that it was only from Lord Astham, and dated from Oxford?

She was not in the habit of seeing the Kentish Chronicle, and she had begged Mr. Shelly not to trouble himself any longer to forward the London newspaper with which he had indulged her grandfather; therefore, she saw not an article originating in the former, stating, at some length, the death of Mr. Vanderryck, in which the writer did justice to his merits, and congratulated himself as an eye-witness of the scene, on the happiness the defunct had experienced in his last moments, from

dying in the arms of his grand-daughter, who was also named.—Nor did she see this as it had been copied, probably by Shelly, for the information of the London merchants. But, in the latter form, it had found its way to Oxford, and there had come into the hand of Lord Viscount Astham, whose mind it relieved from some very unpleasant doubtings which had arisen from the period of his leaving his visiting-ticket for Miss Monterne at Cheltenham. His lordship's liberation had been procured through Mrs. Broderaye's friends; and he had come to England. Well armed with resolution not to transgress that which he recognised as the fair stipulation of a father who claimed every token as well as feeling of respect from him, he would not, however, forego the satisfaction of seeing poor Carry; but, being pressed for time, he could make but one endeavour, and this was completely frustrated by the license of speech which General Vaseney, who had received his visit, had assumed—on the presumption that the colonel *must* prevail on Miss Monterne, first, to marry him, and then to impoverish Lady Lynford—to declare, that this was her fixed destiny!—The promise, written on the card with a pencil, was used immediately as a hint to intercept whatever his lordship might write. All this was unravelled in the letter now received,—the style of

which showed a fairness of interpretation and a restored confidence in her, that, in some measure, healed the cruel wound such a developement inflicted. It tallied too well with the counterpart-information she had had from Colonel Vaseney at Cheltenham, to be questioned; and she had only to wonder, to regret, and to despise!

This clearance established, the writer proceeded to promise farther details and every atonement for the long suspension of intercourse, on her acknowledging the receipt of what he then sent; and this she lost not a moment in returning, but not informing him of her present flattering prospect of reaching Mr. Broderaye—which Mrs. Meggs could not allow to be divulged. To comply with this prohibition, the reasonableness of which she could not dispute, and at the same time to prevent her correspondent's hasty conclusion that she was set down in a situation that afforded no hope, required some accommodation of phraseology, and not having, in her small use of eloquence, any great choice, she simply requested him not to think with any anxiety about her, as she trusted 'that, whatever she had had to endure, was near its termination, and that a very short time would deposit her where she most wished to be,—of which he should not fail to be informed.'

The day was wondrously good-humoured, for

it produced her a visit from 'the lady' who was to conduct her to Paris, and thence to ensure her safe arrival at Fontainebleau, which she now knew with certainty from Lord Astham's letter, was the place of Mr. Broderaye's detention. The external appearance of the personage to whom she was to be obliged, was below what she had imagined; but this was of little consequence: she was a Frenchwoman, and Carilis had reason to think, by the sort of intimacy between her and Mrs. Meggs, if not herself a contraband-trader, connected with some of that description; but this was not to be regarded when opportunities were scarce:—smuggling was the sole intercourse of the countries, and perhaps no other class of persons could effect what she had so much at heart. The treaty, therefore, was made—a stipulated sum was agreed for—the half was paid—the day and hour were fixed when Miss Monterne should be at Dover, depending only on the pleasure of the wind for the sailing of the vessel,—which she found must be in the night, and when there was no moon:—she had put her small possessions into their least compass—had been liberal in giving away whatever she could not use—had settled all accounts with handy Mrs. Meggs, who could not quit her house to accompany her;—and not daring to examine too closely how she felt, she put

herself, for the first time in her life, into a post-chaise,—and alone, in a wintry afternoon, proceeded to Dover.—She will come to no harm while we look at the *détenus* and the baroness.

Mrs. Broderaye's powerful interest—her knowledge of the best use of it—and her unwearied perseverance in urging it, had obtained for Lord Winchmore the consolation of occasionally receiving letters; and Lord Astham, who knew how to avail himself of this, had communicated his news of poor Carry—in a way, certainly, that left as little doubt of his lordship's feelings on the occasion, as of the fact that 'poor Carry' might, and probably would be, dead and buried before any comfort could reach her;—for thus had his larger power of construction understood her veiled expression.

No philosophy, no consideration, were of force to keep the minds of the *détenus* any longer quiet in their situation. Mrs. Broderaye was ready to attempt any thing that gave the smallest chance of success, and as the most probable mean, she quitted her party, went into Paris, established herself there in a few hours, and in splendour, as Countess Forestieri, was recognised and distinguished by attentions which were to pay her for the ill-treatment of the deceased count; and, had she had

time to waste in deluding flatteries, might have enjoyed a triumph which even Lady Lynford might have envied.—But she had only one point to carry ; and to this she bent all her attention. She asked an audience of the then mighty man—and was dismissed with—hopes.

Lady Lynford continued under the exhilarating excitation of the illustrious visit, longer than she could have promised herself ; and her admiring friends intending to pass the winter in London, she had the further prospect of full occupation of time and thought, exactly suited to her taste and to the circumstances of the times, as affecting her. She had accompanied them to Bath, and had brought them back to St. Emeril's, that they might partake of the festivity of an English country Christmas ;—the wassailings of which were drawing to a conclusion, when at an hour of peculiar claim on her attention, a letter was brought to her which some not unusual want of caution, in stamping post-marks, had left to find its blind way, under the guess of its various inspectors. It had been presented, in succession, to divers of the Cornish saints, to St. Eval, St. Enodock, St. Ervan, St. Erme, and others of the holy fraternity ;—but being honestly rejected by them all, it had

come back to the less saintly county, and had at length found its proper place.

It was from Mrs. Meggs, and began with an apology for having been acquainted, long and accurately, from a period mentioned, with the relative situation of her ladyship and Miss Monterne. —It stated the fact and circumstances of Mr. Vanderryck's decease, and described his granddaughter as left nearly destitute, and as now wholly in the power of the writer. Then came a great parade of the zeal with which she had been induced to prepare to quit England in the hope of joining her guardian in France. It revealed that, once on board the vessel that was to carry her thither, she would not be merely on her way to Paris, or its vicinity, but with persons whose views led them to a distant French port in their way to America, whither they were bound—that where she would be landed, when arrived there, she would not be a subject of Great Britain, and that with so little money as she appeared to have, there could be no danger of her getting back;—that the treaty which Mrs. Meggs claimed the credit of having opened for the purpose, held out advantages to the other contracting party, in the probable use that might be made of Miss Monterne, which reduced the reward expected to very moderate terms; and that it would immediately

be carried into effect, on receiving her ladyship's acquiescence in the demand of one thousand pounds for this service. An immediate answer was requested, as there was no time to be lost ; and without knowing her ladyship's pleasure, the writer must act on her own decision.

Lady Lynford could not read this letter till the conclusion of the last dance in the servants' hall had been followed by adieus for the night.—She was heartily fatigued with what she had felt as rather a *dreggy finale* to her Christmassing—but she perused it.—Let her sleep after it, if she can.

She could not.—She was not permitted any further to mis-use her great power.—She could no longer ask who was Miss Monterne, or recollect what she herself was, to any purpose of degrading the one or exalting the other. Environed by obstacles, such as had never before presented themselves to impede her doing justice—shackled by *étiquette*—subject to the scrutiny of persons who could not be expected to comprehend such a necessity, and in whose eyes it must disgrace her to confess that the boasted freedom of England did not allow one of its peeresses leisure to entertain her friends—exposed to every possible mis-construction—not daring to confess the true motive to any seeming eccentricity of conduct—and, above all, worse than uncertain as to the event of the

next step she might make—she yet could not resist the impulse to do all in her power to avert the tremendous responsibility which she had drawn upon herself by her inflexible obstinacy.

She had indeed lain down in her bed, and had told herself, that, exhausted as she was, she must not admit thoughts which would incapacitate her from concluding her hospitable duties with a grace. —In vain—in vain :—‘ Heraline shall sleep no more ’—seemed words uttered against her—and they pronounced a sentence under which she could not crouch, while she had power to conflict.

Had any one entered her delicate, her luxurious chamber—seen her domed bed—its choice draperies centring in her coronet—her half-way toilette to one more splendid in her dressing-room—her couch calculated for the reception of the medium-disposition to rise and yet repose—her porcelain—her tender lights—her elastic carpets—her downy pillows—and coverings of warmth without weight :—had hangings, fringes, cornices, been reckoned—the possessor must, in the appreciation of the world, have been presumed happy ! —Let not herself be seen, but by those who can take the penitent to their bosom with joy, and estimate the bounty of the Almighty, rather by his goodness in chastising to amendment, than by that fearful state of indulgence to his short-sighted

creatures, which leaves it a question whether they are not given up to their own hearts' desires, and suffered to follow the foolishness of their imaginations.

She had lain down: she could lie no longer—tears that scalded fell upon her hands—worse than tears that scalded fell upon her heart;—she saw the innocent sufferer under her unjust pertinacity, waked from her sleep in the hope of rejoining, perhaps her *only* friend—and that rejoining absolutely necessary to her existence—probably to the preservation of her innocence. She saw the vessel that was to convey her.—Acquainted with sea-sounds, she heard all that preceded its setting forward on its watry way—she saw the handkerchief waved—she heard the last adieu given to the winds—she saw her whom she never as yet had seen, quitting her own country with hope and joy, only because it afforded her nothing to counteract these sensations—deluded—betrayed—and—for *her* sake and interest—landed, in effect a slave, on a shore that never could be friendly to that from which she was trepanned. Want, servile occupation, sickness, death, might be the early fate of this victim of oppression—and she might die—not reproaching—but praying for, her who had, at least, connived at the sacrifice.

Under these impressions—under the dignified

repentance of a yet great mind—she threw herself out of her bed, and with no consciousness but of the presence of her Maker, on her knees and in contrition which appeared to her yet too stubborn to obtain a hearing, she professed the altered purpose of her mind, and solemnly vowed, that, might the power be granted her, she would, at ANY forfeiture, atone for her contumacy and rebellion. She paused from some minutes of prayer, invigorated—she lay down again, not to sleep, but to deliberate; and having arranged her plans, she rose to carry them into effect.

As yet, she had disturbed the sleep of no one:—she had made up her fire, and secured herself against the chilliness of the first hours of morning; and she now awaited, with submissive patience, the tardy-striking of the first clock that should say ‘Six.’—She then roused a young girl whose office it was to sleep the nearest to her chamber, and ordered her house-steward and his wife, who was her own personal attendant—an honest affectionate Swiss couple of no vulgar class—to be called.

By being found with the letter, which it was known she had received the evening before, in her hand, she accounted, without losing time in speaking, for any requisitions she might make. She had arranged every thing, with precision and accuracy that left

nothing but acquiescence to follow her mandate. The two persons whom she had called to her, were to attend her in her own travelling-carriage, and four of her own horses were to take her to Exeter :—a second carriage, with one pair of horses for the first stage, was to follow her, conveying two men-servants who could be best spared from the service of the house, and on whom she could rely. She consigned the care of the family to her house-keeper, and that of the guests, by a letter pleading the urgent necessity of her absence, to that lady of the neighbourhood, whom she had, in the nearest degree, associated with herself in doing the honours of her mansion ; and having, with the promptitude and foresight which her impatience of her own misconduct dictated and her powers of calculation furnished, provided for that which she must do herself, and that which she must leave to others to do, thus attended, she set off for Folkstone, not having been apprized that Miss Monterne would sail from Dover.

The thought had not escaped her—when under the portico of her house—that scene of various sensations!—that her foot might now tread its pavement for the last time!—The great energy of her mind was equal to the thought, and her extensive knowledge and ready memory could furnish many a supporting quotation.—Hers was, ‘Thy will be done.’

Arriving at Folkstone—scarcely having allowed herself food—and taking no sleep but in her carriage, she was awaked rather from stupor than from repose, by being asked the name of the person whom she wished to find.—She was at the moment bewildered:—she could not for the instant recollect herself—but answered—‘Annette.’—She corrected the error immediately.—It was of no consequence—Mrs. Meggs and her *ci-devant soubrette Mademoiselle Annette* were one and the same identical person.

But, alas! it was all too late.—Miss Monterne had left Folkstone for Dover the preceding day—and Mrs. Meggs was gone thither herself—why, was not known.—She had not been gone above half an hour, and might be overtaken—she was in a chaise-cart painted blue, with a gray horse—driven by Mr. Meggs—something supposed of importance—for it was an early hour of the winter-morning.

Fresh horses, or waiting to rest, was an option offered, and only two pairs were in the place—as the less of two evils, they were accepted.—Oh! how long the ten minutes of harnessing! With such a vehicle as that described, the baroness’s carriage came up—but it was on the ascent of a hill: whatever hills there may be in the way of the owner of a horse, there are none in that of post-

boys paid by the bank of England.—The driver glanced round, and touched his hat, as if to say, ‘*La voilà, madame.*’ Her ladyship uttered only the word ‘On,’—and was at the first hotel in Dover, before even *her* expectations had carried her thither.

To seek in such a place—although not then in its usual bustle—an obscure individual, and an individual under such circumstances, was hopeless, if the search were conducted in the common way: Lady Lynford’s mind was yet too capable of resistance to distracting impressions, to leave her destitute of prudence, if she was awake. She therefore contented herself with looking around in hopes that accident might bring into her presence her, whom so long she had shunned as she would have shunned a basilisk—with setting one of her servants to watch the vessels preparing to go out of the harbour, and sending another to waylay the chaise-cart, and to bring Mrs. Meggs to her. Her personal attendants she kept with her.

The business of Mrs. Meggs in Dover, was, if possible, to stop the departure of Miss Monterne, lest, having had no reply from Lady Lynford, she should reap nothing but the sense of her own iniquity for her reward, by having nothing to offer for the thousand pounds but past services. Concluding, therefore, that her lady came to close

the bargain, and recognising her blazoned equipage on the hill, she was not shy of the meeting, but—very well able to guess at what hotel she was to be found—was on her way to meet her own good fortune, or to enforce her claims by threats which she was confident could not be disregarded.

On this active agent's introduction, Lady Lynford, as far as possible commanding her agitation, acknowledged the good service intended her, but expressed her wish for the production of Miss Monterne, that she might be satisfied that Mrs. Meggs had still her destiny in her own hands.—‘All my reliance is on you, Annette,’ she said;—Annette felt safe. But yet this demand required consideration. Mr. Meggs must be consulted; and he must carry the proposal to ‘the lady,’ who was ‘to protect’ Miss Monterne in her passage.

Lady Lynford agreed very coolly to wait: she knew one of her men would not quit the waterside where he was to look for a pretty young woman in mourning, nor the other lose sight of Mrs. Meggs, till he had ascertained the house in which Miss Monterne, if not sailed, was waiting for the wind, which was in the opposite quarter to that wanted. He had orders to employ any one whom he could impress into the service, to inform her of his having heard of Miss Monterne

—and in less than an hour the concealed agony of the baroness's mind was allowed to burst out in tears of gratitude, when she learnt that 'the young lady had not sailed.'

One more glance at poor Carry must suffice. She had remained—not very comfortably at present, but sustained by hope of speedy amendment of circumstances—in the society of her new acquaintance;—and no suspicion had been excited in her mind, till very near the time of Mrs. Meggs's arrival, when some communings between the lady-protectress and her husband, though whispered, betrayed to her that all was not as represented to her: they talked as if undecided in their *route*; and on her putting some questions, the man, under the influence of brandy and water, with which he had been beguiling his hours, let out the secret!

'The Vestal entombed' of Danloux must represent her terror, her horror, her despair, her attitude—and yet imperfectly—for here was the added bitterness of disappointed hope—and the deafening destruction of a certainty almost established.

Recollecting herself from her first overwhelming emotion, she looked round for the means of self-preservation:—in vain!—The man and woman could only quarrel between themselves and

bid her be silent—the house was their own—and she saw no servants.

Seating herself in dumb despair, she reasoned out the probability that money had allured them—but by whom offered?—could it be by Lady Lynford?

She had remitted to Mr. Shelly for custody, the money she had received from her grandfather on his death-bed:—she could offer this for her ransom; and she could regain possession of it.

Against this, militated her grandfather's injunction and her own solemn promise.—What would be Mr. Broderaye's advice in such a case? she asked herself.—The answer was that of a martyr.—She let every hope take flight; and though, perhaps, with less energy, yet with not less firmness of resignation to her present misfortune—and certainly with more confidence in what the future might produce, than had supported the baroness—she uttered the same words, 'Thy will be done.'

Mrs. Meggs having entered on this scene, was not at liberty to return immediately to Lady Lynford. Patience was here no virtue.—Knowing now where to find Miss Monterne, and adding the master of the hotel to her train, the baroness determined to over-awe by her presence.—She was descending the stairs for the purpose, when, to her vexation, she met a party whose appearance

bespoke them just come in from France—they a little stopt her, not being able to move very fast under their boat-equipments.

The voices struck her ear.—She turned in confusion—every sound she heard seemed familiar to her.—She doubted whether she was not now, indeed, punished with the loss of her reason—and whether it might not be her allotted chastisement to fancy, through the remaining period of her existence, that she heard the voices of friends when she had no one friend left.

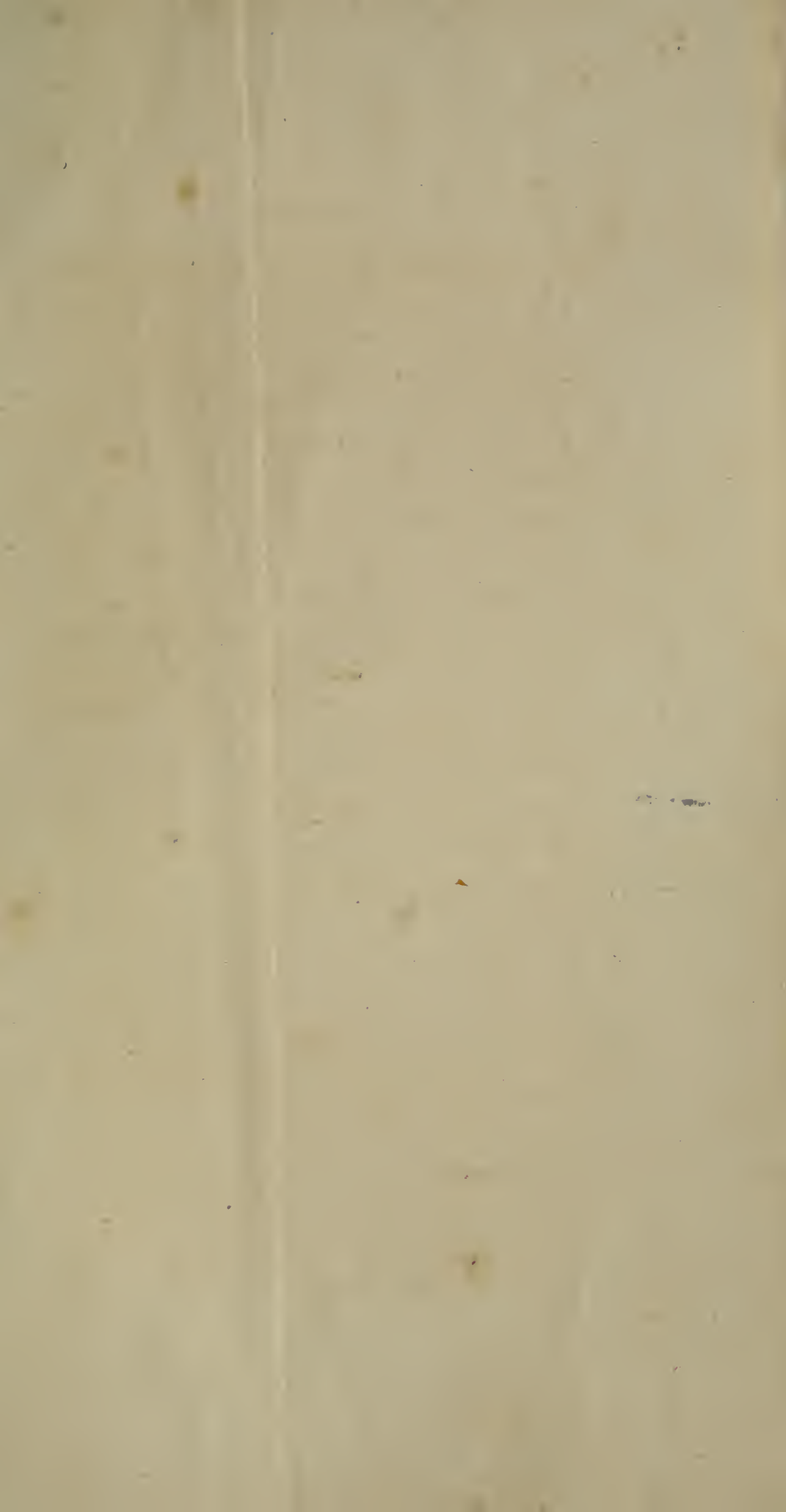
She had no real cause for such apprehension—her good understanding had never done her better service than at this moment—it was no idle fancy—no vertigo or delusion.—She heard voices indeed—and voices that she might know again.—They were those of Lord Winchmore, Mr. Broderaye, and her once-beloved Madame de Failville !

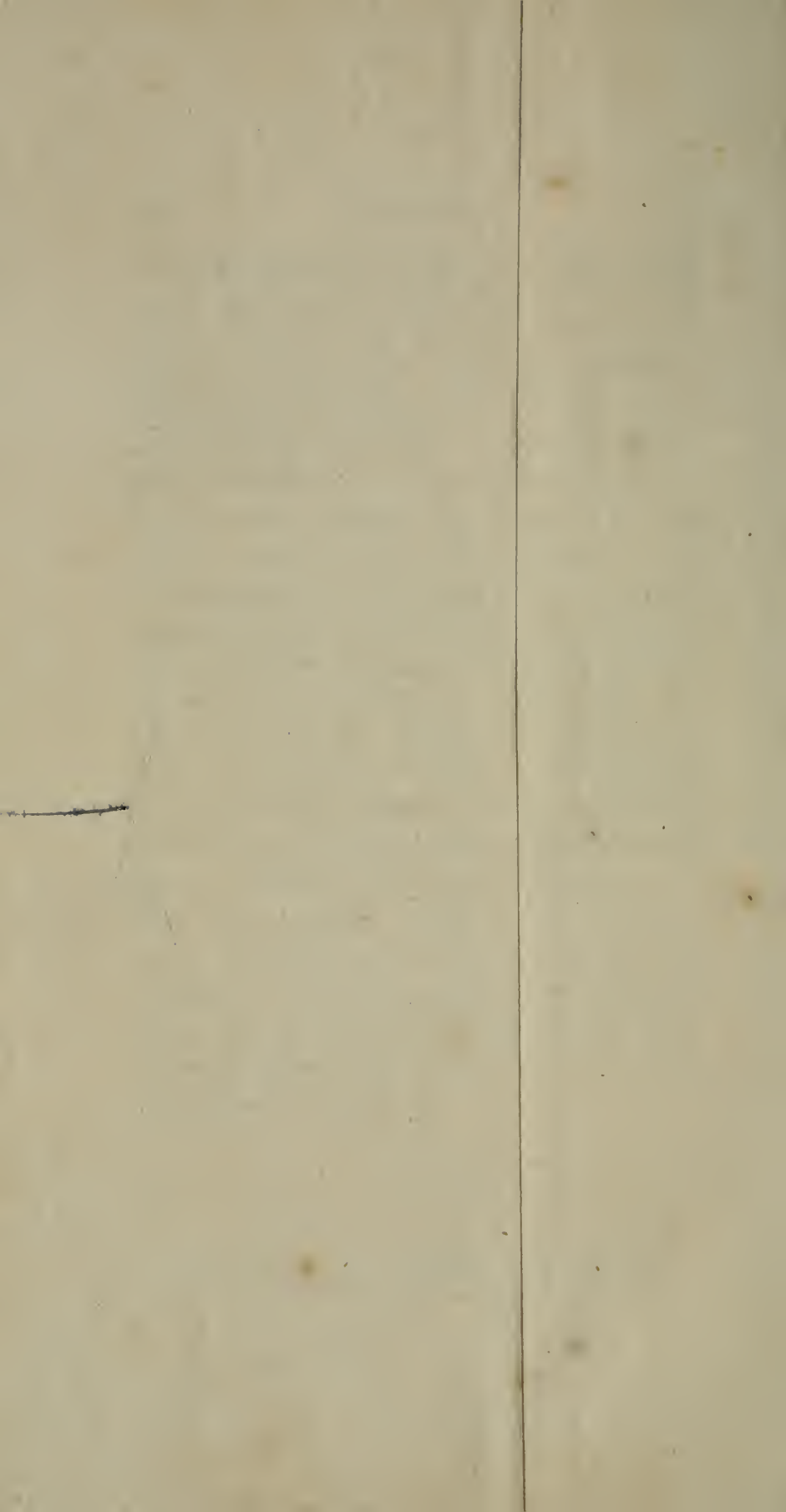
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Subsequent events may be imagined—Carilis rescued.—Lady Lynford's perfect victory over herself rewarded by the communication which Miss Monterne had to make to her, and in which Mr. Broderaye would suffer no one to interfere—its substantiation on legal reference :—Lord Winchmore's solicitude to offer the peaceful soothing of a steady

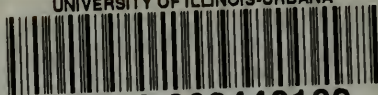
and early-implanted affection, to a spirit which, too deeply wounded, might have sunk under its severe contrition :—Mr. and Mrs. Broderaye regarded as the conservators of general happiness :—Lord Astham summoned to meet his poor Carry, and permitted by his father to compare with her tresses the lock of hair still in his pocket-book :—Mr. Penrowney thanked and esteemed — his brother employed to his credit and profit in the arrangements of the interests of the parties :—the respectable Shelly and his family requited, and their fortunes advanced :—justice done to the memory and virtues of Vanderryck :—Mademoiselle Annette persuading Mr. Meggs that France was a better soil for them to thrive in than England :—the widow Bray, who had so often wished she had remained ‘Goody Parr,’ dead :—Martha Pearce living to give her blessing to her nurse-children :—Miss Sims’s former kindnesses not forgotten : and St. Emeril’s Court, restored to all its value, alternately with its vicarage-house and Winchmore Abbey, the seat of whatever makes a home dear to its possessors, and attractive to those who love the contemplation of goodness.

THE END.





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